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THE WONDERS OF RADIUM

BY

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

RADIUM, *recently discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, of Paris, is one of the rarest of the seventy odd known elementary substances that compose our earth. It is worth about three thousand times its weight in pure gold. It looks like ordinary table salt. Thus far only a few ounces of radium have been taken from the earth and purified. The material for this article was furnished by M. Curie himself and his laboratory assistant, M. Danne.*

THE EDITOR

VERY well do I remember my first impression of M. Curie. It was in the rue Cuvier at the Sorbonne laboratories in Paris where he was lecturing that day in the big amphitheatre, while I waited in an adjoining room among the air-pumps and electrical apparatus. Suddenly a door opened and there came a burst of applause, a long clapping of hands, and at the same moment a tall, pale man, slightly bent, walked slowly across the room.

On this occasion I simply made an appointment to see M. Curie the next morning at the École de Physique, but I profited by the opportunity to ask his assistant, M. Danne, some preliminary questions about radium. Was it true, *could* it be true, that this strange substance gives forth heat and light ceaselessly and is really an inexhaustible source of energy? Of course, I had read all this, but I wanted to hear it from the mouth of one who knew.

"It is quite true," said M. Danne, "that pure radium gives out light and heat without any waste or diminution that can be detected by our most delicate instruments. That is all we can say."

"Is the light that it gives a bright light?"

"Reasonably bright. M. Curie will show you."

"Can he explain it? Can any one explain it?"

"There are various theories, but they really explain very little."

M. Danne went on to indicate other properties of radium that are scarcely less startling than these. Besides heat and light this strange metal gives out constantly three kinds of invisible rays that move with the velocity of light or thereabouts and that have separate and well marked attributes. These rays may be helpful or harmful, they may destroy life or stimulate it. They are capable not only of shortening life or prolonging it, but of modifying existing forms of life, that is, of actually creating new species. Finally, by destroying bacteria, they may be used to cure disease, notably the dread lupus recently conquered by Finsen's lamps and now apparently conquered again by a simpler means.

I listened in amazement; it was not one discovery but a dozen that we were contemplating.

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DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

RADIUM AS A TEST FOR REAL DIAMONDS

AT THE APPROACH OF RADIUM PURE GEMS ARE THROWN INTO GREAT BRILLIANCY, WHILE IMITATIONS REMAIN DULL

"And — all this is M. Curie's discovery?"

"Radium is his discovery; that is, his and Madame Curie's. You cannot give one more credit than the other. They did it together."

He told me a little about Mme. Curie, who, it appears, was a Polish student in the Latin Quarter, very poor but possessed of rare talents. They say that her marriage with M. Curie was just such a union as *must* have produced some fine result. Without his scientific learning and vivid imagination it is doubtful if radium would ever have been dreamed of, and without her determination and patience against detail it is likely the dream would never have been realized.

The Toilsome Process of Refining

The next day I found M. Curie in one of the rambling sheds of the École de Physique bending over a small porcelain dish, where a colorless liquid was simmering, perhaps half a teacupful, seven thousand francs' worth of radium in a fairly weak solution, and he watching it with concern, always fearful of some accident. He had lost nearly a decigramme (1.5 grains troy) of radium, he said, only a few weeks before in a curious way. He had placed some radium salts in a small tube, and this inside another tube, in which he created a vacuum. Then he began to heat both tubes over an electric furnace, when, suddenly, at about 2000 degrees (F.), there came an explosion which shattered the tubes and scattered their precious contents. There was absolutely no explanation of this explosion; it was one of the tricks that radium is apt to play on you. Here his face lightened with quite a boyish smile.

M. Curie proceeded to explain what he was doing with the little dish; he was refining some radium dissolved in it, that is, freeing it from contaminating barium by repeated crystallization, this being the last and most delicate part of the process of obtaining the pure metal.

"We have our radium works outside of Paris," he said, "where the crude ore goes through its early stages of separation and where the radium is brought to an intensity of 2,000, as we express it. After that the process requires such care and involves so much risk of waste that we keep the precious stuff in our own hands and treat it ourselves, my wife and I, as I am doing now, to bring it to the higher intensities, 50,000, 200,000, 500,000, and, finally, 1,500,000. What you see here is about 100,000. It will take many more crystallizations to bring it to the maximum."

"That is to the state of pure radium?"

"To the state of pure chloride of radium. You know the metal exists only as a chloride or bromide. It has never yet been isolated, although it easily might be."

"Why has it never been isolated?"

"Because it would not be stable, it would immediately be oxidized by the air and destroyed, as happens with sodium, whereas it remains permanent as a bromide or chloride and suffers no change."

M. Curie then explained that, among its many strange properties, radium has this one of rendering the air about it a better conductor of electricity, and the more it increases this conductivity of the air the more intense it is said to be. Now it has been known for several years that the metal uranium possesses properties similar to those of radium, only much less marked, consequently the unit of intensity chosen for a measuring instrument was the radio-activity of uranium, and when a given lot of radium is said to have a certain intensity, say 2,000 or 500,000, it is understood that this radium renders the air 2,000 times or 500,000 times more conductive than an equal quantity of uranium would render it.

A Source of Dangerous Rays

"Does radium change in appearance as it increases in intensity?" I asked.

"No, it keeps the form of small white crystals which may be crushed into a white powder and which look like ordinary salt. See, here are some."

He took from the table drawer a small glass tube not much larger than a thick match. It was sealed at both ends and partly covered with a fold of lead. Inside the tube I could see a white powder.

"Why is the tube wrapped with lead?" I inquired.

"For the protection of those who handle it. Lead stops the harmful rays that would otherwise make trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Yes, you see the radium in this tube is very active; it has an intensity of 1,500,000, and if I were to lay it against your hand or any part of your body so," — he touched

M. AND MME. CURIE

USING THEIR APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE INTENSITY OF RADIUM

the bare tube to my hand — "and if I were to leave it there for a few minutes, you would certainly hear from it later."

"But I feel nothing."

"Of course not; neither did I feel anything when I touched some radium here," and pulling up his sleeve he showed me a forearm scarred and reddened from fresh-healed sores. "But you see what it did, and it was much less intense than this specimen."

He then mentioned an experience of his friend, Professor Becquerel, discoverer of the "Becquerel rays" of uranium, and in a way the parent-discovery of radium, since the latter discovery grew out of the former. It seems that Professor Becquerel, in journeying to London, carried in his waistcoat pocket a small tube of radium to be used in a lecture there. Nothing happened at the time, but about a fortnight later the professor observed that the skin under his pocket was beginning to redden and fall away, and finally a deep and painful sore formed there and remained for weeks before healing. A peculiar feature of these radium sores is that they do not appear for quite a time after exposure to the rays.

"Then radium is an element of destruction?" I remarked.

"Undoubtedly it has a power of destruction, but that power may be tempered or controlled, for instance, by this covering of lead. M. Danysz, at the Pasteur Institute, will give you the pathological facts better than I can."

Emanations of Heat and Light Rays

This brought us back to physical facts, and I asked M. Curie if the radium before us was at that moment giving out heat and light, for I could perceive neither.

"Of course it is," he replied. "I will take you into a dark room presently and let you see the light for yourself. As for the heat, a thermometer would show that this tube of radium is one and a half degrees (Cent.) (2.7° F.) warmer than the surrounding air."

"Is it always that much warmer?"

"Always — as far as we know. I may put it more simply by saying that a given quantity of radium will melt its own weight of ice every hour."

"Forever?"

He smiled. "As far as we know — forever. Or again, that a given quantity of radium throws out as much heat in eighty hours as an equal weight of coal would throw out if burned to complete combustion in one hour."

"Suppose you had a considerable quantity of radium," I suggested, "say twenty pounds, or a hundred pounds?"

"The law would be the same, whatever the quantity. If we had fifty kilos (110 pounds) of radium," he gave a little wondering cluck at the thought; "I say *if* we had fifty kilos of radium it would give out as much heat *continuously* as a stove would give out that burned ten kilos (twenty-two pounds) of coal every twenty-four hours, and was filled up fresh every day.

"And the radium would *never* cease to give out this heat and would *never* be consumed?"

"Never is a hard word, but one of our professors has calculated that a given quantity of radium, after throwing out heat as I

RADIOGRAPH OF A MOUSE

TAKEN BY MEANS OF RADIUM

The mouse was laid directly on a plate on the bottom of a trunk, the trays being replaced, the trunk wrapped in three thick rugs and kept in a dark room for twenty-four hours.

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

M. AND MME. CURIE FINISHING THE PREPARATION OF SOME RADIUM

have stated for a thousand million years, would have lost only one-millionth part of its bulk. Others think the loss might be greater, say an ounce to a ton in ten thousand years, but in any case it is so infinitesimally small that we have no means of measuring it, and for practical purposes it does not exist."

Seeing Through the Bones of the Head

After this M. Curie took me into a darkened room where I *saw* quite plainly the light from the radium tube, a clear glow sufficient to read by if the tube were held near a printed page. And, of course, this was a very small quantity of radium, about six *centigrammes* (nine-tenths of a grain troy).

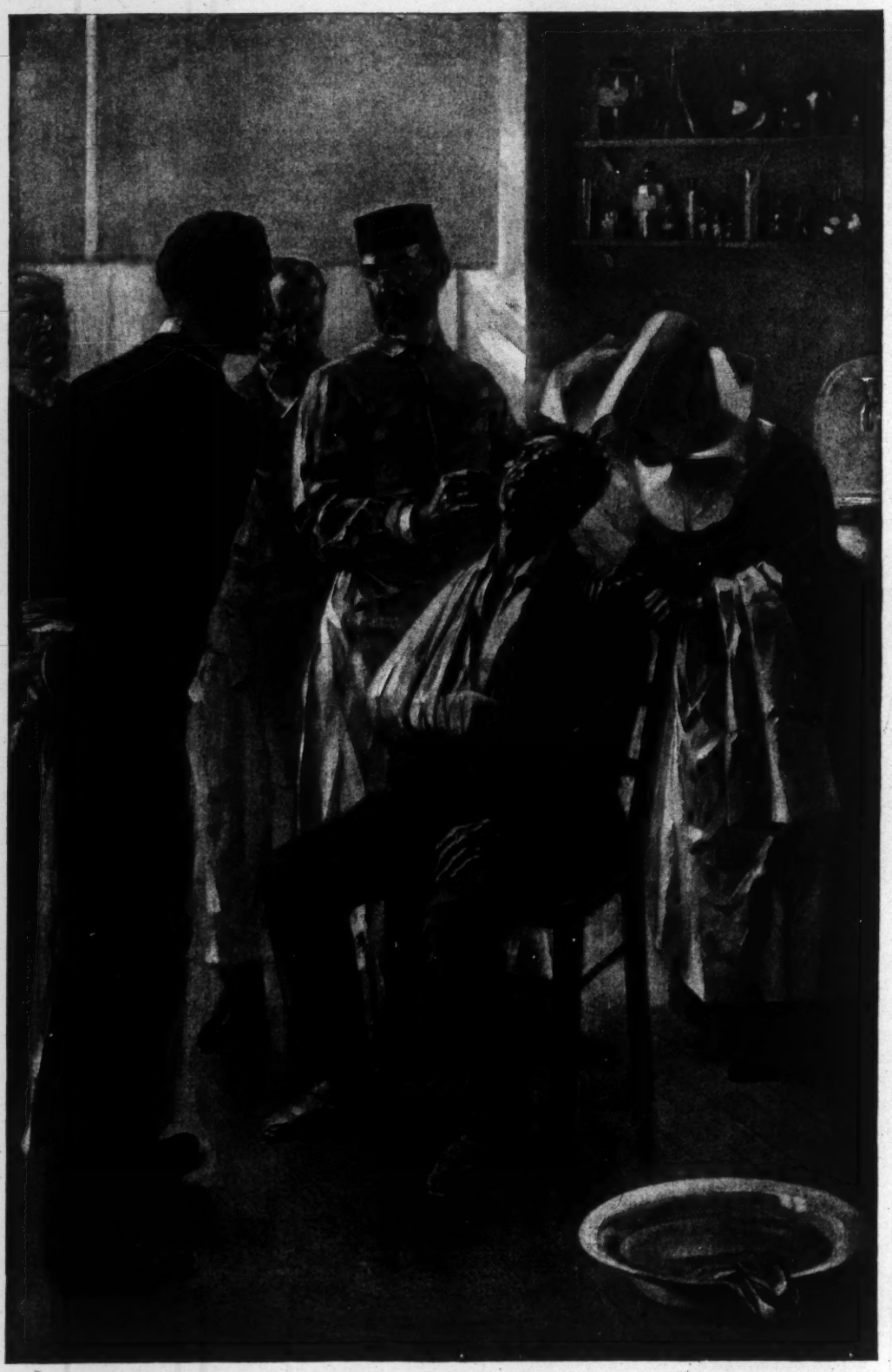
"We estimate," said he, "that a *decigramme* of radium will illuminate a square decimeter (fifteen square inches) of surface sufficient for reading."

"And a kilogram (2.2 pounds) of radium?"

"A kilogram of radium would illuminate a room thirty feet square with a mild radiance. And the light would be much brighter if screens of sulphide of zinc were placed near the radium, for these are thrown by the metal into a brilliant phosphorescence."

"Then radium may be the light of the future?"

M. Curie shook his head. "I am afraid that we should pay rather dearly for such a light. There is first the money cost to be



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

DR. DANLOS TREATING A LUPUS PATIENT WITH RADIUM AT THE ST. LOUIS HOSPITAL, PARIS

considered and then the likelihood that the people illuminated by radium would be also stricken with paralysis, blindness, and various nervous disorders. Possibly protective screens might be devised against these dangers, but it is too soon to think of that. For a long time to come the radium light will be only a laboratory wonder."

After we had been in the darkness for some time M. Curie wrapped the radium tube in thick paper and put it in my hand.

"Now," said he, "shut your eyes and press this against your right eyelid."

I did as he bade me and straightway had the sensation of a strange diffused light outside my eye. M. Curie assured me, however, that the light was not outside but *inside* the eye, the radium rays having the property of making the liquids of the eyeball self-luminous, a sort of internal phosphorescence being produced. He warned me that it would be dangerous to leave the radium against the eyelid very long, as a serious disturbance to the eyesight, or even blindness, might result.

Another experiment consisted in placing the radium against the bone at the side of the forehead, and even in this position, with the eyes closed, a light was perceptible although fainter. Here the radium rays had acted upon the eyeball through the bones of the head.

"It is possible," said M. Curie, "that this property of radium may be utilized in certain diseases of the eye. Dr. Emile Javal, one of our distinguished physicians, who is blind himself, has given this matter particular attention, and he thinks that radium may offer a precious means of diagnosis in cases of cataract, by showing whether the retina is or is not intact, and whether an operation will succeed. If a person blind from cataract can see the radium light as you have just seen it, then the eyesight of that person may be restored by removing the cataract. Otherwise it cannot be restored."

Worth Three Thousand Times Its Weight in Pure Gold

As we returned to the laboratory I remarked that the quantity of radium in the various tubes I had seen was very small.

"Of course it is small," he sighed; "there is very little radium in the world. I mean very little that has been taken from the earth and purified."

"How much is there?"

He thought a moment. "We have about one *gramme* (one-third of an ounce) in France, Germany may have one gramme, America has less than one gramme, and the rest of the world may perhaps have half a gramme. Four grammes in all would be an outside estimate; you could heap it all in a tablespoon."

I suggested to M. Curie the possibility that some American philanthropist might be inspired on reading his words to help the new cause. And I remarked that great things could doubtless be accomplished with some substantial quantity of radium, say a pound or two.

He gave me an amused look and asked if I had any idea what a pound or two of radium, say a kilogram (two and one-fifth pounds), would cost?

"Why, no," said I, "no exact idea, but we have rich men in America, and——"

"A kilogram of radium would cost——" He figured rapidly on a sheet of paper. "With the very cheapest methods that we have of purifying the crude material, it would cost about ten million francs. Under existing conditions radium is worth about three thousand times its weight in pure gold."

"And yet there may be tons of it in the earth?"

M. Curie was not so sure of this. "It is doubtful," said he, "if there is very much radium in the earth, and what there is is so thinly scattered in the surrounding ore, mere traces of radium for tons of worthless rock, that the cost of extracting it is almost prohibitive. You will realize this when you visit our works at Ivry."

A Visit to the Radium Works

These works I visited the next day and found myself outside the walls of Paris, near the old Ivry Cemetery, where some unpretentious sheds serve for this important business of radium extraction. One of the head men met me, and explained step by step how they obtain this strange and elusive metal. First he showed me a lumpy reddish powder, sacks of it, brought from Bohemia by the ton, and constituting the raw material from which the radium is extracted. This powder is the refuse from uranium mines at Jachimsthal, that is what remains of the original uranite ore, *pitchblende*, after the uranium has been removed.

For years this refuse was regarded as worthless, and was left to accumulate in heaps, tons of it, quite at the disposal of whoever chose to cart it away. Now that it is known to contain the rarest and most precious substance in the world, it goes without saying that the owners have begun to put a price on it.

A Gramme of Radium to Eight Tons of Ore

My informant referred with proper pride to the difficulties that had confronted them when they started these radium works in 1901. It was a new problem in practical chemistry to bring together infinitesimal traces of a metal lost in tons of debris; it was like searching for specks of dust hidden in a sand heap, or for drops of perfume scattered in a river. Still, they went at it with good heart, for the end justified the effort. If it took a ton of uranite dust to yield as much radium as would half fill a doll's thimble, then the thing to do was to have many tons of this dust sent on from Bohemia and patiently to accumulate, after months of handling, various pinches of radium, a few centigrammes, then a few decigrammes, and finally, some day, who could tell, they might get as much as a gramme. This was a distant prospect, to be sure, yet with infinite pains, and all the resources of chemistry, it might be attained. Well, now they had attained it, and at this time, he said, some eight tons of uranite detritus had passed through the caldrons and great glass jars and muddy barrels of the Ivry establishment, had been boiled and filtered and decanted and crystallized, with much fuming of acids and the steady glow of furnaces; and out of it all, for the twenty-four months' effort, there had come just about a gramme of practically pure chloride of radium, enough white powder to fill a salt spoon.

Without going far into these refining processes, it may be noted that the radium exists here in combination with lead and chalk and silica and iron and various other things that must be gotten rid of one by one, in a series of reactions and operations that are complicated and costly. For days the powder must simmer over a slow fire with water and soda; then it must be decanted into big barrels, where a sort of mud settles; then this mud must be washed and rewashed, and finally put back on the fire to simmer again with *carbonate of soda*. Then comes more decanting and the settling of more mud and the repeated washing of this, followed by treatment with hydrochloric acid, which gives a colorless liquid, containing small quantities of radium.

To isolate these small quantities from the rest is now the chemist's object, which is attained in a series of reactions and crystallizations that finally leave the precious chloride (or bromide) of radium much purified. In each crystallization the valuable part remains chiefly in the crystals, which become progressively richer in radium and smaller in bulk, until, finally, you have the product of six weeks' manipulation there at the bottom of a porcelain dish, no bigger than a saucer, some twenty-five grammes of white crystals, and these at so low an intensity (about 2,000) that the greater part will be refined away by M. Curie himself, as we have seen, in succeeding crystallizations, and at the very end there will be left only a few centigrammes (at 1,500,000); what would cover the point of a knife blade, to show for a ton or so of uranite powder and months of work.

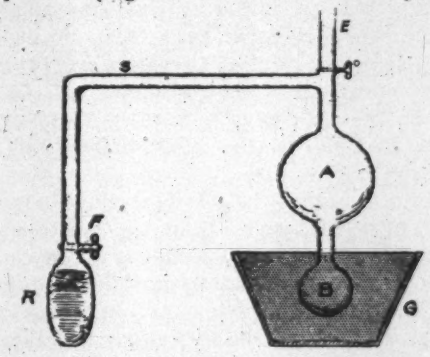
Experiments with Radium Radiations

When next I saw M. Curie he had just returned from London, where he had lectured before the Royal Institution. His hands were much peeled, and very sore from too much contact with radium, and for several days he had been unable to dress himself; but he took it good-naturedly, and proceeded to describe some of the experiments he had made before British scientists.

In order to demonstrate that radium throws off heat continually, he took two glass vessels, one containing a thermometer and a tube of radium, the other containing a thermometer and no radium. Both vessels were closed with cotton and it was presently seen that the thermometer in the vessel containing the radium registered constantly three degrees (Cent.) (5.4°F.) higher than the thermometer which was not so influenced.

The most striking experiment presented by M. Curie in his London lecture was one devised by him to prove the existence of radium emanations, a kind of gaseous product (quite different from the rays) which this extraordinary metal seems to throw off constantly as it throws off heat and light. These emanations may be regarded as an

invisible vapor of radium, like water vapor, only infinitely more subtle, which settles upon all objects that it approaches and confers upon them, for a time at least, the mysterious properties of radium itself. Thus the yellow powder sulphide of zinc bursts into a brilliant glow under the stimulus of radium emanations, and to make it clear that this effect is due to the emanations and not to the rays, M. Curie constructed an apparatus (Fig. 1 and shown in frontispiece)



in which a glass tube R containing a solution of radium is connected with two glass bulbs A and B, containing sulphide of zinc.

The experiment is begun by exhausting the air from the two bulbs A and B, by means of air-pump connections through the tube E. The air is not exhausted, however, from the tube R, over which the stop-cock F is closed, and within which the emanations have been allowed to accumulate. The room is now darkened, and it is seen that so long as the stop-cock F remains closed there is no glow in the bulbs A and B, but as soon as the stop-cock F is opened both bulbs shine brilliantly, so that the light is plainly visible at a distance of several hundred yards. Now, obviously, if this effect were due to the radium rays, it would be produced whether the stop-cock F were open or closed, since the radium rays pass freely through glass and need not follow the tube S in order to reach the bulbs A and B. It is therefore clear that the sudden light in the bulbs is due to the passage of *something* out of the tube R, and through the tube S, that *something* being kept back by the glass of the bulb R until the stop-cock F is opened. So we conclude that the emanations of radium *cannot* pass through glass, and are a manifestation quite distinct from the rays of radium, which *can* pass through but do not influence the sulphide of zinc.

This point having been established, M. Curie proceeded to the most sensational part of his demonstration, by closing the stop-cock F and then placing the lower bulb B, still radiant, in a vessel G containing liquid air, the result being that the light in the bulb B gradually grew stronger while the light in the bulb A diminished, until, presently, *all* the light seemed concentrated in B and gone from A, the conclusion being that the intense cold of liquid air had produced some change in the emanations, had possibly reduced them from a gas to a liquid, thus withdrawing them from A to B and checking the one glow while increasing the other.

Sir William Crookes's Spinthariscope

In talking with Sir William Crookes, M. Curie was interested to learn that the English scientist had just devised a curious little instrument which he has named the spinthariscope and which allows one to actually *see* the emanations from radium and to realize as never before the extraordinary atomic disintegration that is going on ceaselessly in this strange metal. The spinthariscope is a small microscope that allows one to look at a tiny fragment of radium, about one-twentieth of a milligramme, supported on a little wire over a screen spread with sulphide of zinc.

The experiment must be made in a darkened room after the eye has gradually acquired its greatest sensitiveness to light. To the eye thus sensitive and looking intently through the lenses the screen appears like a heaven of flashing meteors among which stars shine forth suddenly and die away. Near the central radium speck the fire shower is most brilliant, while towards the rim of the circle it grows fainter. And this goes on continuously as the metal throws off its emanations; these myriad bursting blazing stars *are* the emanations, at least we may assume it, and become visible as the scattered radium dust or radium vapor impinges speck by speck upon the screen which, for each tiny fragment, flashes back a responsive phosphorescence. M. Curie spoke of this vision, that was really contained within the area of a two-cent piece, as one of the most beautiful and impressive he had ever witnessed; it was as if he had been allowed to assist at the birth of a universe — or at the death of a molecule.

Dwelling upon the extreme attenuation of these radium emanations, M. Curie mentioned a recent experiment, in which he had used a platinum box pierced by two holes so extremely small that the box would retain a vacuum, yet not small enough to resist the passage of radium emanations.

Rendering other Substances Radio-Active

In view of the extreme rarity and costliness of radium, it is evident that its emanations may be put to many important uses in and out of the laboratory, since they bestow upon indifferent objects — a plate, a piece of iron, an old shoe, anything — the very properties of radium itself. Thus a scientist or a doctor unable to procure the metal radium may easily experiment with a bit of wood or glass rendered radio-active, that is, charged by radium emanations, and capable of replacing the original metal as long as the charge keeps its potency. This period has been determined by the Curies after observations extending over weeks and months, and applied to all sorts of substances, copper, aluminum, lead, rubber, wax, celluloid, paraffin, no less than fifty in all, the resulting conclusions being formulated in a precise law as follows:

(1) All substances may be rendered radio-active through the influence of radium emanations.

(2) Substances thus influenced retain their induced radio-activity very much longer when guarded in a small enclosure through which the emanations cannot pass (say a sealed glass tube) than when not so guarded. In the former case their radio-activity diminishes one-half every four days. In the latter case it diminishes one-half every twenty-eight minutes.

Some Odd Effects of Radium

I must pass rapidly over various other wonders of radium that M. Curie laid before me in subsequent conversations. There is matter here for a book, not a magazine article, and new matter is accumulating every week as the outcome of new investigations. Even in the chemistry of radium, which is practically an unexplored field, owing to the scarcity and costliness of the metal, there are various facts to be noted, as these: that radium changes the color of phosphorus from yellow to red; that radium rays increase the production of ozone in certain cases; that a small quantity of radium dissolved in water throws off hydrogen constantly by causing a disintegration of the water, the oxygen released being absorbed in some unknown molecular combination. Also that a solution of radium gives a violet or brownish tint to a glass vessel containing it, this tint being permanent, unless the glass be heated red hot. Here, by the way, is an application of importance in the arts, for radium may thus be used to modify the colors of glass and crystals, possibly of gems. It is furthermore established that radium offers a ready means of distinguishing real from imitation diamonds, since it causes the real stones to burst into a brilliant phosphorescence when brought near them in a darkened room, while it has scarcely any such effect upon false stones. M. Curie made this experiment recently at a reception in Lille, to the great delight of the guests.

In concluding the physical and chemical side of my subject, I must not fail to point out this singular fact: that a given quantity of radium, no matter how intense, may be shorn of its power to emit heat and light and of its other properties, indeed, may be rendered quite inert, at least for the time, either by submitting it (in solid form) to a prolonged heating at about 1,000 degrees (Cent.), or by keeping it for a number of hours in a vacuum. Why this treatment should effect such a change is not understood, or why the radium thus despoiled should recover its full energy by the gradual lapse of time, say two or three months. These must be numbered among the many mysteries of the subject.

The Effects of Radium on Organic Life

Coming now to what may be the most important properties of radium, that is, those which influence animal life, we may follow M. Curie's advice and visit the Pasteur Institute, where for some months now a remarkable series of radium tests have been in progress. In the second courtyard at the left, there where the hydrophobia dogs are always yelping, we shall find M. Danysz clad in his laboratory blouse and ready to explain, as far as he is able, the extraordinary effects of radium upon rabbits, guinea pigs, mice, and other small creatures that are exposed to the rays of this strange metal. One may say briefly that these effects have usually been destructive, the animals treated have nearly always died. but there is much in the manner of their death that merits our attention, since here seems to lie a promise of new knowledge

touching the very mysteries of death and of life.

Mice Killed by Exposure to Radium

Glancing rapidly over these experiments, it is at once apparent that radium has formidable powers of destruction, and can by its mere presence annihilate animal life or plant life. Here is one instance among many: On May 13, 1903, a little chloride of radium (five centigrammes) was suspended over the cage of eight white mice, two parent mice and six little ones, and was left there for three days and then removed. The mice continued to eat and run about as usual until May 16, when the little ones began to lose the fur on their backs. On the 19th their backs were quite bare of fur, although their heads remained covered, which gave them the appearance of little white lions. On the 21st the little ones became blind, although they continued to eat well. On the 23d one of the little ones died. On the 24th three died. On the 25th the remaining two died. On the 5th of June both the parent mice became blind. On the 28th both the parent mice died. This was the work of a few grains of radium in a tiny glass tube.

In another case two full-grown mice were exposed continuously to the same quantity (five centigrammes) of radium for ten days. For nine days they remained perfectly well, although they showed fear, but on the tenth day they died *without losing their fur*. This experiment was repeated with another pair of mice under the same conditions, except that the radium used was only half as intense, and in this case the mice died in twenty-two days and twenty-six days, respectively, and on the twentieth day they began to lose their fur. M. Danysz draws important conclusions touching the nature of the rays from the fact that the mice did or did not lose their fur.

Similar experiments were made upon other animals under varying conditions, the result being almost invariably death after a longer or shorter time, according to the animals' resistance. Rabbits were killed, guinea pigs were killed, embryo chickens exposed to radium rays during incubation (some on the first day, some on the tenth, some on the last day) were all killed, plants were killed, and M. Danysz is convinced that all animals, probably all forms of life, would succumb to the destructive force of radium if employed in sufficient quantities.

"I have no doubt," said he, "that a kilogram of radium would be sufficient to destroy the population of Paris, granting that they came within its influence. Men and women would be killed just as these mice were killed. They would feel nothing during their exposure to the radium nor realize that they were in any danger. And weeks would pass after their exposure before anything would happen. Then gradually the skin would begin to peel off, and their bodies would become one great sore. Then they would become blind. Then they would die from paralysis and congestion of the spinal cord."

Despite this rather gloomy prospect, certain experiments at the Pasteur Institute may encourage us to believe that, for all its menace of destruction, radium is destined to bring substantial benefits to suffering humankind. The substance of these favorable experiments is that while animal life may undoubtedly suffer great harm from radium when used in excess or wrongly used (the same is true of strychnine), it may also derive immense good from radium when used within proper bounds, these to be set when we have gained a fuller knowledge of the subject. Meantime it is worthy of note that some of M. Dánysz's animals, when exposed to the radium for a short time, or to radium of lower intensity, or to radium at a greater distance, have not perished, but have seemed to thrive under the treatment. A rabbit, for instance, underwent this attenuated radium treatment, with the result that its fur, instead of falling off, grew more abundantly.

Arresting Organic Development by Radium

But the most startling experiment performed thus far at the Pasteur Institute is one undertaken by M. Danysz, February 3, 1903, when he placed three or four dozen little worms that live in flour, the larvæ *Ephestia kuehniella*, in a glass flask where they were exposed for a few hours to the rays of radium. He placed a like number of larvæ in a control flask, where there was no radium, and he left enough flour in each flask for the larvæ to live upon. After several weeks it was found that most of the larvæ in the radium flask had been killed,

but that a few of them had escaped the destructive action of the rays by crawling away to distant corners of the flask, where they were still living. But *they were living as larvæ, not as moths,* whereas in the natural course they should have become moths long before, as was seen by the control flask, where the larvæ had all changed into moths, and these had hatched their eggs into other larvæ and these had produced other moths. All of which made it clear that the radium rays had arrested the development of these little worms.

More weeks passed and still three or four of the larvæ lived, and four full months after the original exposure I saw a larva alive and wriggling while its contemporary larvæ in the other jar had long since passed away as aged moths, leaving generations of moths' eggs and larvæ to witness this miracle, for here was a larva, venerable among his kind, a patriarch *Ephestia kuehniella,* that had actually lived through *three times the span of life accorded to his fellows* and that still showed no sign of changing into a moth. It was very much as if a young man of twenty-one should keep the appearance of twenty-one for two hundred and fifty years!

Modification of Species by Radium

Not less remarkable than these are some recent experiments made by M. Bohn at the biological laboratories of the Sorbonne, his conclusions being that radium may so far modify various lower forms of life as to actually produce "monsters," abnormal deviations from the original type of the species. Thus tadpole monsters have been formed from tadpoles exposed four days after birth to radium rays. Some of these monsters lived for twenty-three days, and would doubtless have lived longer, had they been exposed to the rays for a shorter time. No changes occur in the tadpoles treated except at the transition points of growth, as on the eighth day, when the breathing tentacles are covered by gills in the normal tadpole, but are not so covered in the monsters formed after radium treatment. These monsters take on a new form, with an increasing atrophy of the tail and a curious wrinkling of the tissues back of the head; in fact, they may be said to develop a new breathing apparatus, quite different from that of ordinary tadpoles.

M. Bohn has obtained similar results with eggs of the toad and eggs of the sea-urchin, monsters resulting in both cases and continuing to live for a number of days or weeks after exposure to the radium. Furthermore, he has been able to accomplish with radium what Professor Loeb did with saline solutions, that is, to cause the growth of unfecundated eggs of the sea-urchin, and to advance these through several stages of their development. In other words, he has used radium *to create life* where there would have been no life but for this strange stimulation.

M. Bohn assured me of his conviction that we may in the future be able to produce new species of insects, moths, butterflies, perhaps birds and fishes, by simply treating the eggs with radium rays, the result being that interesting changes will be effected in the coloring and adornment. He also believes that with greater quantities of radium at our disposal and a fuller understanding of its properties, it may be possible to produce new species among larger creatures, mice, rabbits, guinea pigs, etc. It is merely a question of degree, for if new types can be produced in one species why may they not be produced in another?

What Radium May Do for Medical Science

It remains to mention certain important services that radium may render in the cure of bodily ills, notably of lupus and other skin diseases. Here is a great new field full of promise, yet one that must be considered with guarded affirmation, lest false hopes be aroused. It is too soon as yet to say more than this, that distinguished doctors speak with confidence of excellent results that may be looked for from the radium treatment. Dr. Danlos, for instance, has used the radium rays on lupus patients at the St. Louis Hospital in Paris for over a year, and in several cases has accomplished apparent cures. The radium used is enclosed between two small disks of copper and aluminum, the whole being about the size of a silver dollar. The aluminum disk, which is very thin, is pressed against the affected part and left there for fifteen minutes, that is all there is to the treatment, except cleansing, bandaging, etc. Day after day, for weeks or months, this contact with the disk is continued, and after a period of irritation the sores heal, leaving

healthy white scars. Some patients thus treated have gone for months without a relapse, but it is too soon to declare the cures absolute. They *look like* absolute cures, that is all Dr. Danlos will say, and if time proves that they *are* absolute cures, then radium will do for lupus patients all that Finsen's lamps do and will do it more quickly, more simply, and with no cumbersome and costly apparatus. It may be objected that radium also is costly, but the answer is that radium will probably become cheaper as the supply increases and as the processes of extracting it are perfected. Furthermore, the effects of radium may be obtained, as already stated, by the use of indifferent bodies rendered radio-active, so that lupus patients may be treated with a piece of wood or a piece of glass possessed for the moment of the virtues of radium. And certain kinds of cancer may be similarly treated; indeed, a London physician has already reported a case of cancer cured by radium.

These are possibilities, *not* certainties, and there are others. It appears that radium has a bactericidal action in certain cases, and it would therefore seem reasonable that air rendered radio-active may benefit sufferers from lung troubles if breathed into the lungs, or that water rendered radio-active may benefit sufferers from stomach troubles if taken into the stomach. It goes without saying that in all these cases the use of radium must be attended with extreme precautions, so that harmful effects may be avoided.

Just as I was leaving Paris I learned of an interesting and significant new fact about radium, one that greatly impressed M. Curie, namely, that the air from deep borings in the earth is found to be radio-active, and that the waters from mineral springs are radio-active. This would seem to indicate the presence of radium in the earth in considerable quantities, and that would mean more abundant and cheaper radium in the not distant future. One of the things to be hoped for now is the discovery of a single simple reaction by which radium may be easily separated from the dross that contains it, and any day the chemists may put their hands on such a reaction.

And then—well, it is best to avoid sweeping statements, but there is certainly reason to believe that we are entering upon a domain of new, strange knowledge and drawing near to some of nature's most hallowed secrets.

A STRENUOUS COURTSHIP

BY

E. W. FOWLER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND M. ASHE

WHILE the majority of loiterers in Washington Square lounged upon the benches, Tom Meredith sat erect and frowned.

It was apparent to the two faded little maiden ladies who were taking their sun bath on the bench opposite that he was impatient; and they became so interested, that the elder laid aside her volume of poems, and the younger forgot to send the crochet needle flying through the pink wool scarf that lay like a rosy cloud against her black dress. They discussed why the young man consulted his watch so frequently and why he stared with such wistful eagerness toward Fifth Avenue. It was finally decided that he had selected this place for a tryst, and that *she* was late. They were charmed with Tom's impatience, they nudged each other when they heard a muttered imprecation, and smiled knowingly when he jumped to his feet and paced the path like a sentinel.

The previous evening, on his arrival in New York, Tom had hurried to Mrs. Van Tromp's, the aunt with whom Margery was

staying. But neither Mrs. Van Tromp nor her niece was there to greet him, and, although Tom had not hinted in his letters of a journey eastward, he was greatly disappointed when the butler answered his somewhat incoherent questions by informing him that the ladies were dining out.

At ten o'clock the next morning the ladies had not yet returned from their drive, and, although Tom had been tempted to leave his name, he had adhered to his plan of surprising Margery, just to hear her delighted "You old dear, where did you drop from?" There was no necessity for formality. Margery and he had grown up together, and she had half promised to answer "Yes" to a certain important question at the close of her year in New York.

At length a carriage turned in from Fifth Avenue. At sight of the two occupants Tom jumped to his feet and bowed, but they did not see him. He caught a glimpse of a tall lithe girl and a matronly woman in black, who ascended the steps of a dignified house at the north of the square and disappeared. He had been too dazed to overtake them, and some minutes passed before he presented himself at the door and faced the servant. As he sat waiting, he admitted that he was nervous; but his fears left him when he heard the rapid click of high-heeled boots, and he stepped forward with outstretched hands.

"Margery," he said; "it's me."

"Why, Tom Meredith," Margery cried, taking his hands delightedly; "how did you get here?"

"By railway, of course. The same line that brought you."

They shook hands again, this time a trifle shyly, and Margery motioned Tom to sit beside her on the divan. "When did you arrive?"

"Yesterday."

"And you didn't let me know until today?" There was a trace of reproach in Margery's question, and Tom told her of his previous call.

"I was determined not to miss you today. It is a year yesterday since you left Colorado."

"So it is," Margery answered, a bit startled. For an instant she stared at Tom with a troubled look in her big gray eyes, then started towards the hall. "You must meet my aunt," she said.

"Oh, bother your aunt," Tom answered bluntly; "let's have a little talk all to ourselves first. I came to see *you*." There was a meaning in the accented word which did not escape Margery; but she hesitated, and Tom took advantage of her indecision. "Deuce take the formalities! I haven't even kissed you yet."

Margery at once became frigid, and laughed affectedly. "Oh, you haven't forgotten all that nonsense?"

"Nonsense?" Tom was aghast. "You don't mean to say that——?"

"How did you leave everybody in Colorado?" Margery interrupted, and went to the window. "I'm dying to hear about my people."

"What the—" Tom followed her and boldly took possession of her hand. "Listen, Margery——"

But Margery withdrew her hand.

"Really, Tom," she began, with the faintest quiver in her voice, "you must not do this. It is quite different here in New York, and besides——"

"Fiddlesticks!" Tom interrupted hotly. "It isn't different anywhere if two people are——"

"But I haven't really said yes."

"The year ended yesterday. Say it at once."

"Oh, Tom, I—" Margery turned her face to the window and winked fiercely to keep back the tears.

"Say yes. I must hear it."

"I—I can't."

"You can." Tom was quite near her now, and his voice was pleading. "Shall I say it for you?"

"No, it wouldn't be the same thing, and besides—" She paused.

"What is it, Margery?" Tom was puzzled. Their meeting was so different from what he had expected.

"I wish that I had written. Oh, why didn't you let me know you were coming? Why didn't mother let me know?" She turned to him with a look of despair.

"Your mother thought that my surprise would be a pleasant one." Tom began to understand that something more than girlish caprice had prompted such a welcome. He looked at Margery so keenly that, although her eyes were tightly closed, she felt uneasy.

"I really should send for Aunt Catherine," she suggested weakly.

"DECIDED THAT HE HAD SELECTED THIS PLACE FOR A TRYST, AND THAT SHE WAS LATE"

"'I HAVE JUST TOLD YOU THAT I COULDN'T SAY YES'"

"No," Tom answered with determination; "if you have anything unpleasant to tell me, I want to hear it alone. You did not wish me to come to New York. Is that it?"

"Don't torture me, Tom," she said, twisting her handkerchief to shreds. "Can't you see how miserable I am about it?"

"I may see when you have told me why." Tom was angry now, and showed it.

"Then—" Margery's voice trembled and she hid her eyes again, "then I can't say yes."

Tom was staggered. He placed one hand beneath Margery's chin and forced her to look at him. "You don't mean that," he said very quietly.

"Oh, please let Aunt Catherine explain."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Oh, you need not be afraid of hurting me." Tom's answer came so calmly that Margery was startled. She watched him return to the divan and settle himself comfortably among the cushions.

"Then you don't care?"

"I'll answer after your explanation."

"Oh, Tom, don't be so angry." Margery went to the divan and stood before him.

"I am not angry. Why should I be?"

"I have just told you that I couldn't say yes." She looked at him in amazement.

"But you haven't told me your reason."

"I am not obliged to tell you that." Her eyes flashed.

"Yes, you are. I'll tell you whether it is good or not."

"You are not the one to judge. Anybody else would be content and go away."

"Do you wish me to go away?"

"Oh, why, why are you so disagreeable?"

"If you call it disagreeable for me to love you enough to fight for you, then I am disagreeable and proud of it. Do you care as much for me as you did a year ago?"

"No. I don't know." The admission came quickly upon the heels of the denial.

"You don't know?"

It seemed to Margery as if Tom's eyes were looking her through and through. "I *think* that I like you as well," she confessed rather brokenly, "only——"

"Now don't be foolish," Tom interrupted. "You know that I'm not the sort of a fellow that moons about, shoots himself, goes to the dogs, or any of that rot. You needn't be afraid. You can't hurt me more by telling your reasons than you do by thinking me a coward. I am ready to listen."

"Well, Tom," Margery began haltingly, "you know that Aunt Catherine has been very good to me; that father is awfully poor, with only his salary, and that he and mother are both growing old. The girls must be educated, brought out, properly married, and——"

"Go on." Tom insisted upon the conclusion.

"Oh, you make it all seem so hateful and——"

"Business-like. That's just what it is. How much has been offered for you?"

"Tom Meredith!" The blaze of Margery's eyes dried her tears.

"Do you love me?" Tom laid his hands upon her shoulders and looked squarely into the angry eyes.

"No."

"Yes, you do."

"After what you have just said, I detest you."

"You don't. You can't detest me for telling a truth which you knew, but would not acknowledge. If you do, you are not the girl I thought you."

"Tom Meredith, I——"

"Now don't say what you cannot mean. We have behaved like a pair of idiots. Forgive me for showing my temper; but I shall not ask you to pardon the truth I told."

"I can never pardon that."

"Well, I am not in the least offended," he went on cheerfully. "I forgive you just the same."

"I have not met anybody so downright——"

"Brutal, truthful, and loving in the entire year that you have spent with your aunt. I shall not consider the answer you give me this morning. This is Thursday. I remain in New York until Saturday at 8:30 P. M. You have three days in which to make up your mind."

"I have already decided."

"No, you haven't, unless you have decided to say yes."

"Tom, you don't understand." Margery's voice was pathetic in its helplessness.

"Oh, yes, I do, far better than you think. Your head is a bit turned by all of this whirl. But it is only natural, and you'll get over it. You enjoy this sort of a life, and so do I. Why can't you wait and get love and riches from the same hand? I have brains, horse-sense, and business instincts, and out in Colorado the earth fairly throws the gold into our pockets. In a year or so——"

"Well, and how much do you offer for me?" Margery's question came so icily that Tom was momentarily dazed.

"Everything I have," he answered quickly. "No, that is too much. Half of all I have."

This flippant reply again brought tears to Margery. "I am not for sale," she said with a choke. "Please go away, and don't come back. You need not wait out the week."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," Tom replied. "Dad has an old friend here that he wishes me to meet, and I want to see a little of the town. There is Coney Island and the Statue of Liberty. We don't have such things in Colorado, you know."

Mrs. Van Tromp entered quickly, and Tom saw by the amused twinkle in her eyes that she had overheard his last words; but when she saw Margery's tear-stained cheeks, her look changed to one of sharp interrogation.

"Bad news, Margery?" she asked.

"Auntie, this is a dear friend of my father. Mr. Meredith, of Colorado Springs."

Mrs. Van Tromp offered Tom her finger tips. "I fancy that I have heard Margery speak of you," she said coldly.

"It is quite possible," Tom answered, "since before Saturday I expect to announce our engagement to her parents."

Mrs. Van Tromp openly gasped at this abrupt declaration, but before she could reply luncheon was announced.

"May we have the pleasure?" Having regained her self-possession, Mrs. Van Tromp smiled courteously.

"I thank you," Tom replied, "but I shall be engaged until this evening."

"Well, my dear?" Mrs. Van Tromp appealed to Margery.

"I shall be pleased to see Mr. Meredith," she answered. "No doubt it will be for the last time, and ——"

"Not necessarily," Tom answered. "I remain in the city until Saturday." Giving no time for a reply, he at once made his adieu.

While Tom was dressing for dinner he began to wonder what sort of a fellow he had for a rival. Of one thing he was certain, the man had both wealth and position. "Hang it all," he growled; "it's these ambitious matrons that ruin the girls with their ideas of marriage. I'm practical; I wouldn't ask any woman to share poverty with me; but I don't come to Margery with only a heart to offer. I give my love, and something in the way of dollars and cents."

This line of reasoning did not give him great comfort, for he turned away from the mirror with an explosive: "Dash it all, the other fellow can say the same thing!"

Irreproachably clad, Tom presented himself at the house where he had met with such a keen disappointment in the morning. Mrs. Van Tromp smiled and held out her hand in friendly greeting. The gracious smile meant war, of this Tom was certain, and he held her hand firmly in his own until he fired his first shot: "I hope you will forgive me for robbing you of your niece."

Before Mrs. Van Tromp could reply, Margery, preceded by two ladies, entered the room. As Mrs. Van Tromp murmured Tom's name to her guests "Miss Troutman and Miss Elizabeth Troutman," both gave a start of surprise and their pale faces flushed to pink. Miss Troutman, after a wise nod to her sister, offered Tom her hand.

"Why, you are the young man we saw this morning in the square," she cried. "Margery told us that we were to meet an old friend of hers, and to think that it should be you. Truth is certainly stranger than fiction."

"That is one of Miss Troutman's favorite maxims," Margery explained to Tom.

"Yes, and 'the unexpected always happens,'" Miss Elizabeth continued.

"I am rather inclined to accept the latter," Mrs. Van Tromp said with a meaning smile. "What is your opinion, Mr. Meredith?"

"I quite agree with you," he answered, glancing at Margery, who blushed and lowered her eyes.

Other guests now began to arrive, for Mrs. Van Tromp kept to the custom of an informal evening for old friends. Tom was taken in charge by Miss Troutman, and tried to listen patiently to the proofs of her theories, awaiting with subdued eagerness the arrival of one man. He was certain that Margery's confusion and her aunt's smile would at once tell him when his rival entered the room.

As soon as Miss Troutman joined the little group of courtiers about a Russian countess, who came in upon the arm of a tall, elderly man of decided military bearing, Miss Elizabeth took her sister's place at Tom's side. Tom noticed that the escort of the countess went at once to Margery, and that a flush rose to her cheek when she looked up and saw who stood before her. But the possibility of a rival so many years his senior did not disturb him, and he listened with interest to what Miss Elizabeth was saying.

"I am so glad to talk with one who knows Margery's mother," she began, "for Mrs. Kessler was my dearest friend when we were girls. You know that when Margery's mother and father were married, it was considered a dreadful *mésalliance;* for he was then only a poor, private teacher, just out of college, and with no prospects. But it was a real love match, and it makes me happy that it has turned out so well. And please do not think me meddlesome, when I tell you that Margery has hinted to me the object of your journey. I am sure that she cares for you."

Tom could have hugged the frail little woman. "Did she tell you so?" he asked.

"No; Margery is not quite certain of herself, and you must be patient. Her aunt wishes her to accept an offer which is most advantageous. But I hope that Margery will not be misled by a mistaken idea of duty. Long ago," here Miss Elizabeth sighed, "I did not have the courage to

"THE ESCORT OF THE COUNTESS WENT AT ONCE TO MARGERY"

follow where my heart would have led me. I have always regretted it, and wished that I had chosen boldly."

"Will you promise me something?" Tom begged. "Will you tell Margery what you have just told me? Tell her what you lost by not obeying your heart?"

"I will tell her to-morrow," Miss Elizabeth answered impulsively, looking across the room toward Margery. Just at this moment the man beside her bowed and went quickly to Mrs. Van Tromp. Margery sat with her hands clasped in her lap, her face pale and set.

Tom hastily crossed over to her. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing at all," Margery answered with an hysterical laugh. "Will you send Miss Elizabeth to me?"

But before Tom could go back to Miss Elizabeth, Mrs. Van Tromp beckoned to him. "Have you been wishing joy to Margery?" she whispered. "The General has just told me of his happiness."

For an instant Tom felt as if the room whirled about him; then he gritted his teeth and threw back his shoulders. "I congratulate *you*," he said hoarsely; "with you the expected has happened."

"You are wrong," she answered lightly, "I confess that I looked for a different conclusion. Do you return to Colorado to-morrow?"

"Not until Saturday, as I had planned."

Mrs. Van Tromp was touched. "Believe me," she said, "I have done nothing to influence Margery's hasty decision."

While Tom was waiting for an opportunity to speak to Margery alone, Miss Elizabeth came to him. "Don't be unjust," she pleaded; "few girls would refuse General Thornton."

"General Thornton!" Tom repeated. "Not General Bob Thornton? Why, he's an old chum of my dad's. He's been a sort of a mythical hero for me to worship ever since I wore kilts. And now Margery has —" He broke off abruptly as the full understanding of the situation came to him.

The day Tom started for New York, his father had given him a letter of introduction to his old friend. "And now, my boy," he said at parting, "mind that you spare the time from sweethearting to call on old Bob. I want you for once to meet a whole man, and, well, I want my friend to know what a fine son I have." Then Meredith senior had given Tom a rousing slap upon the back, told him to go to the devil, and while in New York to look out that he did not buy a gold brick or green goods.

Margery was now alone and Tom went to her. "Your aunt has told me," he said, forcing his voice to come without a tremor, "and I wish you joy."

Margery did not trust herself to words, but silently pressed Tom's hand.

"Won't you make us acquainted?" he asked. "I wish to congratulate him."

"For taking me away from you?" Margery's surprise gave her speech.

"Why not?" Tom answered stoutly. "He's a better man than I, or you would not have chosen him. I wish that you could hear my dad go on about Bob Thornton. There is nobody in the world to whom I could give you with so little of a struggle. He's an old Indian fighter. I'd rather have my tongue cut out than make a howl before him."

Margery led the way to General Thornton, who at the name of Meredith became even more animated than at the sight of his betrothed.

"Not old John Meredith's boy?" he asked.

"The same," Tom answered. Then, as if to get the matter settled as quickly as possible, he offered his congratulations. The men clasped hands and turned to look for Margery, but she had quietly slipped from the room.

"You must call upon me," General Thornton insisted as Tom turned to go. "Your father married my first love and turned me over to the Indians. But we didn't row about it; we were only made closer friends by your mother, who was an angel. Come to my quarters to-morrow. Mrs. Van Tromp and Margery will drop in for a cup of tea. You will meet Miss Daisy, my niece, and perhaps others."

Tom thanked him and went to Mrs. Van Tromp. "Good night," he said. "I sha'n't say good-by until Saturday."

"You still hope?" Mrs. Van Tromp's smile was incredulous.

"No," Tom answered; "I'm too modest; my training is against me. Life-long I've been told that General Thornton is the best man on earth, and" — he smiled wearily — "I reckon that the best man will always win."

"THE PORTIERES WERE SWEPT ASIDE, AND GENERAL THORNTON ENTERED"

The following morning Miss Elizabeth was surprised at receiving a visit from Tom. The Misses Troutman lived in a very quiet hotel, the haven of several old-fashioned persons like themselves, who kept up a faded gentility on small incomes, and lived mainly in the past — "the good old days before great wealth formed aristocracy, and when the social center of New York was far down-town."

"'OH, I AM SO GLAD TO FIND YOU'"

Tom came at once to his errand and released Miss Elizabeth from her promise to tell Margery of her own unhappy love episode. "I shall do nothing more," he concluded, with a show of light-heartedness which did not for an instant deceive her. "I am not trying to play the unhappy hero, understand, but, somehow, I can't back against a man who has always been held up to me as a model. If I were only certain that Margery cares for him, — I mean as a woman should care, — not simply respect, nor admiration for a past, but with an affection that will sacrifice as well as enjoy."

"I believe that your love is of this ideal kind," Miss Elizabeth said sentimentally.

"No, it isn't," Tom admitted; "for if I were to do as I choose, I'd pick Margery up in my arms and run away with her. I'm afraid that Mrs. Van Tromp is right, and that I'm only half-civilized after all. But I'm man enough, I hope, to give General Thornton all credit, and if I went to Margery with a plea, or sent you, I'd feel as though I'd made an attempt at theft. I'm awfully obliged that you listen so patiently. It does a fellow good to tell his troubles once in a while; — sort of acts like a safety-valve. And I'm sorry that I must say good-by. I start for Colorado to-morrow."

"But without bitterness towards Margery,—or—other women?" Miss Elizabeth asked gently.

"Oh, I'm not the sort of a fellow that drops at the first knock. I'm not sick of life; a fellow can stand an awful lot before he loses his grip. Perhaps in ten years, when I've a wife and children, I'll look back to this day and wonder why I was off my feed, and the best tobacco tasted like tarred rope to my tongue." With a short laugh, decidedly forced and unnatural, he left Miss Elizabeth to repeat his conversation to her sister.

In the afternoon, when Tom met Margery at General Thornton's apartments, he greeted her with the most commonplace cordiality. Careful not to overact, and with no purpose save to show her that disappointment had not made too great a breach in his life, his well-meant artifice caused her more annoyance than satisfaction. For Margery had prepared herself to be very kind to him; to hold a last confidential chat, and to show so thoroughly how practical were her reasons for accepting General Thornton, that his regard for her would only increase.

Tom gave no opportunity for the quiet confidences. He talked with Miss Daisy, the general's niece, about greyhound coursing, golf, and social life in the West. Margery, who sat near enough to overhear, was vexed with him for his good-natured raillery of Colorado. "Yes, we live in the most primitive fashion," she heard him say. "We dine at noon, begin our dance in the Town Hall at eight, and instead of the theatre, depend upon the native talent of our literary club, which meets with song and debate every Friday evening."

Forgetting that only yesterday she had looked upon the years before she came to her aunt as dull and provincial, Margery could not keep silent. "Our way of living in Colorado is quite as charming as yours here," she declared hotly to Miss Daisy. "There is less display, but more real happiness, and just because people can be themselves."

Margery spoke with all the enthusiasm of her twenty years, for she was thinking of her own parents and her own quiet home. Miss Daisy was bewildered by such a flood of heretical phrases.

"I've been in New York only two days," said Tom, "but I think that I'd be pretty well content to settle here for life, if all the girls are like Miss Thornton."

Miss Daisy laughed. "And I believe that I like Western men," she said, looking coquettishly at Tom. "When you fall in love, do you carry off your sweethearts on broncos?"

"Not always," Margery answered quickly, and walked away.

"I believe that Margery is angry," Miss Daisy giggled.

"No doubt of it, and I'd like to know why," Tom answered gloomily; and Miss Thornton soon found him so dull and abstracted that she joined Mrs. Van Tromp at the tea-table.

As Tom's spirits sank, Margery, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, had never appeared more gay. She was soon the center of a group that discussed love and marriage in epigram, the echo of modern novels and plays. But Tom was too much disturbed by Margery's answer to Miss Thornton to listen to the witticisms. At the right of the drawing-room was an alcove hung with tapestries, and from this one could step into a glass-enclosed balcony filled with palms and ferns. Tom went to this retreat, and moodily watched the carriages in the street below.

"Well, and what do you think of us?" Margery stood beside him. Seeing him disappear into the alcove, she had almost immediately followed.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Of the people in there?" She waved her hand towards the drawing-room.

"Oh, they are not so bad."

"I hate them!" Margery went on, almost fiercely. "We are really nothing to one another. It is not good form to be affectionate or show feeling. Did you ever hear how we talked? I try to think and act as they do, but I can't. It's all too serious, too sacred. It's not at all like us at home, is it?"

"It's disgustingly un-American, that's all."

Just then a murmur was heard in the alcove. A thin, feminine voice came through the heavy curtains.

"Clever Van Tromp," the voice drawled, "has finally caught Thornton with this little country niece of hers. The girl has nothing that I can see, neither money, looks, nor chic. But tastes are different, and the more fools the more fun."

"A real love match," was the masculine answer.

"Yes, on the man's side; but the girl has been urged on by her aunt. Mrs. Van Tromp is ambitious. Most of these old Dutch families are falling behind the procession, but she is determined to keep up. Her father was an old Deekman, who, centuries ago, long before I was born, was something or other in the shipping trade."

Tom and Margery stood stiffly silent and stared at the floor until the conversation ended; then Margery ran to the door and looked after the retreating couple. "Tom," she whispered, "you should have heard the sweet way in which she congratulated me. Isn't it awful?"

"Does it trouble your conscience?" Tom asked cynically.

Margery's lips quivered a reproach, but, before she could speak, the portières were swept aside and General Thornton entered the balcony.

"I was warned that you were here trying to run away with Margery," he laughed, shaking his finger at Tom.

"I promise I sha'n't run away with her unless she asks me," Tom answered, after a moment of awkward hesitation.

"It is not likely that I shall so far forget myself," Margery replied sharply.

"Don't quarrel, children," Thornton interrupted. "We'll find a wife for Tom, won't we, Margery? How will Daisy serve? Then we can keep him in the family."

"I am not a match-maker," Margery said slowly; "nor shall I ever be. Let Tom choose where it pleases him. I only hope that he will find a woman more worthy of his love than — than —" She burst into tears and ran from the balcony.

"What does this mean?" Thornton asked. "Has some woman been short-sighted enough to refuse you?"

"I fear that few will call her short-sighted, General."

"Well, my boy, if you need a recommendation, send her to me. I'll speak a good word for you."

"I thank you, General."

They walked back to the drawing-room arm in arm: Margery was not to be seen.

"A sick-headache," Mrs. Van Tromp explained to General Thornton, "so I sent her home. No, she would not allow me to call you; but it might be wise for you to drop in to-night for dinner."

"May I bring along the boy?" Thornton asked, smiling cordially at Tom.

"If Mr. Meredith is not already engaged," Mrs. Van Tromp answered, pointedly.

"I thank you," Tom said, "but it will be impossible for me to come."

Before retiring, Tom wrote his father: "Dear old dad, I've lost Margery, but I've gained a new self-respect. Your General Bob Thornton is a trump, a sure winner."

The following morning Margery slipped from the house before ten o'clock and went to Miss Elizabeth's; but the Misses Troutman would not return from their walk before eleven. Remembering that they often sat in Washington Square, Margery decided to follow.

Miss Elizabeth was sitting alone on her favorite bench, for her sister had gone to match the wool of the scarf they were crocheting. Margery ran to her with a cry of joy, and threw her arms about the little woman's waist. "Oh, I am so glad to find you," she sobbed, breaking down completely. But Miss Elizabeth's reproving "Be careful, dearie," restored in a measure her self-possession.

"No, no," Margery answered; "I won't be so silly again. But if you only knew how unhappy I am." She drew down her veil and bit her lips to keep back the tears. Miss Elizabeth did not reply, but silently caressed her hand.

"I am ashamed of myself," Margery whispered. "I don't deserve the least kindness."

By this time Miss Elizabeth had begun to struggle with a lump in her throat. "Is it about Tom?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, my dear! I was afraid of it," Miss Elizabeth admitted with a solemn shake of the head.

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Tom told me not to do so; Tom told me that he would not say a word to influence you."

"But he should say something," Margery protested. "I want him to say something."

"Oh, then, why, why did you behave so?" Miss Elizabeth gasped.

"I don't know," Margery answered slowly, as if reasoning it out for the first time. "I believe that I told General Thornton that I would marry him, because Tom was hateful to me the first day he was in New York. He said horrid things. He seemed to think that he could force me to marry him, and I wanted to show that I have a will of my own. Oh, how I wish I hadn't been such a fool!"

"My poor, dear Margery."

"Of course I can't go to Tom and ask him to come back to me," she went on despairingly, "and I don't want to marry General Thornton. I'll never be anybody's wife. I wish you would let me come and live with you."

Miss Elizabeth smiled sadly. "Margery, dear, I might have been a much happier woman to-day, if years ago I had been brave. You must ask Tom to come back."

"But what will Aunt Catherine say, and General Thornton, and everybody else? No, I can't do it."

"You are wrong to say such a thing," Miss Elizabeth answered sternly, rising from the bench and drawing her cape about her. "You must not deceive General Thornton a moment longer. Be honest; be honest to him and to yourself."

"Oh, I simply can't tell him, and I won't take a step towards Tom. I can be just as proud as Tom Meredith."

"Your pride is very silly!" Without waiting for an answer, Miss Elizabeth walked impatiently away.

Tired and spiritless, Tom was placing the last things in his traveling bag, when a telegram was brought to his door. "*I will say yes,*" it read, "*if you will only ask me again.*"

White and trembling, he collapsed into a chair. He read the message a dozen times, then took up the pen. "Margery," he wrote, "I will not speak until General Thornton has released you from your promise." He read the lines aloud, almost ashamed of their cold brevity, and eager to add a word of endearment; but he hurriedly sealed the letter and entrusted it to the grimy hands of a messenger boy.

At the same time, Margery was finishing a confession to Mrs. Van Tromp. "Don't be angry with me, aunt," she pleaded, "for I must act for myself. I am going to marry Tom—that is, if he doesn't refuse me."

Mrs. Van Tromp was horrified. "You don't mean to say that you will——?"

"I have already, by telegram. Forgive me, auntie. It is not so awful with us Colorado people; there the women have an equal right with men."

Mrs. Van Tromp controlled an impulse to give her niece a shaking. "I wash my hands of the whole affair," she said, as calmly as was possible.

"Oh, I'm so glad," Margery cried, "for Tom can take me back to Colorado to-night. We'll be married this afternoon if—" the tears now conquered, "if he doesn't say no."

When General Thornton, his bronzed face a shade less rosy than usual, arrived in response to a message from his betrothed, Mrs. Van Tromp sighed, but descended firmly to the drawing-room.

"What does this mean?" he asked, handing her a telegram.

"*Come at once,*" she read, "*for I have something awful to tell you. Maybe I am going to marry Tom Meredith.*"

Mrs. Van Tromp shrugged her shoulders. "It is true," she answered.

"And I?"

"Dear General, what can we say or do?"

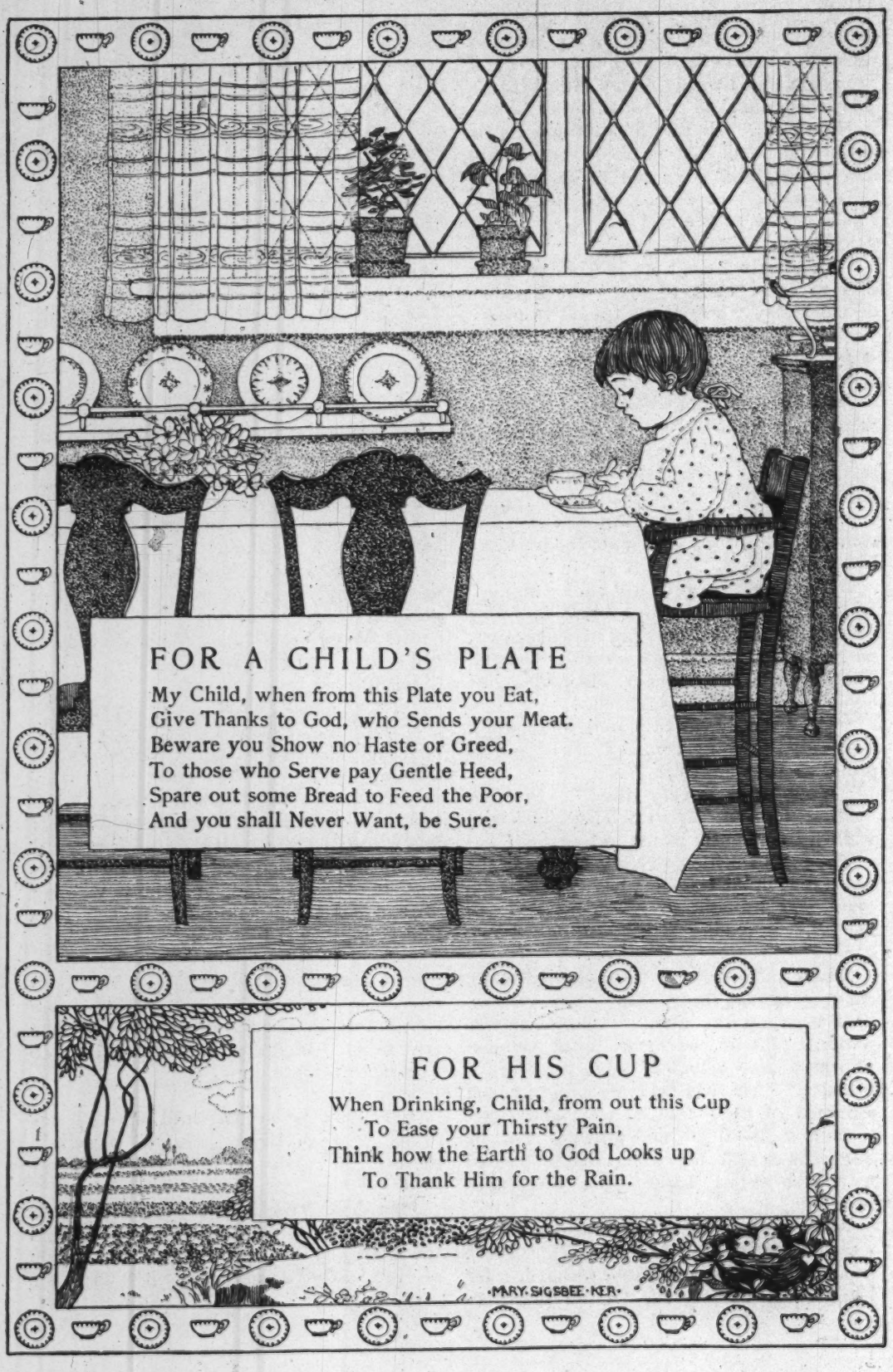
"Nothing. I don't blame her. Tom is of a fine race, and a chap in whom one can feel some pride. I sha'n't ask to see Margery; but you tell her that I wish her all happiness, and don't for an instant let her know that it goes at all hard with me. I should have anticipated something of this sort, but love is blind, you know, whether with a passé old fellow like myself or a fine young rascal like Tom."

"To be truthful," Mrs. Van Tromp murmured apologetically, "I fancy this conclusion of Margery's visit will be more satisfactory to her parents than if—than any other. Margery hopes to return to Colorado to-night."

"So soon?"

"It won't be settled until Meredith has heard your decision. He has a certain dignity, in spite of his youth, hasn't he?"

Mrs. Van Tromp arranged everything with her customary quiet dignity, and the Misses Troutman were the only guests at the early dinner that followed the wedding.



FOR A CHILD'S PLATE

My Child, when from this Plate you Eat,
Give Thanks to God, who Sends your Meat.
Beware you Show no Haste or Greed,
To those who Serve pay Gentle Heed,
Spare out some Bread to Feed the Poor,
And you shall Never Want, be Sure.

FOR HIS CUP

When Drinking, Child, from out this Cup
To Ease your Thirsty Pain,
Think how the Earth to God Looks up
To Thank Him for the Rain.

MARY SIGSBEE KER

FOR HIS CHAIR
When in this Chair you Rest, my Child,
Let all your Thoughts be Kind and Mild,
Your Face and Hands quite Neat ;
Rise up until your Elders Sit,
Seek not to Show a Saucy Wit,
Nor all you hear Repeat.
FOR HIS BED
Go not to Sleep in this white Bed,
My Child, before your Prayer is Said.
Give Thanks to God for all your Joys,
For Mother, Home, and Friends and Toys.
Ask Pardon for the Sins you've Done,
Then Shut your Eyes until the Sun :
Your Dream shall be a Happy one.
JOSEPHINE DASKAM
MARY·SIGSBEE·KER·

THE TRUST'S NEW TOOL—THE LABOR BOSS

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

AUTHOR OF "CAPITAL AND LABOR HUNT TOGETHER"

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT

AFTER four months of struggle, costing untold millions of dollars, the building strike in New York has at last worn itself out. Sam Parks, the union leader, broken down by an incurable disease, convicted of blackmail, is awaiting sure return to State's Prison at Sing Sing. The men are at work again; the employers are counting their losses; the public draws a long breath of relief,—the public really believes that something has been settled.

Sam Parks, indeed, has been settled; he will ride his white horse at the head of no more labor parades; he will "pull out" no more "jobs." Nine-tenths of the people of New York fully and earnestly believe that Sam Parks and his friends were the chief cause of the strike. Many of the employing builders and not a few of the union workmen themselves, closely familiar with all the conditions, will assert the same conviction.

Well, if Sam Parks has really blocked for months the building industry of the greatest American city in the time of its most spectacular growth—and that at a time when there was no dispute between employer and employee as to wages, or hours, or recognition of the union; when the workmen were never better paid, never so thoroughly organized, never more independent—then this man Parks is surely worth knowing. It is an irresistible conclusion that he must either be a genius of extraordinary force or else he must have represented some vital basic condition or principle, which, in the inevitable expression of itself, forced upward from the mass the strong man who best represented it. Is Parks the god in the machine or is he the tool in some mightier hand?

Who is Sam Parks?

Who is this Parks? Last May his name, now grown to such resounding importance, had never been heard outside of a limited circle of the building industries in New York City. He is one of the four walking delegates or business agents of the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union. For many terms now he has been duly elected by his 4,500 fellow workmen to conduct their collective business with their employers in New York. All unions have such an officer—a paid agent receiving, usually, the wages of an ordinary workman in the trade—a necessary, useful, important officer, recognized and favored by employers as well as by workmen. The walking delegate is supposed to be strictly accountable to his union, to make full reports at each meeting, and to receive instructions as to what he shall do in the intervals between meeting days of the union. I say he is "supposed to be accountable," and in the best unions he really is accountable; in the Housesmiths', however, Sam Parks was delegate.

As one of the representatives of his union Sam Parks had a seat and a vote in the Board of Building Trades, a central body composed of walking delegates from each of thirty-nine trades connected with the New York building industry. This body was supposed to discuss questions looking to the betterment of conditions among all employees on buildings, to settle disputes between unions, and, on occasion, to

enforce the demand of any one union there represented by a sympathetic strike of all the other unions; it was also supposed to be wholly under the direction of the great body of unionists which it represented.

The Walking Delegate in Theory and in Fact

In short, this organization was built upon the lines of our political system. Here was the delegate elected to represent the wishes of his constituents, here was the congress composed of these representatives. A visitor from Mars, examining the wise constitutions and by-laws of these unions and this central body, might conclude that we had reached the millennium of perfection in the self-government of our workingmen. When Mr. Steffens went to Philadelphia they showed him with pride their magnificent city charter, perfect in every regulation, a model for the nations: but Philadelphia, none the less, is the worst governed city in America if not in the civilized world. The difficulty with constitutions and by-laws is that they regulate everything except human nature.

According to all the rules, Sam Parks, the faithful servant of his constituents, was worrying along on the wages of an iron-worker, reporting regularly to his union, taking his instructions with earnest meekness, meeting the employers in the quiet, dignified manner of a business man, and never calling strikes when there was any other way out.

In reality, however, Sam Parks was riding about in his cab, wearing diamonds, appearing on the street with his blooded bulldog, supporting his fast horses, "treating" his friends. How this reminds one of the familiar, affluent aldermen or police captains of our cities building $50,000 residences on salaries of $1,500 or less and living happily ever after!

Stuff the Boss is Made Of

In other ways, qualities of manner and method, our Parks may claim kinship with the Deverys of New York, the Bath-House Johns of Chicago, the Ed. Butlers of St. Louis. A striking and impressive figure: A County Down Irishman, forty years old, all his life long he has done the roughest, hardest work, river-driver and lumberman in the North Woods, coal-heaver on the Lake docks, roustabout-sailor, railroad brakeman, bridge-builder; time was when, unerringly balanced on a steel beam, two hundred feet in blue space, he could drive more rivets to the hour than any other man in the trade. A rough, tough nut of a man who loves to fight, he says, better than to eat. Ignorant, a bully, a swaggerer, a criminal in his instincts, inarticulate except in abuse and blasphemy, with no argument but his proficient and rocky fists, he yet possesses those curious Irish faculties of leadership, that strange force of personality, that certain loyalty to his immediate henchmen familiar among ward politicians,—so that he could hold his union with a hand of iron. No, it is not strange: Tweed ruled and robbed New York for years; only yesterday Croker was our king; Quay bosses Pennsylvania. They are all of a stripe, all bosses: Parks a little ruder and rougher, perhaps, but the same sort.

Robbing His Union

And this man, elected to carry out the instructions of his union, actually reversed the process and bossed the union. His four thousand iron-workers obeyed like children. He called strikes when and where he pleased, often deigning to give the men no reason why they were called out; he spent the money of the union lavishly and made no accounting. Once, when an overbold member ventured to inquire in open meeting what had become of a certain sum of money, Parks replied by hurling a table at him. Several others who opposed him were "beaten up" in near-by saloons. Others mysteriously lost their jobs. When a man disagreed with him, he "gave him a belt on the jaw," as he has said, "and that cleared his mind." Of $60,000 received in fees and dues by the union in 1901, over $40,000 disappeared without detailed accounting, mostly under Parks' direction. Of $75,000 received in 1902, some $60,000 was spent practically without accounting. What these great sums went for (strikes, Parks said, vaguely), no one but Parks really knew, and he wouldn't tell. Every member of the union knew the exact character of Parks, that he was a "grafter"—and yet he could not be displaced. Even after being arrested for blackmail, he was reëlected by his union; when he went to State's Prison his salary as walking delegate was continued, and when he was released under Court orders

he marched at the head of the Labor Day parade, cheered by his followers.

Blackmailing Employers

But the money he received from the union treasury probably did not equal the amount he got from the employers. Behold the extraordinary spectacle of builders and manufacturers of large interests summoned by this former coal-heaver to come to his house or to the saloon of his appointment and pay him two hundred or nine hundred or two thousand dollars *for his personal use* to secure permission to go on with their business! This happened not once, but many times, as the evidence presented to District Attorney Jerome has abundantly shown. And if a builder was recalcitrant his jobs were "struck" and the men kept out until he "settled."

I am not entering here into the question of the justice of these strikes; some of them may have been warranted; I suspect they were; but the point is that Sam Parks and other men of his type called them *without consulting anything but their own personal pleasure, with no instructions from their unions*, often without giving any reasons to the men who were thus compelled to lie idle, and, worse still, strikes were often accompanied by a demand for money or to enforce the payment of money. Did this money go to the men who struck and lost their wages? Not a bit of it; they won the battle, Parks pocketed the spoils, though he sometimes spent it liberally "setting up" for his friends at near-by bars. I heard a housesmith say:

"Sam Parks is good-hearted all right; if he takes graft he spends it with the boys."

A curious conception, surely, of good-heartedness, but one that is already familiar in political circles: robbing his constituents of their rights and perhaps of their wages, he is "good-hearted" because he treats some of them to beer!

How the Graft was Worked

We find Parks approaching the superintendent of the Hecla Iron Works, of Brooklyn, by appointment in a saloon.

"You've never done anything for the walking delegates," he remarked. "Ain't it about time?"

He accused the company of violating certain union rules, but said he "would leave them alone for $1,000." They gave him two minutes to get out, and he used the time; then he called strikes which cost the company some $50,000 and threw 1,200 men out of work for weeks. President Poulsen finally tried to make terms, meeting Parks by appointment:

"I'm it; you pay me," said Parks. "You can go to work when you pay Sam Parks."

"What about the men who are striking?" asked Mr. Poulsen.

"To hell with those ———" responded this leader, concerning his constituents.

Without entering into the many complications of the case, which have no real bearing on the attitude of our hero, the Hecla people finally paid Parks $2,000 and the men were allowed to go back to work. I am not saying that this money was blackmail, nor a bribe, nor that it was not a just payment for "waiting time." Confusion here exists in definitions that must be settled in the courts. But of one thing we are certain: *Parks got the money;* the check endorsed by him is now in the hands of District Attorney Jerome. Owing, however, to the publicity given the case, the union is reported really to have received some of this money—after Parks had been provided with a diamond ring bearing the legend "Victory, Strike Hecla Iron Works."

Boss Parks' Opinion of the Law

Parks' attitude toward things in general and his peculiar method of expression are displayed in a remark which he made to F. D. Jackson, secretary of the Hecla Iron Works, during the negotiations (reported in the sworn testimony before Justice Mayer):

"I don't care a damn for the law or for any damn man on the face of the earth. I'm going to get square with the Hecla Iron Works if it takes me to the end of my days, and I'll settle this strike when I get good and ready."

But in most of the cases the money passed quietly from the pocket of the employer to the pocket of Parks, and nothing more was ever heard about it.

How did Sam Parks do it? How was it possible for such a man to control absolutely his thousands of iron-workers, most of whom were intelligent, high-class workmen, respectable and patriotic American

citizens? Why were rich employers ready to pay him money almost on request?

An able labor leader answered me thus: "If you will explain how Croker bossed the Democratic party in New York—a party full of honest men—when every one knew he was grafting; how he collected money from the wealthy owners of the street railway companies and gas companies, and from other prominent business men, I will explain how Parks gets his hold on the building trades in New York."

The Croker of the Building Trades

And, truly, the more closely one examines the situation the more striking the parallel between the government of the trade unions and our politics. We have to-day the Labor Boss and the Industrial Machine in many unions (the germs of them in all) with much the power and founded on exactly the same basic defects that we find in our political organizations. Why not? The union is a voluntary elective association and its offices are prized places. We find it, therefore, subject to all the approved American electioneering methods. Sam Parks is the Croker of the building trades. Other bosses there are in other trades: Carvill of the derrick-men, for instance, who was second only to Parks in his appetite for the money of the employers, and Murphy of the stone-cutters, who stole $27,000 of the union's money and is now in Sing Sing. There was a ring in most of the unions and a ring in the Board of Delegates, just as there are little political bosses in the election districts and a big boss in Tammany.

In the first place the union is composed of the same elements as the political party—of American citizens, the majority of whom, perhaps, are honest, intelligent, conservative and well-to-do, but also too often criminally selfish, stupid, willing to be led by the nose so long as their business is not disturbed. This majority in politics does not go to the party primary, often does not vote; in the union it does not attend the meetings, takes no interest. Of 4,500 members of the Housesmiths' Union there were rarely 500 in attendance at a meeting, and never, even at important elections, anywhere near the full number. Mannerchor Hall, where the union met, does not seat comfortably 600 men. As a result the business was conducted by a very small minority, composed largely, as in the political organization, of the young, unattached fellows, the out-of-work, and those who would rather play politics than drive rivets. The other men, the workers, some of whom lived twenty-five miles from the meeting hall, were tired at night and wanted to go home and play with their babies. Oh, it is the old familiar American story, bragging that we can govern ourselves, and then not governing.

An Honest Labor Leader Helpless

The real quality of the majority of the housesmiths finds expression in the election and reëlection of a thoroughly honest and able president, Robert Neidig, who, in the face of threats of personal injury and loss of work, has marshaled a steady opposition to Parks. Neidig has taken high grounds of civic patriotism.

"I have got to be a union man," he says. "Should I let the union run itself, and not attend meetings because I do not like its methods, or should I turn in and do my best to help change the methods?"

And Neidig really has done his best, working patiently without a cent of salary, though he has not succeeded in arousing the honest majority to overthrow the Boss. So our political parties elect some fine, honest, ingenuous, not over energetic man as mayor or governor and "point with pride" to him, while the Boss stands behind him grinning, runs everything, and steals the people poor.

A Boss cannot come to power unless he really does something to help his party, his union. After all, his sway must have some basis of good service. It is Parks who is chiefly credited with the present effective organization of the iron-workers, and it was he also who led in the fight for advanced wages; he has been largely instrumental in nearly doubling the income of the iron-worker in five years. In 1897 the housesmith received $2.50 a day. In 1903 he receives $4.50 a day. Parks has made life better worth living—at least in a material sense—for 25,000 New Yorkers.

How Unionism Excuses Parks

You will hear honest men saying: "Yes, Parks is a grafter, but see what he has done for us! Yes, he steals, but he steals mostly from the employers. What difference is it to us if he makes the employers

give up? They get more than their share anyhow."

It takes high moral stamina to resist such speciousness as this.

Gratitude, however, never kept a man in office, especially in political office, and we find Parks engaged in all the familiar electioneering devices to maintain his power. A meeting hall holding only a small fraction of the membership was easily packed by friends of the boss when he needed a vote of confidence. We find him securing his own judges at elections, once even rushing the polls so that the city police were called in to quell the riot. We hear of repeaters and purchased votes, even of fraudulent ballots and fraudulent counts. I was told of one instance in which, after the adjournment of a meeting, when President Neidig and many other members had gone home, the Parks ring called the union together again at 2:30 o'clock in the morning, suspended the constitution, elected Parks for another term as walking delegate, and voted him a three months' vacation at full pay. Alarmed by this scandal, however, a subsequent meeting reversed the action.

Pursuing all these approved bruiser and criminal methods of the ward politician, Parks, nevertheless, could not have held his place without drawing around him a ring of adherents (heelers) who would support him through thick and thin. It is rather difficult to see, at first, how Parks, unlike the Crokers who get men paid from the public treasury, could confer enough favors to keep a clique together. In practice it was simplicity itself, and the methods here, too, were strikingly similar to those of the political boss.

Parks' "Entertainment" Committee for Recalcitrants

Making an excuse that he needed money and a free hand to conduct the fight against the employers, he was allowed too easy an entrance to the union treasury. He organized a paid committee, called with grim humor an "entertainment" committee, the chief duty of which was to command the pickets during strikes and to "entertain" the non-union man by punching his head or gouging his eyes. These men were expressively known as the "Rough Riders." Here was the nucleus of the ring: faithful heelers and henchmen. It easily followed that any one who was so temerarious as to oppose the Boss, found himself "slugged" some night—very mysteriously to police and public; not at all mysteriously to himself. He was careful next meeting to support Parks.

Parks himself was easily the most accomplished slugger in the union. He relates having had as many as twenty fights in one day. The very physical force of the man, the terrorism which he inspired, were no negligible factors in his rise. We recall that Croker, in his earlier years, was also a mighty slugger—slugging his way upward to a condition of fame and favor in which he could afford to be dignified and business-like. Indeed, we are not surprised to find the labor boss and the political boss, birds of a feather, flocking together. We find Parks the close friend and supporter of Devery. We find Devery signing Parks' bond when he is arrested; Devery is an honorary member of the Housesmiths', and he has actually told Parks that he shall have a place on the Devery ticket as President of Manhattan Borough! And why not? "Dick" Butler, another iron-worker, one of Parks' union men and supporters, has been sent to the Legislature. Our politics have been instructive to unionism!

Even this policy of force, however, might not have sustained the Boss against the aroused indignation of the union if he had not been supported by another powerful source of influence, in short, his ability to cause the discharge of men he did not like and to get his favorites into choice places. When an employer needs more men he notifies the union, and the officers send out some unemployed workman who has registered at headquarters. Many unions make it a rule to send out the man whose name is first on the list, but Parks sent out, not the man who had been longest out of work, or who was most needy, but the man who was his friend, or promised to be his friend; so that he soon had a large number of men working who owed their jobs to him. On the other hand, if any workman displeased the Boss, influence was brought to bear on the employer—most employers are easily frightened—to discharge that man.

Sometimes he got his friends appointed to jobs as foremen at $7 a day, when ordinary workers received only $4.50. A strike being called on the new Empire Theatre, Parks told the builder that the

work would not be resumed until he was allowed to appoint a new foreman. The former foreman — a union man named Lawson — had opposed Parks, even threatening to run for delegate, and Parks wanted to discipline him. The builder yielding, Parks appointed one of his henchmen, J. W. Kelly, to the place. At the next meeting of the union Lawson complained in private to President Neidig. Parks saw the two men talking, and suspecting that Lawson was telling his story, walked over and knocked him down. Lawson had Parks arrested, but for reasons not at all mysterious to those who know the ways of the labor boss, the case was not pushed in court.

Some Unions See the Evils of the Boss

So Parks built up his machine. So machines were built up in most of the unions in the building trades of New York. Indeed, the hardest problem in unionism today, as in our political life, is the Boss. Wise leaders recognize the danger, and some of the more experienced unions, grappling earnestly with the question, have adopted such remedies as the referendum, the supervising committee, and, more important still, strict business methods — smaller local union bodies and rules forcing the attendance of all members at important meetings, until some of them have reached a degree of self-government far in advance of anything in our political parties.

The Board of Building Trades in New York was, then, in reality, a Board of Bosses, as Tammany Hall is a Board of Bosses. Sam Parks being the big boss in his union and having much experience at the business, became a great influence in the board, forming there his coterie of friends and supporters, and being finally elected as its president. This board, a secret body, so secret that even the presidents of the unions represented were not allowed admittance to the floor, not properly accountable to the unions, too powerful in the use of that terrible weapon — the sympathetic strike — and not powerful enough (or not willing) to force discipline among its constituent unions, this board was able, practically to control the building industries of New York City. Controlled by such bosses as Parks, Carvill, McCarthy, and others, it is not surprising that it often conducted its business not for the good of the building trades, not even for the good of its own constituents, but for the personal advantage of its members. Quay's ring, Croker's machine, Addicks' machine, have all done exactly the same thing.

Such was the condition of bossism in the unions: What about "graft" among the builders? Where bribes are received bribes must be paid. Where a man is discharged at the request of the Boss there must be an employer to discharge him.

The Other Side — The Grafting Employers

It has its humorous aspects — the astonishment and horror with which we heard the stories of graft given out by members of the employers' association — we Americans who take credit for knowing ourselves so well! Here was a builder doing his million or two million dollars' worth of business a year indignantly telling how he paid $200 or $2,000 to a walking delegate six months or two years ago! Why has he kept his indignation to himself so long? and why did he pay the money, anyway?

We are asked to look upon these things as if bribery and graft and blackmail were *new* in the building trades of New York.

Why is it that for years the building department has been notably one of the most corrupt branches of the city government? Why have several former high officials of this department, employed at a modest salary, gone out of office after a few years of service with fortunes large enough to make them resplendent for the remainder of their days? Why are the positions of building inspector even to-day in such demand? The inspector is paid only $1,200 a year, out of which he must buy his uniform, pay his own expenses (and his political assessments), and he must, if he is an efficient officer, be a man of experience and ability as a builder. Why, his earnings are not more than an ordinary carpenter or blacksmith will make — not so much, perhaps. On this exact point the new superintendent of buildings, Henry S. Thompson, has said:

"With $100,000,000 worth of building being done every year in this city, and every dollar of it subject to the supervision of inspectors of this department, the opportunities for graft and blackmail in the building department are equaled by no other department in the city, except, possibly, the police.

"These $1,200-a-year men overlook $3,000,000 buildings. They are the ones to pass on the materials being used. If inferior material is put in, if the plans are deviated from, if the plumbing is not placed properly, if there is the least deviation from the prescribed plan, or from the law, the inspector on the ground is the man to bring it to notice and to require the builder to comply with the law. How wide a field this opens if the inspector is not an honest man any one may see."

Bribery in the Building Department

For long there was a regular schedule of bribe money: So much for the construction inspector, so much for the plumbing inspector, so much for the iron work inspector, and so on. Often the bribes were contemptible five-dollar bills for breaking little laws, and sometimes as high as $2,000 paid to high officials for breaking big laws. And who has made the building department for years a favorite place for grafting? The builders — no one else. Not all builders — no one may accuse a whole class — but enough of them to give a great city department its evil reputation. Why have they paid graft and bribed building superintendents and inspectors?

Because they wanted to break the law.

That, indeed, is the secret of all graft. They wanted to put in cheaper materials than the law called for, they did not want to make their building really fireproof, they did want to hurry and scamp their work and increase their profits, or they were too cowardly to resist the demand of corrupt officials; so they used bribe money.

Similarly there were times when the purchase of the labor boss also became "a regular business expense." And this is not new; it is as old as the unions themselves.

In the case of the walking delegate, the builder wants to break, not a law, but his agreement with the union; he wants to deal unfairly, he wants to "keep in" with the union, but at the same time he wants to prostitute the union to his own private ends; or he is too cowardly to resist in court the demands of the corrupt delegate.

Here, for instance, are non-union men working on a job, or laborers doing the work of skilled artisans; the delegate protests, as his duty requires; how much simpler and cheaper it is to hand out a hundred-dollar bill, quiet the delegate, and keep the non-union men and laborers working at cheap wages. No matter if it is the purchase of a man's honor, no matter if the delegate sells out his friends, business has not been interrupted.

Do Employers Want Honest Labor Leaders?

And does any one really suppose that all builders really *want* honest delegates? Does any one suppose that our street railway owners, our gas concessioners, our owners of dock privileges, really *want* honest aldermen, honest city officials? No, sir; they do not. If the delegates and officials were honest, profits would be decreased, the builder would not be able to beat his competitor, and the street-car capitalist to rob the public of franchises. After all, this is a republic, a government by the people; if, as a people, we really did not want bosses we should not have them. Grafting is only one expression of our American lawlessness.

New York was deeply stirred the other day over the revelation of the demands made by the stone-cutters' union on their employers for a large sum of money which the union called a "fine" for disregarding union regulations. Fifty thousand dollars was at first demanded from Andrew J. Baird and his associates of the Stone Dealers' Association, but employers and employees finally compromised on ten thousand dollars. I am not here entering into the discussion as to whether this payment was "graft" or not, or whether the union had a right to demand this large sum. The significant fact was that the public would never have heard of this transaction — which surely meant something — if the union treasurer, Murphy, had not stolen the money, with the result that the whole affair was dragged into the courts. At no time in the proceedings was there an accusation of employer against employee, or employee against employer. Here was a curious, unaccountable sum of money passing, and the men who paid it making no public protest. After Murphy was in State's Prison he made the statement that there was a secret agreement and understanding between the union and the employers' association, similar to the combinations which I have described in my article on Chicago labor conditions.

The fact is, the employers wanted to *use* the union to fight their competitors and to form a monopoly, and the union was willing to be used, if paid for it.

No; the dishonest Labor Boss, if not *too* greedy, is very often a useful tool for the employers. A single instance, a story told by District Attorney Jerome, from evidence in his possession, will show how happily the Boss serves the employer when he does not want to meet the demands of the union squarely, fairly, honestly; it also throws an impressive light on some other ugly conditions of our modern building system.

A Story of Graft

For years the Amalgamated Association of Painters and Decorators worked in amity under agreements with the employers' association of their trade. To the Amalgamated Association belonged practically all the painters and decorators in New York City and vicinity. In the summer of 1902 the Amalgamated Association demanded an increase in wages and a half holiday on Saturday — as they had a perfect right to do. I am not here questioning the justice of these demands or the provocation of the employers; the plain point is, that instead of meeting this demand of their old partners in the industry fairly and squarely with argument or refusal, or offer of arbitration, the employers bethought themselves of an evasive scheme — a business scheme — to fight the demands. In other parts of the country, having headquarters in Indiana, there existed a national organization of painters called the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators. The employers opened secret negotiations with this organization to come to New York, organize, and fight the Amalgamated Association. When the members of the Amalgamated Association heard of this plan they prepared at once, and not unnaturally, to wage a bitter fight, finally striking against all the members of the Association of Interior Decorators and Cabinet Makers, tying up, among other buildings, the new Union Club. The employers knew that they could not fight the Amalgamated Association, backed up as it was by the Board of Building Trades, unless the new Brotherhood could also get a representation in the board. The natural way to get this representation — at least no one seemed to think of any other way — was to use graft, and plenty of it.

President Bahlhorn of the Brotherhood came on from Indiana and offered $2,500 in cash to be used in the proper manner. It wasn't nearly enough. The opulent New York labor bosses sniffed at this western money, and President Bahlhorn himself began, as a labor leader expressed it, "to have cold feet." He expected to appear soon for reëlection by his organization and ugly questions might be asked by honest members as to where and how that $2,500 was expended in New York — and he couldn't well explain. So fifteen members out of seventeen of the employers' association — two refused to pay — subscribed $450 each, the Union Club, which was anxious to have the work on its building go forward, made a handsome contribution, and this, with other funds subscribed elsewhere, a total of some $17,000, was used among the Labor Bosses, chiefly in the credentials committee as an "initiation fee." The names of the firms who paid $450 each are as follows:

William Baumgarten, 325 Fifth Avenue; D. S. Hess & Co., 421 Fifth Avenue; The Hayden Company, 520 Fifth Avenue; Pottier & Stymus, 375 Lexington Avenue; Herts Bros., 507 Fifth Avenue; Kimball & Sons, 328 Fifth Avenue; Allard & Sons, 437 Fifth Avenue; T. D. Wadelton, 160 Fifth Avenue; Lowenbien & Sons, 383 Fifth Avenue; Newman & Co., 375 Fifth Avenue; Herter & Co., 382 Fifth Avenue; W. & J. Sloane, 848 Broadway; The Tiffany Studio, 333 Fourth Avenue; Peter Taucharden, 173 Clinton Street, Brooklyn.

Unions "Grafting" on Each Other

After this money had passed influences favorable to the Brotherhood began curiously to ferment in the board. An umpire — Boss Richard Carvill — was appointed to decide certain questions between the two painters' organizations. After many significant delays and charges of "graft," Boss Carvill decided in favor of the Brotherhood. As a condition of its admission to the board, on December 20, 1902, the Brotherhood agreed not to work for less wages than the Amalgamated Association was demanding, $4 and $4.50 a day. Three days later the Brotherhood deliberately signed a secret agreement for one year with the employers' association to work for $3.25 and $3.50 a day. The $450 paid

by each employer was thus a first-class investment; it was soon returned to him, with much more, in the saving of wages. "I knew that the end was coming," said a prominent labor leader, "when the unions began to graft on each other."

Every step in this transaction was marked by graft, by bad faith, by indirect dealing; and one side was exactly as bad as the other. Yet the employers call upon the public for sympathy in their fight against *union* corruption. A little common honesty and determination, a good deal less greediness on both sides to meet business issues squarely, and such a sickening transaction as this would never have occurred.

"Only a higher conception of business honor among the building contractors themselves," says the New York *Evening Post*, "will lead to an absolute and enduring reform."

The Cause of Graft Higher Up

Bossism and venality, then, existed in New York long before the great lockout of May, 1903. The builder had long paid money to break the law or his agreements, and the delegate had long taken money to sell out his union, and neither had fared so poorly. It was a sort of balanced venality which might have continued to this day if another element—an outside, unrelated influence—had not entered the field and disturbed the evil equilibrium of the industry. It is of little importance what the immediate causes of the hostilities really were, of no more importance than the shots fired on Fort Sumter in 1861. This, too, was an irrepressible conflict; if it had not come in May it would have come in June, or July, or later. The same issues have already been fought out in Chicago and San Francisco, are now being contested in Pittsburg, and will have to be met in Boston. They are fundamental and national, not special and local issues.

The cause given by the employers' association for the lockout was that the exactions of the Parkses and Carvills and of the Board of Building Trades had become absolutely unbearable, and the only way out was to smash the Boss system. No one who knows anything of the senseless strikes, trade disputes, and blackmail which the builders unquestionably had to suffer, will minimize this provocation or excuse the Labor Boss.

But there is much more to say in regard to the position of the employers' association, an organization hardly older than the lockout itself—some things that may have escaped the attention of the casual reader of the newspapers, to whom the fight may seem a plain issue between the high-minded and abused employer and the blackmailing Labor Boss. If the real truth were known it might be found that these extortions of the Labor Boss, never very large compared with the millions and millions of dollars involved, and not half so hateful, be it whispered, as we have been led to believe, that these petty strikes and trade disputes, while maddening enough, were not to be compared in seriousness with one other tremendous fact of the building industry of New York and other cities. The gnat stings of the Labor Bosses won public sympathy for the employers' association; the other thing, if generally admitted, would have merited none at all.

Enter the Trust

The plain fact is, a gigantic hand had reached into New York and was revolutionizing the building industry of the city—the hand of the Trust.

During the whole time of the lockout the man on the street may have noticed that work on many new buildings, some of the most important in New York, went forward without interruption, quietly, persistently. Farther inquiry would have shown that all, or nearly all, of these buildings were under contract by a single concern—the George A. Fuller Construction Company. Now, why was this company working when all the other builders of New York were idle? How did it rise superior to strikes and lockouts? Had it solved at last the labor problem?

The George A. Fuller Construction Company, the first of several great concerns of a similar character, all of Chicago origin, based on Chicago ideas and experience and backed by Chicago push, came to New York several years ago, its advent, curiously enough, being contemporaneous with that of Boss Parks. Starting with no business at all, it has, within some five or six years' time, become the greatest construction company in the world, with the largest single building business in New York and

important branches in Chicago, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

The Fuller Company, itself capitalized at $20,000,000, is to-day owned and operated by a gigantic corporation known as the United States Realty and Construction Company, with a capitalization of $66,000,000. It is the trust idea applied to the building industry.

It was as inevitable sooner or later that such combinations should appear in the building trades, as in the steel or oil industries; they were the logical result of the era of the sky-scraper. And it was also inevitable that their advent should work mighty changes, that the old-line builders and contractors — their competitors — should suffer before the centralized management and unified purpose of the new corporations.

Indeed, the independent contractors faced a similar danger on both sides. On one they had the leviathan combinations of capital, which were taking their business and cutting into their profits; in six years' time they saw half the important building business of New York pass into the hands of these new corporations; on the other side they had the hardly less formidable preying combination of labor levying blackmail and forcing up wages. What could they do but organize? They were literally whipped into organization; that it must have required tremendous pressure to drive these contractors together, no one can doubt who knows the fierce competition and rivalry which exists among them. In short, it was a part of the common struggle of the times; organization and combination against disorganization, a clashing of great elemental forces, not the gnat stings of a little, insignificant, bullying Boss Parks.

How the Trust Worked

There was a vital idea and high-class brains behind the United States Realty and Construction Company. The managers devised new methods of economy — doing away in many instances with middlemen, tending to eliminate independent architects and contractors; they had new schemes for dealing with labor, learned in the Chicago strike of 1900, and they cunningly contrived new avenues of getting political influence — for the building business hangs on the will of a political appointee, the City Superintendent of Buildings. And, instead of waiting for business, they went out and made business; they organized neglected opportunities. Here was a man who had land, but no money to build: they supplied the money and built for him; often they bought the land themselves and built.

The new corporation was, moreover, fortified in its position in a hundred ways. In the first place it was intimately related to most of the other great trust and financial interests, which, after all, are nothing more than a family party, with headquarters in Wall Street. Naturally, therefore, when any of these interests were concerned in important new buildings, they favored the Fuller Company, for thus, in some degree, they paid the profit of one pocket into the earnings of another.

Forces Behind the Fuller Company

Here we find the Standard Oil Company represented in the person of James Stillman, president of Rockefeller's bank, the greatest money institution in America. Mr. Stillman is chairman of the executive committee. It was well for a large consumer of steel like the Fuller Company to have a steel connection, and we find, accordingly, that the United States Steel Corporation is represented in the directory by Charles M. Schwab and E. C. Converse; and that the Fuller Company owns $550,000 of stock in the Steel Trust. At one time the Fuller Company is said to have had a contract whereby it got its steel at especially favorable rates. Railroad interests (the railroads haul the steel and other materials) were represented by Cornelius Vanderbilt and John W. Gates. Banking and other huge financial interests found a voice in James H. Hyde, vice-president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company; in James Speyer, one of the most conservative bankers in New York; in Augustus D. Juilliard and G. G. Haven, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company — all large owners or agents of real estate and buildings, who might need the services of a building company. Thus, we find the new Equitable Life building in Broadway going naturally to the Fuller Company. But perhaps the most important of all its connections was with the real estate interests of New York — the men who are on the inside, who know when and where buildings are to be built, and who is to build them — and who know these things *first;* so we find Bradish Johnson, an acknowledged real estate

expert, as president of the company, and Albert Flake, Robert E. Dowling, Henry Morganthau, all very prominent real estate men, represented in the directory. Stock-broking interests — an important department in such a concern — were represented by Henry Budge. Nor did the company omit to cast a political line to windward. The city regulates building, and it is well to have influence where it will count. So we find among the directors Mr. Dowling, Mr. Flake, and Hugh J. Grant, former mayor of New York, a big politician, and an associate in a trust company composed largely of Tammany interests. It is common talk in the building trades that the new Superintendent of Buildings, Mr. Thompson, was appointed through the influence of these directors, though there are no charges of maladministration against him. Legal acumen, of which such a company may have urgent need, is represented by one of the ablest New York lawyers, B. Aymar Sands. Also we have representatives from Chicago and Boston, where the company does a large business. The actual management of the building interests was in the hands of Judge S. P. McConnell, president of the Fuller Company, and Harry S. Black, a relative of the founder, George A. Fuller, both Chicago men.

Buying a Supply of Labor Bosses

When the Fuller Company first came to New York and introduced the "department store idea" in building, the old-line contractors naturally did their best to fight it. So the old-line storekeeper has waged a losing war against the department store. In several trades there existed combinations between the associated employers and the unions (like those in Chicago) which fought the new companies with effect; in other trades, not so well organized, there came to be a wholesale bidding for labor. The old-line contractors would raise wages and get the men away from the Construction Company, and the Construction Company would bid up and get the men back again. Here were sown still other seeds of corruption, for both sides sought the favor of the walking delegates. There can be no doubt that the arrogance of the Labor Boss, knowing his power, is largely traceable to this courting of the labor monopoly by both parties to the gigantic struggle between trust and independent builder.

The Fuller Company, fresh from bitter strike experiences in Chicago, had learned the simple business lesson that the labor union has come to stay quite as surely as the trust, that it is better to work with it than to fight it. Instead of antagonizing labor it went out of its way to win labor — or at least the Labor Bosses. It yielded to the demands of labor and, doing not a little of its work on a percentage basis, it simply charged the added expenses up to the owner — in other words, "took it out of the public," as the pools in certain Chicago building trades are doing. Also, it made a policy of quick work, which is always worth a premium to the owner. But it went a step farther, perhaps the next universal step; the Chicago "pools" were mere voluntary agreements of competing contractors with the unions — "gentlemen's agreements" in which, in spite of oaths, and promises, and bonds, the gentlemen would not remain gentlemen. The Fuller Company was a corporation, a unit in which there could be no internal dissension, which could deal with the union as a single man.

It is a significant fact that the Fuller Company brought Sam Parks from Chicago when it came — and, curiously enough, as a "scab," to help assist the trust's entry into New York — and there is evidence that he was on their pay-roll long after he became a leader of the union: that while he was drawing wages from his union to look after its interests he was also drawing money from the Fuller Company to look out for *its* interests. Rather strange, perhaps, but modern! The check paid by the Hecla Iron Works to Parks — I have told why this check was paid — was cashed by the Fuller Company. One of the officers of the Fuller Company was the go-between in the payment of money for the admission of the Brotherhood of Painters to the Board of Delegates.

Trust at War

The Fuller Company, as a labor leader expressed it to me, "went the old builders one better on their own game." Instead of buying delegates occasionally, they were able to own a supply outright. It is common talk in the building trades that the Fuller Company, through its influence with the labor bosses, could and did cause strikes against their competitors, and even invited

From a photograph taken specially for McClure's by J. H. Ruggles

SAM PARKS, NEW YORK LABOR BOSS

AT THE HEAD OF THE LABOR DAY PARADE IN NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1903, SIX DAYS AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM STATE'S PRISON

strikes against themselves when they wished to secure immunity from penalties under the "strike clause" in their contracts, but I could not find any specific evidence, even from the company's worst enemies, of this dastardly sort of warfare. But this idea of being friends with labor, good or bad, has kept the Fuller buildings going through all the strike, has made good their claim to getting their buildings done on time — at any cost of money or honor. Other construction companies, like the Thompson-Starrett Company, more conservatively managed, buried their differences with the old-line contractors temporarily, and joined the employers' association in their fight to down the blackmailing Labor Boss.

The Unions the Tool of the Trust

Was this attitude of unfailing friendliness expressed by the Fuller Company a sign that Judge McConnell and his associates recognized more clearly the rights of labor, or that they were thrilled with any new conception of the brotherhood of men? Not a bit of it. It was a simon-pure business proposition, and business does not feel! They believed as firmly as ever that the working-man was created for the natural use of the employer, but recognizing that if they could not use the workers individually as in older times, play them off against one another and secure lower wages, then they must be used as a union — but *used*. Instead of fighting organized labor they appeared as its best friend, and the foolish union, greedily swallowing the bait, looking at the immediate advance in wages, the immediate surrender to their demands, and not seeing that they were being employed as a tool by a mighty corporation to crush its competitors, went onward serenely proclaiming the Fuller Company its dearest supporter! But should the trust accomplish its purpose, and crush its competitors, which this trust is not likely to do, what would become of the useful tool?

This is a question now rising in many of the greatest American industries.

In all the accusations of extortion and blackmail against union men has any one heard any complaints from the Fuller Company? It has been able somehow to proceed steadily in the midst of strikes and lockouts. It did exactly the same thing in Chicago during the building strikes there. How? Why?

This may be laid down as a law: *The larger the corporation the more danger of graft.*

Corruption a Good Investment

This point of danger in the trust problem, has not, it seems, been sufficiently emphasized. The larger the corporation the greater the need of "standing in" with the union. A general strike where enormous capital is involved is a very serious matter, not only for employer and employee, but for the public. The anthracite coal strike showed this conclusively. The more extensive its operations the less the corporation feels the small expense of owning delegates, and *corruption becomes a good investment*. In the trust, the men who really own and control the business — the employers — are widely separated from the men who do the work. What does Mr. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, know about the building industry? or can he be suspected of having even a remote interest in Sam Parks or the struggles and trials or human life of the "rough-necks" — as the iron-workers call themselves?

What personal interest has Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, Mr. John W. Gates, Mr. James H. Hyde, all directors in this Construction Company, in the actual operations of building? Of the twenty-seven millionaire officers and directors of this trust only two have any practical knowledge of the building business, and they are not professional builders.

They don't know, and they don't care; all they demand is *results* in dividends. A practical manager is placed in control of the active operations of the company. The tremendous weapon of capital and capitalistic influence is placed in his hands and he is told to get results. If he does not earn dividends they hire a manager who will — by one means or another. If there is a need of "dirty work" their smug consciences are never troubled with it.

How Watered Stock Leads to Grafting

So conservative a financial authority as the New York *Evening Post*, criticising the first annual report of this building trust, which, it says (August 5, 1903) "has been conspicuously in the public eye in the last

few months, chiefly as the place at which Samuel Parks' checks were cashed," concludes that *over half* of its capitalization of $66,000,000 is pure water and wind.

In other words, the manager of the trust is set to earn dividends on a capitalization over half of which is water. Is it surprising if he tries by fair means or foul to control the labor market, the demands of which make up so large a proportion of the total out-go? His own business existence depends on his getting results. Will be buy human honor? Any one can answer that question.

The corruption began high up when the stock of the corporation was watered by $35,000,000—a crime by the side of which the blackmailings of a Parks are mere gnat pricks. It is some satisfaction to know that this particular watered trust is a stock exchange failure, that the promoters who hoped to sell their lying shares to the innocent public have been caught in their own trap and have suffered large losses.

In one respect, indeed, there is the same fundamental difficulty and danger in the trust that there is in the labor union. In the union we have the conservative, respectable, "honest" members, staying at home and leaving their collective business in the hands of a rascally walking delegate and *profiting by his management*. In the great modern trusts we have the respectable "honest" millionaires, the Stillmans and the Vanderbilts, pillars of society, permitting the use of their influential names to float questionable companies, leaving their collective business in the hands of a manager, paying no attention to the *manner* in which he does the work if only he *gets results*, they profiting by his management.

It is all too common a belief that when a man puts his money in a corporation there his duty ends; but the investor or stockholder is exactly as responsible for the morals of his company, down to the smallest details, as the workman is for the morals of his union. Who is blamable for the corporation manager who robs innocent investors, corrupts labor, buys public officials? Who but the stockholder who gives him power. Who is responsible for the blackmailing delegate? Who but the members of the union who elect him.

How likely we are to get our causes mixed up with our effects! Sam Parks no more caused this great strike than the man in the moon. Parks is an effect. It is not Parks who is at the bottom of the trouble, but Parksism. Parks is the visible sore of the disease, the invisible germ of which—money corruption—is circulating in the blood of the American people, and takes its victims high and low.

Who is Responsible?

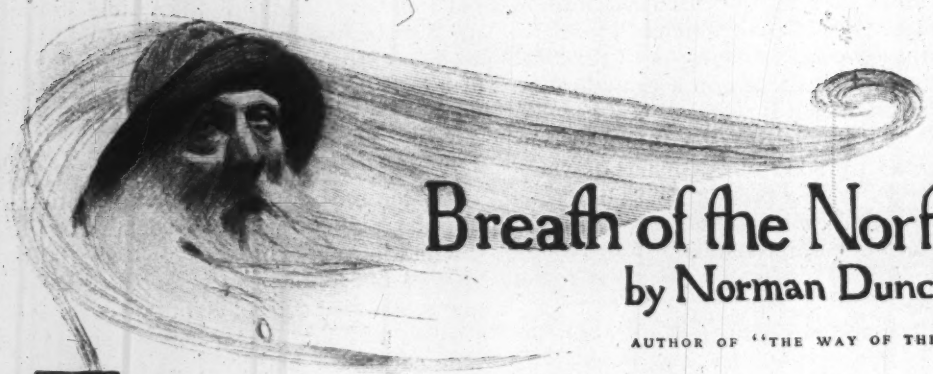
Mr. Jerome has said: "This corruption in the labor unions is simply a reflection of what we find in public life. Every one who has studied our public life is appalled by the corruption that confronts him on every side. It goes through every department of the national, State, and local government.

"And this corruption in public life is a mere reflection of the sordidness of private life. Look what we find on every side of us—men whacking up with their butchers and grocers, employers carrying influential labor leaders on their pay-rolls, manufacturers bribing the superintendents of establishments to buy their goods."

The time must come when the responsibility for these dangerous conditions will be placed where it belongs; upon the stay-at-home, conservative voter who regards politics as beneath his honorable attention; upon the stay-at-home, conservative union man who does not wish to disturb his ease, to take part in the turmoil of the union meeting; upon the millionaire stockholder in the corporation who sits at home and draws his dividends without knowing or wanting to know by what trail of blood and dishonesty they have been earned.

In short, if we want self-government—not the name, but the real thing mentioned in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, we have got to work at it ourselves. President Roosevelt is right when he preaches broad morality; the necessity of each man getting down and doing something himself. We are willing to swallow any sort of patent nostrum for our disease—municipal socialism, the single tax, the referendum, coöperation—instead of getting down and doing personal work. These remedies may be good enough in their way, but we shall have no need of them if we obey the laws we already have.

"And men still call for special revolutions," says Henrik Ibsen, "for revolutions in politics, in externals. But all that sort of thing is trumpery. *It is the human soul that must revolt.*"



Breath of the North.

by Norman Duncan.

AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF THE SEA"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

"I AM *the Wind of the North! Swift I come from the Waste of Death. Out of Silence and Solitudes vast and the Whiteness of Snow I sweep. From the Night of the North I steal with Gaunt Death in my train; and I ravage the Seas of the North, and I gather me Sons of Men.*"

In the beginning of the season of rampant winds — which is the dusk of the long night — the atmospheric equilibrium of the North Polar waste trembled to a point where the weight of a man's breath might have over-set it. Dread, frowning forces thickened into one vast potentiality for devastation at the frayed edges of the continent. There they ambushed the wilderness — hanging in the confines of those dark, mysterious places out of which they had come. For a space, a mighty Nor'wester was poised high above the uninhabitable expanse. Its monstrous struggles to loose itself from the sun's weakened restraint and sweep free over immeasurable areas — its straining and writhing and fretting — were invisible and inaudible: fraught with all the calamitous portent of a mighty silence. Who shall control storms? When the wind broke from the unknown it came careering through the northern fastnesses as though drunk of its own young strength and license. Who shall warn the wilderness of the descent of great winds? The wilderness shivered at the coming of the North Wind — cowered under its lash — lay frozen, in a silence as of old death, at its passing. With all the vagaries of unbridled strength the wind left the path to many cities, and zigzagged southeast; it coursed over the Great Bay and came tearing through the Labrador, bound for the Newfoundland upper shore. How shall the devices of men avail to warn the inhabitants of an isolation? This storm rushed out from the very innermost parts of the unexplored.

It had been a late catch — a fortuitous November gleaning of a quintal and more of cod from the Grappling Hook grounds. It had been brought in in an offshore gale in the face of catastrophe; because, to the last small fish, it had been needed. The traders had been gone a week from the Shore while it was yet green on the flakes. Old Eleazar Manuel and his foster son — young Jim Rideout, who, as Aunt Martha said, was a rogue, and sinful mad for the maids — took it to Ford's room * at Snook's Cove on a day when the dawn promised a navigable sea and a gale that might be weathered. They were now bound home to Ragged Harbor with a barrel of musty flour stowed amidships, and the punt sunk fearsomely low with the weight of it. They had come through the lop off the Cape — through the heaving and spray of restless waters — with nothing worse than a half-hour's dousing; and Rideout was soaked to the thin, rosy skin of him, and Eleazar to his hairy breast. The highlands of the objective coast lay, a thin, gray streak, half hid in a thickening haze, eighteen miles straightaway across the bay. The tickle to the basin of Ragged Harbor — that narrow passage between the

* Store, premises.

Pillar and the Staff — was an invisible point in seven leagues of inhospitable shore.

When the wind had spread the sea with fog, enveloping the boat, it puffed erratically for a time — then failed utterly.

"Unship your paddles, b'y," said Eleazar; he himself rose in the shute and began to scull.

Frosty calm — a still, grim, searching cold — fell like the night; it clogged the blocks with thin ice, weighted and stiffened the sail, fashioned icicles on Eleazar's great beard, froze Jim Rideout's boots to the cross-pieces, and made the vitals of both men complain.

"Sure, I wish I had she to th' harbor," said Eleazar grimly. "'N she were my maid, she'd bear a hand at the splitting."

Rideout's jacket was frozen stiff. It was hard for him to get free swing for his arms.

"She do be to blame for it all," Eleazar snorted.

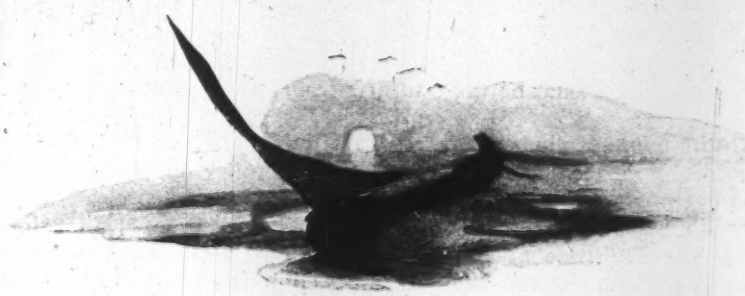
This was the return to a disputation suspended half an hour before.

"But 'n she —" Rideout began.

"She'd split fish for her sin," Eleazar said, showing his teeth. "An' she'd plant the garden — an' spread the caplin — an' — an' — chop wood. In the sweat o' the brow o' she, she'd — she'd — chop wood."

"You do be a bay-noddie, Eleazar Manuel!"

Eleazar's indignation spread to the icicles on his beard. They rattled angrily.



"A bay-noddie!" snapped young Rideout.

"I'd punish she!" Eleazar churned the water with the great scull oar.

"Nar a thing but a bay-noddie, t' wish t' treat poor ——"

"James Rideout," Eleazar said tensely, "'n you say the name o' that woman agin, I'll heave you in the say!"

Rideout struck the ice from his oars; then pulled doggedly.

"Old Eve!" Eleazar sneered. "Sure, 'n had I been Adam, I'd 'a' trounced she for that. 'N it hadn't been for Eve, James Rideout, you'd have a fine garden t' walk in — iss, sure; an' a better roaad nor the Old Crow in the spring, when the maids is laughing in the dusk. An' you wouldn't have t' goa out t' the grounds in a brewin' gale; an' ——"

"Sure, she were but a woman, an' the Devil's a ——"

"Old Eve! Huh!"

"An' Eve ——"

"James Rideout, 'n you say that name once moare — 'n you say un once moare, b'y — I'll heave you in the say!"

Rideout thought it best to say no more. Eleazar was at that pitch of wrath where it was perilous to goad him. It was a proverb in Ragged Harbor that Eleazar couldn't 'bide Eve.

"Th' old woman!" said Eleazar.

In the interval of silent labor at the oars, the Great Wind came out of the Labrador and swept the Straits clean of schooners. The sea added to its account seven laden fore-and-afters and a lugger, thirty-nine men of the South Coast outports, two wives, and a new born babe; it was a reaping they tell of yet in Bay Saint Barbe — the time when the last of the Labrador fleet was bound South, full to the hatches with the summer's catch. Over the northern Great Barrens the gale rioted, unopposed by hill or forest — a clear, swift course. It gathered snow — hard, heavy flakes. It was thick with them; thus it gave itself tangibility, opacity, weight. It spread white night over morass and broad plain as it coursed south for the coast forests. The last of the caribou, caught in the sudden descent, were blinded, frenzied, mired, and frozen; it may be that they had death

dreams of the herds in the south. Lynx and red fox, bear and wolf, and all the beasts of the adjoining desolations sought each his separate shelter; pine and cedar and silver birch tossed their arms and complained. The eastern sea — the sea of the bays — waited, grimly patient; the punt of the two men of Ragged Harbor was creeping over a long, oily, silent swell.

"Pass the axe aft, b'y," said Eleazar.

Rideout dropped his oars with significant readiness. It may be that the cold had even then penetrated deeper than the frozen jacket and homespun trousers; it may be that it had struck beneath that jersey of Aunt Martha's famed knitting.

"'Tis turning cold," Rideout said, indifferently.

Eleazar struck the sail with the flat of the axe. The coating of ice — the frozen fog — was shivered; it rattled down in thin sheets, and the punt came to an even keel. He struck the mast a heavy blow; he had to strike again — strike and haul laboriously — to free the running gear. When he took the scull again, he recovered the location of Ragged Harbor as by instinct.

"Flow o' wind t' the nor'east." Eleazar said.

By all the lore of the coast, a storm had passed to the north and was then raging over the track of the great ships. Else, how account for the conjunction of calm and intense cold? But the laws of storms are not immutable; as I have said, they have all the vagarities of unbridled strength. The storm was yet in the forest, advancing swiftly.

"Eleazar," said Rideout, "what be the color of apples?"

This approach to the name of the woman was venturesome. Eleazar scowled from under frosted eyebrows.

"Bill Pearce he do say they be red — rosy red, like maids' cheeks," Rideout continued, "an' Sammy Arnold do tell me they be green."

"The ign'rance o' these Shore folk!" Eleazar exclaimed. "Some be red and some be green, b'y. Sure, I see both to St. John's. Oranges, b'y, be yellow."

Rideout was cramped and numb in the legs. He stood up to swing his arms and stamp his feet. Eleazar, gaunt and frowning, tirelessly plied the scull.

"Do be a little thing t' sin for," said Rideout, when he had taken up his oars again.

"Huh!" Eleazar sniffed. "Old Eve, the sarpent tempted she! Huh!"

"Sure," said Rideout dully.

Eleazar let the scull swing idle, and turned his face to the North. He was old — but rugged as a weatherbeaten rock. They who live in the North abide in the shadow of mystery; they dwell on the frontier of the habitable places of the earth. For a moment Eleazar felt the oppression of the proximity of an unknown beyond. It may be said that the North, in its depths, is like bleak night, which is the lair of death; and from its inaccessible parts — from the still, rayless waste of it — proceed great winds and frost, before which living things cannot long stand. They who live in the dusk of the borderland live by grace of heavy courage. In the days of the light's slow decline they stand, as Eleazar, and gaze into the night of the North, passing, in the space of a breath, up through the miles they have dared in the hopeful strength of summer, to the white lands they have seen; and they perceive a measureless, uncompassionate force unloosed and advancing. In light is compassion, in sunshine compassion; but the chasm between the frost of night and compassion is infinite in its depth and width. So they who live in the North — in the shadow of its frown — within reach of its marauding forces; they who maintain the sovereignty of the race to the edge of the uninhabitable, live in dread of the enemies thereto driven — Night, Solitude, and Cold. Eleazar turned from the North with a spirit oppressed.

"'Twill be barb'rous cold," said he.

"'Tis barb'rous cold, skipper," said Rideout.

Eleazar filled his pipe. He let the match burn to the butt for the warmth in the blaze. Rideout enviously observed it flaring between the old man's hands. When it went out he shivered.

"Has you got moare matches, Eleazar?"

"Iss, sure — seven."

"'Twas eight you had, Eleazar." This was said reproachfully.

"Iss — eight."

Eleazar puffed with something of the daredevil in his manner. He had not put a pipe in his mouth and escaped the charge

"'YOU BE T' HOAME, ELEAZAR,' MALACHI OBSERVED"

of unrighteousness in ten years; and he had often challenged it. He busied himself with the running gear to avert the attack.

"Pass the axe aft agin, b'y," he commanded.

"'Tis a match gone t' waste," said Rideout, having obeyed.

The boat was listed with the weight of the sail. The canvas was stiff—sheathed with ice. Fog had congealed on the ropes; they were thick and hard, with a coating of ice. Eleazar labored with all until the sail swung free through a foot or more. He could manage the punt with that in a light wind; but she would not live in half a gale.

"'Tis a great waste in a lifetime," said Rideout. "'Tis as much, I 'low, as a quintal o' fish."

Eleazar observed that the boat was sunk an inch with her load of ice. There was a hint of wind in the air—a strange hint of snow, even in that sharp cold. It puzzled Eleazar; he looked abroad, but the fog was impenetrable. Rideout was swinging back and forth on his ice-laden oars in a dead

"WHERE LOVE IS, THERE CONTENT ABOUNDS"

way. He was shivering all the while; and there was little strength in his stroke—nothing more than the force of his weight. Eleazar supplied to the scull the strength lost to the oars.

"'Tis a poor use t' put un to, b'y," Rideout said thickly. "'Tis as much as a quintal o' fish."

"Up, b'y, an' warm yourself," Eleazar answered sharply.

"'Tis as much as a season's culling—in a lifetime."

"Up, b'y!"

Rideout wrenched his boots free and stood up. His feet were numb; he tottered—stayed himself with a grip of the mast. Then he kicked the barrel of flour until his feet tingled. To what enduring advantage? The cold fills the uttermost parts of the universe. It is inexhaustible. Stars blaze in it, disturbing it; but blazing suns are transient—infinitesimal. Night and cold are of all time. Rideout beat himself with his long arms; thus, violently, he stirred his blood and replenished the inward fires. Again, to what enduring advantage? The cold is unwavering and eternal; it is infinite in its evil power and patience. Through time it extinguishes suns and freezes the heavenly systems. The man swung his arms again. The inward fires flared; he sat down to his labor cheered. The cold is insidious; it returned, creeping; it soon possessed his feet again, advanced, chilled his heart, numbed his instinct of peril—made ready to cast the drowsy spell. But he steadily labored at the oars; and Eleazar plied the scull. Thus the punt made way while the dusk fell and the Great Wind swept through the forest to the feet of the inland hills, which are not far from the coast.

"Do be a sinful waste o' matches," Rideout mumbled.

The cold was stinging. The fading of the light gave it new bitterness. To Eleazar it was like a pain suffered near to the limit of endurance. Rideout was past the pangs of it; the old man was to him as a gnarled old tree is to a tender sapling. Eleazar's left hand was numb; he felt himself to be on the verge of the chill that presages collapse. The heat generated by his exertion grew less as weariness spread over him. It was then fast absorbed. His clothes, soaked in the lop off the Cape, hours before, froze as he stood, so that it was hard for him to change his position.

"Iss, b'y," the old man answered, after a long time.

Rideout soon let one oar slip from his grasp. This was a confession of exhaustion. It is a shameful thing in the North. In a dazed way he shifted the blade to the gunwale and there let it rest. Then he took both hands to the other oar. Eleazar accommodated his stroke to this new loss. Through the long gray dusk he sculled on with his purpose fixed steadily on a point hidden in the mist ahead.

"I 'low 'tis under the elder bushes . . . t' the Needle Rock," said Rideout. "Iss, girl, they do be violets now t' the Needle Rock."

The hint of wind fretted Eleazar—that haunting hint of wind with snow. He stopped sculling; stood motionless, with lifted face and expanded nostrils—thus submitting his instinct to all the impressions abroad in the air. He tried the sail. Rope and block were frozen stiff; it was immovable. He looked at Rideout; then, alone, he tried to lift the mast from its socket. It was frozen fast in its place; nor would it yield to his blows. He put the axe where he could catch it up at the first sign of a squall. He began to scull again.

"Handy t' Mad Mull," said Rideout. "Sure, the juniper berries an' the green trees. . . . 'Tis the bait horn, Eleazar!"

New ice had been added to the boat's weight. She was loggy and low. It was forming fast on her every part. But the sea on all sides was of the same long, oily, black swell.

"I'll help you on the flake, Cousin 'Melia," said Rideout. "The maids do all be out. Woan't you——"

"Hut, b'y!" cried Eleazar.

"Iss," said Rideout.

Eleazar fingered over the broken rock lying loose in the bottom of the boat. He piled the bits anew and deftly. The very soot that befouled them told of how the toil and hardship of unnumbered days had been cheerily lightened. From a compartment under the stern seat—as snug as oakum could make it—Eleazar took some sheets of birch rind, which he shredded and put on the stones, adding some splinters of pine. The matched flared—burned steadily—and was touched to the birch. The blaze caught the tissue, sung and crackled; it wound itself through the pine splinters—fired them—rose, leaping and strong, and

lighted the gloom red. It crackled louder, it licked the new pine with greed, it flamed higher; it shot sparks out into the cold as though in spiteful challenge. Eleazar suspended the kettle over it, and added more fuel. He worked the scull while the ice in the kettle melted and simmered and boiled; then put a handful of tea in the kettle, and took the scull again. The fragrant steam floated about him; the little fire roared and crackled and glowed, and irradiated the enveloping fog. This tiny, leaping flame, while it had life, mocked the dusk and the cold, which are continuous to the infinite; and it radiated courage as it radiated light. Rideout gulped his share of the tea; and when the light of recovery shone in his eyes, he knocked the idle oar from the ice that held it, like the true man he was, and plied them both. But when the fire had burned itself out, to the last red coal, it was night; the men in the punt had crawled over a league and more of heaving sea, and the younger had again collapsed.

"Huh!" Eleazar grunted suddenly.

There was the sound of water, lapping. The man at the scull swung his massive, tireless body back and forth. Soon some great mass loomed white in the fog—a high, threatening mass of ice.

"I 'low," Eleazar thought, "he've drifted a mile nor'east from where he were to in the marnin'."

The punt altered her course in response to long sweeps of the scull. With a sight of this berg—derelict in the Bay since midsummer—Eleazar had his bearings; but the sea has no paths, and the night was thick before him. He swerved the punt's prow until the homing instinct that abides in the men of that coast was satisfied; then he pressed on with strong strokes, unfaltering, persuaded that the tickle to the harbor basin, which leads between the Pillar and the Staff, lay, ultimately, straight ahead. It was the hint of wind that fretted him—the unaccountable hint of wind with snow, sweeping into a dead, freezing mist. The punt was too low for a lop—too loggy; a ripple would threaten her with swamping, and new ice was continuously forcing her deeper. The calm, continuing cold in the face of that strange threat of snow, became as though charged with mystery. Eleazar had never been one of those who fear the night for the shapes it may hide; yet—he was disquieted. He pressed on. The punt made slow headway; for Rideout's strength was at the expiring point. Eleazar steadied himself and gave greater force to his strokes. The punt surged forward; her frothy wake stretched back into darkness. The man's store of strength suffered by this mighty draft; it was inevitable that it should be exhausted soon—and beyond was the end. Soon, he was depleting the reserve. It was then that his perception of the things of the mist and the sea was dulled; a flash of white, and a deep, muffled tone, like the beating of a drum in the distance, escaped his senses—and a black mass, as though overhanging, high in the air, was unobserved.

The punt no longer felt the long sweep of the sea; the mighty, gentle lift and sinking had subsided.

"Jim, b'y!"

Rideout's response was too faint to carry the length of the boat.

"Jim, b'y!"

"Iss," faintly.

Eleazar felt the approach of a great wind. He felt that the wind was near at hand. Rideout abandoned one oar and devoted his strength to the other.

"They be—a gale—on—us," Eleazar gasped. "Pull, b'y!"

Rideout wakened at the call.

A portentous ripple came grinning over the black water. There was now audible the hiss of breaking water. This was the foreshadow of an overwhelming peril—the peril of the lop to a laden boat. Eleazar looked at his frozen sail. He reached for his axe, then withdrew his hand; mast and sail were precious as many fish, safely salted and dried. There was no wind—not a sigh of a weary breeze; yet, from the mist, those portentous ripples came, growing, until the sound of their lapping at the punt's prow was fearsome as the snapping of teeth in a dark forest. They forewarned of wind. A ripple grew to a wave in the darkness to starboard; it broke, and Eleazar's eye caught the flash of foam. Bow on, there was a flash of white; to port, a sharp, thin hiss. A ripple—the mere child of a wave—ran the length of the boat; amidships it rose above the gunwale and splashed over. A second splashed over. The punt did not respond. She was sunk low—she had no buoyancy. A third wave splashed over—and a fourth!

"Jim, b'y, is you able t' bail?"

Rideout was asleep; the oar, dragging in the water, but retarded the punt's way. Eleazar moved upon the barrel of flour, jealous of its weight; his feet were as though dead, he stumbled and fell. He recovered himself and made ready to strike in the head of the barrel — to cast away the flour! Then he caught the sound of a shrill, weird moan. It came out of the distance — out of the heights. Was there wind overhead? Wind fanned his cheek — a descending, swirling wind; flakes of snow fluttered past him. The shriek of high wind sounded in the heavens to the right — sounded with ghostly significance out of hidden space. Sudden, shrill, it repeated itself to the left, with a swish as of lashed shrubs; and it seemed to the man that the winter wind was fretting a ghostly forest, high up in the night. Flakes of snow sank silently to the sea. Eleazar looked around and above. His eye caught a point of light in the distance over the bow; it was like a little star, set low in the sky. Was the fog lifting? He looked around again. The environing space felt familiar; he had floated there, in the night, before, but he could not localize the place. He had been there — he knew it. Where was that section of space? Was it to the north or to the south of the tickle? Was it off Mad Mull? Was it near the breakers of the Tailor's Nose? He fought hard to find himself. A second light flashed into strong life. It was near at hand — over the port quarter — yellow and dull.

"Huh!" said Eleazar.

The wind came over the Pillar and swept high above the harbor basin to the Staff; it beat upon the one and raged over the other, and went screaming down the coast. The harbor water trembled; the troubled waters of the open sea, behind, stirred it.

"Ahoy, Malachi Rideout!"

"Ahoy!" muffled, from the hill.

"Show a light to the stage, b'y," Eleazar cried. "'Tis too thick t' land."

Eleazar's homing instinct had brought him safe to port. With the light in the window of Skipper Jarge's little hut on the slope of the Man-o'-War and the lamp in his own cottage for bearings, he made the stage before Malachi Rideout could carry the lantern over the uncertain flake.

"You be t' hoame, Eleazar," Malachi observed.

"Iss," Eleazar responded. "Jim, b'y, up with you! 'Tis noa place for a spell here, b'y." To Malachi: "Drap the rope for the barr'l, b'y. Us'll haul un in the stage. It c'n bide there 'till marnin'. Lively now!" To Jim: "Up, b'y — out o' the way!"

Rideout crawled upon the stage, with the help of a hand from Malachi, and lumbered blindly up the hill.

"Eleazar!" This was the voice of Eleazar's wife.

"Iss, woman?"

"Has you fetched the flour?"

"Iss, wife — an' a ball o' twine for the rent in the salmon net."

The barrel was stowed away in the stage. Eleazar's wife appeared at the door.

"They be caplin for supper," said the woman. "Sure, I be kapin' them warm agin when youse 'ud get t' hoame."

Eleazar smiled in his beard. Caplin? Hot caplin and a mess of bruise? The water ran out of his teeth in a flood!

The great storm from the North — the wind that swept furiously out of the unknown and laid waste the wilderness — burst over Ragged Harbor, belated, as the door closed behind Eleazar. It made the little cottage under the hill shiver and shake; but it could not lift it from its place, for Eleazar had builded, with cunning and forethought, that house for a home. It made the sea to rage — gave the waters irresistible power; but no man of the coast was on the sea in those hours: the sound of the breakers lulled Jim Rideout to sleep, where he lay beside the fire. If the soul of man might interpret the song of the wind, this was the song it sang:

I am the Wind of the North! Swift I come from the Waste of Death. Out of Silence and Solitudes vast and the Whiteness of Snow I sweep. From the Night of the North I steal with Gaunt Death in my train; and I ravage the Seas of the North, and I gather me Sons of Men. I am the Wind of the North! When I play I weave shrouds. Of fine snow I weave shrouds for the bodies of men. I lift it and sift it, and drift it; and, in sport, I weave shrouds of thin snow for the bodies of men. In my dreams they lie stark on the breast of the North. On the white breast of the North they lie shriveled and blue, wound with shrouds of fine snow. Yes, I dream of the bodies of men — of the bodies of millions of men; and, in sport,

I weave shrouds of thin snow! . . . I am the Wind of the North! Swift I steal from the Waste of Death. Out of Silence and Solitudes vast and the Whiteness of Snow I creep. From the Night of the North I sweep with Gaunt Death in my train; when the hosts of the Sun — the red hosts of the Sun — yield me rest from their torment, I come; and I ravage the lands that they leave, and I gather me Sons of Men.

That was the vaunting song the Wind of the North sang over the cottage of Eleazar Manuel.

"Has you got the wood in, b'y?" This was Eleazar. The smoke from his pipe filled the room.

Young Tommy looked up from his little schooner. "Ith, zur," said he, "a hape o' sticks."

"Enough on un t' last two days?"

"Ith, zur. Sammy Arnold he do say 'tis t' starm for three days."

"Do the goaats be t' the shed?"

"Ith, zur, aal. An' the kid have hurt foot!"

The old man drew a long sigh of content.

Eleazar's wife put more wood in the stove. The flames roared up the chimney. Supper was now cleared away. Granny Manuel's spinning wheel buzzed. Jim snored lustily.

"'Tis a cold night," said Eleazar.

The spirit of mischief entered the mind of Eli, the baby. He sent his pebbles rattling over the floor with a sweeping blow of his chubby fist; and such a clatter they made as they bounded broadcast toward the chicken coop that the dog leaped out of the way, and the cat arched her back and spat indignantly.

"G-g-g-oo-oo!" the baby gurgled.

Young Jim Rideout raised himself on his elbow and guffawed. Such a face did he make that the baby clapped his hands and crowed. Thereupon old Eleazar took his pipe from his mouth and exploded into laughter also. What with Tommy's shrill laughter and the buzz of Granny Manuel's spinning wheel and the cluttering of the chickens and the cat's prolonged manifestations of indignation and the roars of Eleazar and young Jim, Aunt Martha's tin pans were shaken from the shelf; and the cottage was shaken anew by the merriment inside. Thus the Voice of the Wind of the North and the song that it sang, and the blackness of night, and the cries of the whipped pines on the hill, and the raging of the sea were all as terrors long lost in time and distance.

These things mock you, Wind of the North: The wool on sheep's backs at the shearing time, and, through the time of the short white days, the cunning hands of women — the swift, tireless hands of old women at the loom. A turf hut in a cleft of rocks mocks you; and the red sparks that fly upwards from chimneys of stone — and flash and crackle and die — they mock you while they have life. A little stove and a heap of hewn wood mock you; and dried fish and steam from a kettle make light of your boasting. And, O Wind of the North, the rosy cheeks of children mock you through all the lands of the North! Though you sweep from the very Waste of Death — from the night, silent and hidden — though you come with Gaunt Death in your train, to ravage the Sea and the Land, these things mock you. For, Wind of the North, where love is, there content abounds!

MY FRIEND PROSPERO

BY

HENRY HARLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX"

PART SIXTH

I

I WOULD rather not dwell upon the details of Annunziata's illness. By the mercy of Providence, she got well in the end; but in the meantime those details were sufficiently painful. John, for example, found it more than painful to hear her cry out piteously, as she often would in her delirium, that she did not wish to be turned into a monkey; he hung his head and groaned, and cursed the malinspired moment which had given that chimæra birth. However, he had his compensations. Maria Dolores, whom he had thought never to see again, he saw every day. "Let us hope that you and she may never meet again." In his despairing heart the words became a refrain. But an hour later the news of trouble at the presbytery had travelled to the pavilion, and she flew straight to Annunziata's bedside. Ever since, (postponing those threatened nuptials at Mischenau), she had shared with John, and the parroco, and Marcella the cook, the labours of nurse. And though it was arranged that the men, turn and turn about, should watch by night, and the women by day, John, by coming early and leaving late, contrived to make a good part of his vigil and of hers coincident. And the strange result is that now, looking backwards upon that period of pain and dread, when from minute to minute no one knew what awful change the next minute might bring, — looking backwards, and seeing again the small bare room, cell-like, with its whitewashed walls, its iron cot, its Crucifix, its narrow window (through which wide miles of valley shone), and then the little white face and the brown curls tossing on the pillow, and the woman of his love sitting near to him, in the intimacy of a common care and common duties, — the strange result is that John feels a glow in his heart, as at the memory of a period of joy.

"Oh, do not let them turn me into a monkey. Oh, Holy Mother, I am so afraid. Oh, do not let them," Annunziata cried, shuddering, and shrinking deeper into bed, towards the wall.

John hung his head and wrung his hands. "My God, my God," he groaned.

"You should not blame yourself," Maria Dolores said, in a low voice, while she bathed the child's forehead, and fanned her face. "Your intention was good, you could not foresee what has happened, and it may be for the best, after all, — it may strengthen her 'will to live,' which is the great thing, the doctor says."

She had spoken English, but Annunziata's next outcry was like a response.

"Oh, to live, to live — I want to live, to live. Oh, let me live."

But at other times her wandering thoughts took quite a different turn.

Gazing solemnly up into Maria Dolores' face, she said, "He does not even know her name, though he fears it may be Smitti. I thought it was Maria Dolores, but he fears it may be Smitti."

John looked out of the window, pretending not to hear, and praying, I expect, that Maria Dolores' eyes might be blinded and her counsel darkened. At the same time, (Heaven having sent me a laughing hero), I won't vouch that his shoulders didn't shake a little.

II

Apropos of their ignorance of each other's patronymics. . . . One afternoon Maria Dolores was taking the air at the open

door of the presbytery, when, to a mighty clattering of horses' hoofs, a big high-swung barouche came sweeping into the courtyard, described a bold half circle, and abruptly drew up before her. In the barouche sat a big old lady, a big soft, humorous-eyed old lady, in cool crêpe-de-chine, cream-coloured, with beautiful white hair, a very gay light straw bonnet, and a much befurbelowed lavender-hued sunshade. Coachman and footman, bolt upright, stared straight before them, as rigid as if their liveries were of papier-maché. The horses, with a full sense of what they owed to appearances, fierily champed their bits, tossed their manes, and pawed the paving-stones. The old lady smiled upon Maria Dolores with a look of great friendliness and interest, softly bowed, and wished her, in a fine, warm, old high-bred voice, "Good afternoon."

Maria Dolores (feeling an instant liking, as well as curiosity and admiration) smiled in her turn, and responded, "Good afternoon."

"You enjoy a fine view from here," the old lady remarked, ducking her sunshade in the direction of the valley.

"A beautiful view," agreed Maria Dolores, following the sunshade with her eyes.

Those of the stranger had a gleam. "But don't you think, if the unvarnished truth may be whispered, that it's becoming the merest trifle too hot?" she suggested.

Maria Dolores lightly laughed. "I think it is decidedly too hot," she said.

"I'm glad to find we're of the same opinion," declared the old lady, fanning herself. "You can positively *see* the heat, vibrating there in the distance. We children of the North should fly such weather. For my part, I'm off to-morrow for England, where I can shiver through the summer comfortably in my chimney-corner."

Maria Dolores laughed out again.

"So I've driven over from Roccadoro," the new-comer continued, "to have a farewell look at a young man of my acquaintance who's staying here. I daresay you may know him. He has blue eyes and a red beard, a flattering manner and a pretty wit, and his name is Blanchemain."

"Oh?" said Maria Dolores, her eyebrows going up. "Is that his name? You mean the young Englishman who lives with the parroco?"

The old lady's eyebrows, which were thick and dark, went up too.

"Is it possible you didn't know his name?" was her surprised ejaculation. Then she said, "I wonder whether he is anywhere about?"

"I fancy he's asleep," said Maria Dolores.

"Asleep? At this hour?" The dark eyebrows frowned their protest. "That sounds like a sad slugabed."

Maria Dolores looked serious. "He was up all night. We have a child ill here, and he was up all night, watching."

The stranger's grey eyes filled with concern and sympathy. "I hope, I'm sure, it is not that pretty little girl, the niece of the parroco?" she said.

"Unhappily, it is," said Maria Dolores. "She has been very ill indeed."

"I am extremely sorry to hear it, extremely sorry," the old lady declared, with feeling. "If I can be of any sort of use — if I can send anything — or in any way help —" Her eyes completed the offer.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," replied Maria Dolores. "You are most kind, but I don't think there is anything anyone can do. Besides, she is on the mend now, we hope. The doctor says the worst is probably over."

"Well, thank God for that," exclaimed the visitor, with a will. She considered for a moment, and then reverted to the previous question. "So you did not know that my vivid young friend's name was Blanchemain?"

"No," said Maria Dolores.

"It is a good name — there's none better in England," averred the old lady with a nod of emphasis that set the wheat-ears in her bonnet quivering.

"Oh —?" said Maria Dolores, looking politely interested.

"He's the nephew and heir of Lord Blanchemain of Ventmere," her instructress went on. "That is one of our most ancient peerages."

"Really?" said Maria Dolores. (What else did she say in her heart? Where now was her cobbler's son?)

"And I'm glad to be able to add that I'm his sort of connection — I'm the widow of the late Lord Blanchemain." The lady paused; then, with that smile of hers which we know, that smile which went as an advance-guard to disarm resentment,

"People of my age are allowed to be inquisitive," she premised. "I have introduced myself to you — won't you introduce yourself to me?"

"My name is Maria Dolores of Zelt-Neuminster," answered the person questioned, also smiling.

The widow of the late Lord Blanchemain inwardly gasped, but she was quick to suppress all outward symptoms of that circumstance. The daughter of Eve in her gasped, but the practised old Englishwoman of the world affably and imperturbably pronounced, with a gracious movement of the head, "Ah, indeed? You are then, of course, a relation of the Prince?"

"I am the Prince's sister," said Maria Dolores. And, as if an explanation of her presence was in order, she added, "I am here visiting my old nurse and governess, to whom my brother has given a pavilion of the castle, for her home."

Lady Blanchemain fanned herself. "A miller's daughter!" she thought, with a silent laugh at John's expense and her own. "I am very glad to have made your acquaintance," she said, "and I hope this may not be our last meeting. I'm afraid I ought now to be hastening back to Roccadoro. I wonder whether you will have the kindness, when you see him, to convey my parting benediction to Mr. Blanchemain. Oh, no, I would not let him be wakened, not for worlds. Thank you. Good-bye."

And, with a great effect of majesty and importance, like a conscious thing, her carriage rolled away.

III

"My romance is over, my April dream is ended," said the Princess, with an air, perhaps a feint, of listless melancholy, to Frau Brandt.

"What mean you?" asked Frau Brandt, unmoved.

"My cobbler's son has disappeared — has vanished in a blaze of glory," her Serene Highness explained, and laughed.

"I don't understand," said Frau Brandt. "He has not left Sant' Alessina?"

"No, but he isn't a cobbler's son at all — he's merely been masquerading as one — his name is not Brown, Jones, or Robinson — his name is the high-sounding name of Blanchemain, and he's heir to an English peerage."

"Ah, so? He is then noble?" Frau Brandt inferred, raising her eyes, with satisfaction.

"As noble as need be. An English peer is marriageable. So here's adieu to my cottage in the air."

"Here's good riddance to it," said Frau Brandt.

That evening, at the hour of sunset, Maria Dolores met John in the garden.

"You had a visitor this afternoon," she announced. "A most inspiritingly young old lady, as soft and white as a powder-puff, in a carriage that was like a coach-and-four. Lady Blanchemain. She is leaving to-morrow for England. She desired me to give you her farewell blessing."

"It will be doubly precious to me by reason of the medium through which it comes," said John, with his courtliest obeisance.

There was a little pause, during which she looked at the western sky. But presently, "Why did you tell me you had an uncle who was a farmer?" she asked, beginning slowly to pace down the pathway.

"Did I tell you that? I suppose I had a boastful fit upon me," John replied.

"But it very much misled me," said Maria Dolores.

"Oh, it's perfectly true," said John.

"You are the heir to a peerage," said Maria Dolores.

John had a gesture.

"There you are," he said; "and my uncle, the peer, spends much of his time and most of his money breeding sheep and growing turnips. If that isn't a farmer, I should like to know what is."

"I hope you displayed less reticence regarding your station in the world to that woman you were in love with," said she.

"That woman I *was* in love with?" John caught her up. "That woman I *am* in love with, please."

"Oh? Are you still in love with her?" Maria Dolores wondered. "It is so long since you have spoken of her, I thought your heart was healed."

"If I have not spoken of her, it has been because I was under the impression that you had tacitly forbidden me to do so," John informed her.

"So I had," she admitted. "But I find that there is such a thing — as being too well obeyed."

She brought out her last words, after the briefest possible suspension, hurriedly, in a voice that quailed a little, as if in terror of its own audacity. John, with tingling pulses, turned upon her. But she, according to her habit at such times, refused him her eyes. He could see, though, that her eyelashes trembled.

"Oh," he cried, "I love her so much, I need her so, I suppose I shall end by doing the dishonourable thing."

"Did you ever tell her that you were Lord Blanchemain's heir?" she asked.

"I never thought of it. Why should I?" said John.

"When you were bemoaning your poverty, as an obstacle to marriage, you might have remembered that your birth counted for something. With us Austrians, for example, birth counts for almost everything, — for infinitely more than money."

"I think," said John, as one impersonally generalizing, "that a fortune-hunter with a tuft is the least admirable variety of that animal. I wish you could see what beautiful little rose-white ears she has, and the lovely way in which her dark hair droops about them."

"How long ago was it," mused she, "that love first made people fancy they saw beauties which had no real existence?"

"Oh, the moment you see a thing, it acquires real existence," John returned. "The act of seeing is an act of creation. The thing you see has real existence on your retina and in your mind, if nowhere else, and that is the realest sort of real existence."

"Then she must thank you as the creator of her 'rose-white' ears," laughed Maria Dolores. "I wonder whether that sunset has any real existence, and whether it is really as splendid as it seems."

The west had become a vast sea of gold, a pure and placid sea of many-tinted gold, bounded and intersected and broken into innumerable wide bays and narrow inlets by great cloud-promontories, purple and rose and umber. Directly opposite, just above the crest-line of the hills, hung the nearly full moon, pale as a mere phantom of itself. And from somewhere in the boscage at the garden's end came a lool-lool-lool-lioo-liô, deep and long-drawn, liquid and complaining, which one knew to be the preliminary piping-up of Philomel.

"If some things," said John, "derive their beauty from the eye of the beholder, the beauty of other things is determined by the presence or absence of the person you long to share all beautiful visions with. The sky, the clouds, the whole air and earth, this evening, seem to me beauty in its ultimate perfection."

Maria Dolores softly laughed, softly, softly. And for a long time, by the marble balustrade that guarded this particular terrace of the garden, they stood in silence. The western gold burned to red, and more sombre red; the cloud-promontories gloomed purpler; the pale moon kindled, and shone like ice afire, with its intense cold brilliancy; the olive woods against the sky lay black; a score of nightingales, near and far, were calling and sobbing and exulting; and two human spirits yearned with the mystery of love.

"My income," said John, all at once, brusquely coming to earth, "is exactly six hundred pounds a year. I suppose two people *could* live on that, though I'm dashed if I see how. Of course we couldn't live in England, where that infernal future peerage would put us under a thousand obligations; but I daresay we might find a garret here in Italy. The question is, would she be willing, or have I any right to ask her, to marry me, on the condition of leaving her own money untouched, and living with me on mine?"

"Apropos of future peerages and things," said Maria Dolores, "do you happen to know whether she has any rank of her own to keep up?"

"I don't care twopence about her rank," said John.

"Do you happen to know her name?" she asked.

"I know what I wish her name was," John promptly answered. "I wish to Heaven it was Blanchemain."

Maria Dolores gazed, pensive, at the moon. "He does not even know her name," she remarked, on a key of meditation, "though he fears," she sadly shook her head, "he fears it may be Smitti."

"Oh, I say!" cried John, wincing, with a kind of sorry giggle; and I don't know whether he looked or felt the more sheepish. His face showed every signal of humiliation, he tugged nervously at his beard, but his eyes, in spite of him, his very blue blue eyes were full of vexed amusement.

The bell in the clock-tower struck eight.

"There—it is your hour for going to Annunziata," said Maria Dolores.

"You have not answered my question," said John.

"I will think about it," said she.

IV

Annunziata's delirium had passed, but in spite of all their efforts to persuade her not to talk, talk she would.

"This is the month of May, isn't it?" she asked, next morning.

"Yes, dear one," said Maria Dolores, whose watch it was.

"And that is the month of Mary. San Luca ought to hurry up and make me well, so that I can keep flowers on the Lady Altar."

"Then if you wish to get well quickly," said Maria Dolores, "you must try not to talk,—nor even to think, if you can help it. You know the doctor does not want you to talk."

"All right. I won't talk. A going clock may be always wrong, but a stopped clock is right twice a day. So stop your tongue, and avoid folly. My uncle told me that. He never talks."

"And now shall you and I imitate his example?" proposed Maria Dolores. Her lips, compressed, were plainly the gaolers of a laugh.

"Yes," said Annunziata. "But I can't help thinking of those poor flowers. All May flowers are born to be put on the Lady Altar. Those poor flowers are missing what they were born for. They must be very sad."

"This afternoon, every afternoon," Maria Dolores promised, "I will put flowers on the Lady Altar. Now see if you can't shut your eyes, and rest for a little while."

"I once found a toad on the Lady Altar. What do you think he was there for?" asked Annunziata.

"I can't think, I'm sure," said Maria Dolores.

"Well, when I first saw him I was angry, and I was going to get a broom and sweep him away. But then I thought it must be very hard to be a toad, and that you can't help being a toad if you are born one, and I thought that perhaps that toad was there praying that he might be changed from a toad to something else. So I didn't sweep him away. Have you ever heard of the little Mass of Corruption that lay in a garden?"

"No," said Maria Dolores.

"Well," said Annunziata, "once upon a time a little Mass of Corruption lay in a garden. But it did not know it was a Mass of Corruption, and it did not wish to be a Mass of Corruption, and it never did any harm or wished any harm to anyone, but just lay there all day long, and thought how beautiful the sky was, and how good and warm the sun, and how sweet the flowers were and the bird-songs, and thanked God with all its heart for having given it such a lovely place to lie in. Yet all the while, you know, it couldn't help being what it was, a little Mass of Corruption. And at the close of the day some people who were walking in the garden saw it, and cried out, 'Oh, what a horrible little Mass of Corruption,' and they called the gardener, and had it buried in the earth. But the little Mass of Corruption, when it heard that it *was* a little Mass of Corruption, felt very, very sad, and it made a supplication to Our Lady. 'I do not wish to be a Mass of Corruption,' it said. 'Queen of Heaven, pray for me, that I may be purified, and made clean, and not be a Mass of Corruption any longer, and that I may then go back to the garden, out of this dark earth.' So Our Lady prayed for it, and it was cleansed with water and purified, and—what do you think the little Mass of Corruption became? It became a rose—a red rose in that very garden, just where they had buried it. From which we see—but I don't quite remember what we see from it," she broke off, the pain of baffled effort on her brow. "My uncle could tell you that."

Afterwards, for a few minutes, she was silent, lying quite still, with her eyes on the ceiling.

"Why do sunny lands produce dark people, and dark lands light people?" she asked all at once.

"Ah, don't begin to talk again, dear," Maria Dolores pleaded. "The doctor will be coming soon now, and he will be angry if he finds that I have let you talk."

"Oh, I will tell him that it isn't your fault," said Annunziata. "I will tell him that you didn't let me, but that I talked because it is so hard to lie here and think, think, think, and not be allowed to say what you are thinking. Prospero asked

me that question about sunny lands a long time ago. I've been thinking and thinking, but I can't think it out. Have you a great deal of money? Are you very rich?"

"Darling, won't you please not talk any more?" Maria Dolores implored her.

"I'll stop pretty soon," said Annunziata. "I think you are very rich. I think, in spite of his saying her name is not Maria Dolores, that you are the dark woman whom Prospero is to marry. He is to marry a dark woman who will be very rich. But then he will also be very rich himself. Is Austria a sunny land? England must be a dark land, for Prospero is light. Let me see your left hand, please, and I will tell you whether you are to marry a light man."

"Hush," said Maria Dolores, trying not to laugh. "That shall be some other time."

"Wouldn't you like to marry Prospero? I would," said Annunziata.

"I think I hear the wheels of the doctor's gig," said Maria Dolores. "Now we shall both be scolded."

"But of course, if you do marry him, I can't," Annunziata pursued, undaunted by this menace. "A man isn't allowed to have two wives, — unless he is a king. He may have two sisters or two daughters, but not two wives or two mothers. There was once a king named Salomone who had a thousand wives, but even he had only one mother, I think. I hope you will live at Sant' Alessina after your marriage. Will you?"

Maria Dolores bit her lip and vouchsafed no answer; and again for a minute or two Annunziata lay silent. But presently, "Have you ever waked up in the middle of the night, and felt terribly frightened?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, sometimes. I suppose everyone has," said Maria Dolores.

"Well, do you know why people feel so frightened when they wake like that?" pursued the child.

"No," said Maria Dolores.

"I do," said Annunziata. "The middle of the night is the Devil's Noon. Nobody is awake in the middle of the night except wicked people, like thieves or roysterers, or people who are suffering. All people who are good, and who are well and happy, are sound asleep. So it is the time the Devil likes best, and he and all his evil spirits come to the earth to enjoy the great pleasure of seeing people wicked or suffering. And that is why we feel so frightened when we wake. The air all round us is full of evil spirits, though we can't see them, and they are watching us, to run and tell the Devil if we do anything wicked or suffer any pain. But it is foolish of us to feel frightened, because our Guardian Angels are always there too, and they are a hundred times stronger than the evil spirits. Angels, you know, are very big, very much bigger than men. Some of them are as tall as mountains, but even the quite small ones are as tall as trees."

"This time I really do hear wheels," said Maria Dolores, with an accent of thanksgiving.

And she rose to meet the doctor.

V

John sat in his room, absorbed in contemplation of a tiny lace-edged pockethandkerchief. He spread it out upon his knee, and laughed. He crumpled it up in his palm, and pressed it to his face, and drank deep of its faint perfume, — faint, but powerfully provocative of visions and emotions. He had found it during the night on the floor of the sickroom, and had captured and borne it away like a treasure. He spread it out on his knee again, and was again about to laugh at its small size and gauzy texture, when his eye was caught by something in its corner. He held it nearer to the window. The thing that had caught his eye was a cypher surmounted by a crown, embroidered so minutely as almost to call for a magnifying glass. But without a glass he could see that the cypher was composed of the initials M and D, and that the crown was not a coronet, but a closed crown, of the pattern worn by mediatised princes.

"What on earth can be the meaning of this?" he wondered, frowning, and breathing quick.

But he was stopped from further speculation for the moment by a knock at the door. The postman entered with two letters, for one of which, as it was registered, John had to sign. When he had tipped the postman and was alone again, he put his registered letter on the dressing-table (with a view to disciplining curiosity and exercising patience, possibly) and turned his attention to the other. In a handsome, high

old hand, that somehow reminded him of the writer's voice, it ran as follows: —

"DEAR JOHN: —I was heart-broken not to see you when I drove over to say good-bye this afternoon, but chance favoured me at least to the extent of letting me see your miller's daughter, and you may believe that I was glad of an opportunity to inspect her at close quarters. My dear boy, she is no more a miller's daughter than you are. Her beauty — there's *race* in it. Her manner and carriage, her voice, accent, her way of dressing, (I'd give a sovereign for the name of her dressmaker), the fineness of her skin, her hair, everything — there's race in 'em all, race and consciousness of race, pride, dignity, distinction. These things don't come to pass in a generation. I'm surprised at your lack of perspicacity. And those blue eyes of yours look so sharp, too. But perhaps your wish was father to your thought. You felt (well, and so to some extent did I) that it would be more *romantic*. She's probably a very great swell indeed, and I expect the Frau What's-her-name she's staying with will turn out to be her old governess or nurse or something. When those Austrians *can* show quarterings, (of course you must bar recent creations — they're generally named Cohen) they can show them to some effect. They think nothing of thirty-two. All of which, *au fond*, rather rejoices me, for if she really had been a miller's daughter, it would have seemed a good deal like throwing yourself away, and who knows what your rusty, crusty old uncle B. might have said? I've long had a rod in pickle for *him*, and t'other day I applied it. *Attendez*.

"Don't forget the pig you purchased — so gallantly and confidingly. I would not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments — your pig will gobble 'em up. You should by this have received a communication from my solicitors. Remember, you have pledged your sacred promise. There must be no question of trying to shirk or burke it. Remember that I am quite outrageously rich. I have no children of my own, and no very near relatives, (and my distant ones are intensely disagreeable), and I can't help looking upon the heir of the Blanchemains as a kind of spiritual son. In your position there's no such thing as having too much money. Take all that comes, and never mind the quarter whence. They're Plymouth Brethren, and send me tracts.

"Good-bye now till August, if not before. For of course in August you must come to me at Fring. Will you bring your bride? When and where the wedding? I suppose they'll want it in Austria. Beware of long engagements — or of too short ones. The autumn's the time, — the only pretty ring-time. You see, you'll need some months for the preparation of your trousseau. I love a man to be smart. Well, good-bye. I was so sorry about that child's illness, but thankful to hear she was mending.

"Yours affectionately,

"LINDA BLANCHEMAIN."

And his registered letter, when at last he opened it, ran thus: —

"DEAR SIR: — Pursuant to instructions received from our client Lady Blanchemain, we beg to hand you herewith our cheque for Seven hundred and fifty pounds (£750 stg.), and to request the favour of your receipt for the same, together with the address of your bankers, that we may pay in quarterly a like sum to your account, it being her ladyship's intention, immediately upon her return to England, to effect a settlement upon yourself and heirs of £100,000 funded in Bk. of Eng. stock.

"We are further to have the pleasure to inform you that by the terms of a will just prepared by us, and to be executed by Lady Blanchemain at the earliest possible date, you are constituted her residuary legatee.

"With compliments and respectful congratulations,

"We have the honour, dear Sir, to be,

"Your obedient servants,

"FARROW, BERNSCOT, AND TISDALE."

And then there came another tap at the door, and it was the postman who had returned, with a third letter which, like the true Italian postman that he was, he had forgotten, — and I fancy, if it hadn't been for that tip still warm in his pocket, the easy-going fellow would have allowed it to stand over till to-morrow. He made, at any rate, a great virtue of having discovered it and of having retraced his steps.

The letter was written in black, angular, uncompromising characters, that looked rather like sabre-thrusts and bayonets. It read: —

"DEAR JACK: — I have received the enclosure from Linda Lady Blanchemain. She is an exceedingly impertinent and meddlesome old woman. But she is right about the allowance. I don't know why I never thought of it myself. I don't know why you never suggested it. I extremely regret it. As next in succession, you are certainly entitled to an annuity from the estate. I have to-day remitted £500 to your bankers, and am instructing my agents to pay in a like amount quarterly.

"I hope I shall soon be seeing you at Ventmere. We are having a grand lambing season, but there's a nasty spread of swine-fever, and the whole country's papered with handbills. I got a goodish bit of hunting down at Wilsborough during the winter. Now there's nothing to do but play golf. I never could find any fun in shooting rooks.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"B. of V."

And the enclosure: —

"Linda Lady Blanchemain presents her compliments to Lord Blanchemain of Ventmere, and begs to apprise him that she has lately had the pleasure of meeting his lordship's nephew John, and has discovered to her amazement that his lordship makes him no allowance. This situation, for the heir to the barony of Blanchemain, is of course absurd, and must, Lady Blanchemain is sure, be due entirely to an oversight on his lordship's part. She ventures, therefore, with all respect, to bring it to his notice."

So! Here sat a young man with plenty to think about; a young man, whose income, yesterday a bare six hundred, had sprung up over night to something near

six thousand. Six thousand a year isn't opulence, if you like, but a young man possessing it can hardly look upon himself as quite empty-handed, either. This young man, however, had other things as well to think of. What of that embroidered kerchief? What of those shrewd suspicions of Lady Blanchemain's? What of his miller's daughter?

And there was another thing still. What of his proud old honest Spartan of an unimaginative uncle? He thought of him, and "Oh, the poor old boy," he cried. "Not for ten times the money would I have had the dear old woman write to him like that. How hard it must have hit him."

"M, D, and a princely crown," he reflected. "I wish I had an Almanach de Gotha."

VI

"Who was it said of someone that he dearly loved a lord?" Maria Dolores, her chin in the air, asked of Frau Brandt.

"I do not know," Frau Brandt replied, knitting.

"Well, at least, you know whether it would be possible for a man and wife to live luxuriously on sixpence a week. Would it?" pursued her tease.

"You are well aware that it would not," said Frau Brandt.

"How about six hundred pounds a year?"

"Six hundred pounds—?" Frau Brandt computed. "That would be six thousand florins, no? It would depend upon their station in the world."

"Well, suppose their station were about my station—and my lord's?"

"You," said Frau Brandt, with a chuckle of contentment, swaying her white-bonneted head. "You would need twice that for your dress alone."

"One could dress more simply," said Maria Dolores.

"No," said Frau Brandt, her good eyes beaming, "you must always dress in the very finest that can be had."

"But then," Maria Dolores asked with wistfulness, "what am I to do? For six hundred pounds is the total of his income."

"You have, unless I am mistaken, an income of your own," Frau Brandt remarked.

"Yes—but he won't let me use it," said Maria Dolores.

"He? Who?" demanded Frau Brandt, bridling. "Who is there that dares to say let or not let to you?"

"My future husband," said Maria Dolores. "He has peculiar ideas of honour. He does not like the notion of marrying a woman who is richer than himself. So he will marry me only on the condition that I send my own fortune to be dropped in the middle of the sea."

"What nonsense is this?" said Frau Brandt, composed.

"No, it is the truth," said Maria Dolores, "the true truth. He is too proud to live in luxury at his wife's expense."

"I like a man making conditions, when it is a question of marrying *you*," said Frau Brandt, with scorn.

"So do I," said Maria Dolores, with heartiness.

"Well, at any rate, I am glad to see that he is not after you for your money," Frau Brandt reflected.

"I suppose we shall have to dress in sackcloth and dine on lentils," said Maria Dolores.

"Of course you will tell him to take his conditions to the Old One," said Frau Brandt. "It is out of the question for you to change the manner of your life."

"I feel indeed as if it were," admitted Maria Dolores. "But if he insists?"

"Then tell him to go to the Old One himself," was Frau Brandt's blunt advice.

Maria Dolores laughed. "It seems like an *impasse*," she said. "Who is to break the news to my brother?"

"We will wait until there is some news to break," the old woman amiably grumbled.

Again at the sunset hour Maria Dolores met him in the garden. He was seated on one of their marble benches, amongst marble columns, (rose-tinted by the western light, and casting long purple shadows), in a vine-embowered pergola. He was leaning forward, legs crossed, brow wrinkled, as one deep in thought. But of course at the sound of her footstep he jumped up.

"What mighty problem were you revolving?" she asked. "You looked like Rembrandt's *philosophe en méditation*."

"I was revolving the problem of human love," he answered. "I was mutilating Browning.

'Was it something said,
Something done,
Was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?'

I was also thinking about you. I was wondering whether it would be my cruel destiny not to see you this evening, and thinking of the first time I ever saw you."

"Oh," said she, lightly, "that morning among the olives, — when you gathered the windflowers for me?"

"No," said he. "That was the second time."

"Indeed?" said she, surprised. She sat down on the marble bench. John stood before her.

"Yes," said he. "The first time was the day before. You were crossing the garden — you were bending over the sundial — and I spied upon you from a window of the *piano nobile*. Lady Blanchemain was there with me, and she made a prediction."

"What did she predict?" asked Maria Dolores, unsuspicious.

"She predicted that I would fall —" But he dropped his sentence in the middle. "She predicted what has happened."

"Oh," murmured Maria Dolores, and looked at the horizon. By and bye, "That morning among the olives was the first time that I saw you — when you dashed like a paladin to my assistance. I feel that I have never sufficiently thanked you."

"A paladin oddly panoplied," said John. "Tell me honestly, weren't you in two minds whether or not to reward me with largesse? You had silver in your hand."

Maria Dolores laughed. I think she coloured a little.

"Perhaps I was, for half a second," she confessed. "But your grand manner soon put me in one mind."

John also laughed. He took a turn backwards and forwards. "I have waked in the dead of night, and grown hot and cold to remember the figure of fun I was."

"No," said Maria Dolores, to console him. "You weren't a figure of fun. Your costume had the air of being an impromptu, but," she laughed, "your native dignity shone through."

"Thank you," said John, bowing. "The next time I saw you was that same afternoon. You were with Annunziata in the avenue. I carried my vision of you, like a melody, all the way to Roccadoro — and all the way home again."

"I had just made Annunziata's acquaintance," said Maria Dolores.

"You had a white sunshade and a lilac frock," said John. "The next time was that night in the moonlight. You were all in white, with a scarf of white lace over your hair. You threw me a white rose from your balcony — and I have carried that rose with me ever since."

"I threw you a white rose?" doubted Maria Dolores, looking up, at fault.

"Yes," said John. "Have you forgotten it?"

"I certainly have," said she, with emphasis.

"You threw me a smile that was like a white rose," said he.

She laughed.

"I think I just distantly acknowledged your bow," she said.

"Well, some people's distant acknowledgments are like white roses," said he. "I hope, at least, you remember what a glorious night it was, and how the nightingales were singing?"

"Yes," said she, "I remember that."

"I have a fancy," he declared, "that it will be a more glorious night still to-night, and that the nightingales will sing better than they have ever sung before."

Maria Dolores did not speak.

"Do you happen," John asked, after a long silence, while they gazed at the deepening colours in the west, "do you happen to possess such a thing as a copy of the Almanach de Gotha?"

"Yes," said she.

"Really? I wonder whether you will lend it to me?"

"I am sorry — it is in Vienna." And after an instant's pause, she ventured, "What, if it isn't indiscreet to enquire, do you wish to look up?"

"I wish to look up a lady — a dream lady — a lady who walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes — and whose pockethandkerchiefs are embroidered with the initials M. D., in a cypher, under a princely crown."

"I should think," said Maria Dolores, considering, "that she would probably be

a member of one of the mediatised princely houses. But if you have nothing more than her initials to go by, you would find it difficult to trace her in the Almanach de Gotha."

"No doubt," said John. "But to a man of spirit a difficulty is a challenge."

"Do you make a practice," asked she, "of appropriating people's pockethandkerchiefs?"

"Certain people's — yes," unblushing, he promptly owned.

"M. D. under a princely crown, I think you said?" she mused. "It occurs to me that Maria Dolores of Zelt-Neuminster's pockethandkerchiefs might be so embroidered."

"Ah?" said John. "Zelt-Neuminster? That would be a daughter of the man who owns this castle?"

"No, she is a sister of the man who owns this castle."

"I understand," said John. "I wonder that the sister of the man who owns this castle never comes here to see how fine it is."

"She has been here quite recently," said Maria Dolores. "She has been here visiting her foster-mother, who lives in the pavilion beyond the clock. She came to make a sort of retreat — to think something over."

"Yes — ?" questioned he.

"Her brother is very anxious to marry her off. He is anxious that she should marry her second cousin, the Prince of Zelt-Zelt. She came here to make up her mind."

"Has she made it up?" he asked.

"I am not sure," said she.

"Yet you seem to be deep in her confidence," said he.

"Yes — but she is not quite sure herself."

"Oh — ?" said John.

"She is one of those foolish women who dream of marriage as a high romance."

"Wise men," said John, "dream of it as the highest."

She shook her head.

"A marriage with her cousin would be an end to all romance forever. She was thinking a little while ago, I believe, of marrying a plain commoner, the nephew of a farmer. That would have been indeed romantic. Now, I hear, she is considering a future member of your English House of Lords."

"Wouldn't even that be rather romantic — if a step down constitutes romance?" John suggested.

"Oh, a British peer is scarcely a step down," she returned. "Besides, there are people who don't care — what is the expression? — twopence about rank."

"When I said that," John explained, "I had no inkling that her rank was so exalted."

"Did you think she was the daughter of a cobbler?" Maria Dolores quickly, with some haughtiness, enquired.

"I thought she was a daughter of the stars," John answered.

"And you feared her name was Smitti," she said, haughtiness dissolving in mirth. "I will never tell you what she feared that yours was."

"See," said John, "how they are hanging the heavens with banners. It must be in honour of some great impending event."

Yesterday the west had been a sea. Today it was a city, a vast grey and violet city, with palaces and battlemented towers, and countless airy spires and pinnacles; and here, there, everywhere, its walls were gay with gold and crimson, as with drooping banners.

"'Tis a city *en fête*," said John. "'Tis the city where marriages are made. They must have one in hand."

"Hark," said she, putting up a finger. "There are your nightingales beginning."

But the raised finger reminded him of something. "Have you a rooted objection to rings?" he asked.

"Why?" asked she.

"I notice that you don't wear any."

"Oh, sometimes I wear many," she said. "Then one has moods in which one leaves them off."

"I have a ring in my pocket which I think belongs to you," said he.

"Really? I don't know that any of my rings are missing."

"Here it is," said he. He produced the little old shagreen case he had received from Lady Blanchemain, opened, and offered it.

"It is a singularly beautiful ring," said she, her eyes admiring. "But it doesn't belong to me."

"I think it does," said he. "May I try it on your finger?"

She put forth her right hand.

"No — your left hand, please," he said. He dropped upon one knee before her, and when the delicate white hand was surrendered, I imagine he made of getting the ring upon the alliance finger a longer business by a good deal than was necessary. "There," he said in the end, "you see. It looks as if it had grown there. Of course it belongs to you." He still held her hand, warm and firm and velvet-soft. I think in another second he would have touched it with his lips. But she drew it away.

She gazed into the depths of the heart-shaped ruby, tremulous with liquid light, and smiled as at secret thoughts.

"But I don't see," said John, getting to his feet, "how any man can ask a Princess of the House of Zelt to marry him and live on six hundred pounds a year."

"She would have to modify her habits a good deal, that is very certain," said Maria Dolores.

"She would have to modify them utterly," said John. "Six hundred a year is poverty even for a single man. For a married couple it would be beggary. She would have to live like the wife of a petty employé. She would have to travel second class and stay at fourth-rate hotels. She would have to turn her old dresses and trim her own bonnets. She would have to do without a maid. And all this means that she would have virtually to renounce her caste, to give up the society of her equals, who demand a certain scale of appearances, and to live among pariahs or to live in isolation. Don't you think a man would be a monster of selfishness to exact such sacrifices?"

"Oh, some men have excessively far-fetched and morbid notions of honour," said she.

"Do you think the Princess, with all this brought to her attention, would ever dream of consenting?"

"Women in love are weak — they will consent to almost anything," said she, her dark eyes smiling for an instant into his.

Why didn't he take her in his arms? Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but to defer the consummation of a joy assured (observes the Persian poet) giveth the heart a peculiar sweet excitement.

"Well," said John, "I'm glad to think she is weak; but I'll never ask my wife to consent to anything so unpleasant. A Princess and a future peeress, living on six hundred pounds a year! It's unheard of."

She looked at him, puzzled, incredulous.

"Oh —? Can you possibly mean — that you will — take back your condition?"

"Yes," said he, humbly. "Who am I to make conditions?"

"You will let her spend as much of her own money as she likes?" she wondered, wide-eyed.

"As a lover of thrift, I shall deprecate extravagance," said John. "But as a submissive husband, I shall let her do in all things as her fancy dictates."

"Well," marvelled she, "here is a surprise — here is a volte-face indeed."

And she looked at the city in the sky, and appeared to turn things over.

John was mysteriously chuckling.

"Haven't you your opinion," he asked, "of men who eat their words and put their scruples in their pockets."

"I don't understand," said she, looking wild. "There is, of course, some joke."

"There is a joke, indeed," said he; "the joke is that I'm ten times richer than I told you I was."

She started back, and fixed him with a glance.

"Then all that about your being poor was only humbug?" There was reproach in her voice, I'm not sure there wasn't disappointment.

"No," said he, "it was the exact and literal truth. But I have come into a modest competency overnight."

"I don't understand," said she.

"My own part in the story is a sufficiently inglorious one," said he. "I'm the benefactee. Lady Blanchemain and my uncle have put their heads together, and endowed me. I feel rather small at letting them, but it enables me to look my affianced boldly in the money-eye."

"Oh? You are affianced? Already?" she asked gaily.

"No — not unless you are," gaily answered John.

She looked down at her ring.

VII

The quiet-coloured end of evening smiled fainter, fainter. The aerial city, its cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, had crumbled into ruins, and stars twinkled among their shattered and darkened walls.

The moon burned icily above the eastern hills. The nightingales (or John was no true prophet) sang better than they had ever sung before, while bats, hither, thither, flew in startling zig-zags, as if waltzing to the music. And all the air was sweet with the breath of dew-wet roses.

The clock struck eight.

"There — you must go," said Maria Dolores.

"Go? Where to?" asked John, feigning vagueness.

"This is no subject for jest," said she, feigning severity.

"I can't go yet — I can't leave you yet," said he. "Besides, it is an education in æsthetics to watch the moonlight on these marble columns, and the pale shadows of the vine-leaves."

"Well, then," said she, "I will go in your place. For Marcella Cuciniera must be relieved." She rose, and moved towards the darkling front of the castle.

"I'll go with you," said John, following.

"I shall only stop a moment, to see how she is," said Maria Dolores. "Then I must hurry home, to get my packing begun."

"Your packing?" faltered John.

"To-morrow morning Frau Brandt and I are leaving for Austria — for Schloss Mischenau, where my brother lives."

"Good Lord," said John. "Ah, well, I suppose it is what they would call the proper course," he admitted with gloomy resignation. "But think how dreadfully you'll be missed — by Annunziata."

"Annunziata is so much better, I can easily be spared," said Maria Dolores; "and anyhow — 'tis needs must. I think you will probably soon receive a letter from my brother asking you to visit him. Mischenau is a place worth seeing, in its northern style. And, in his northern style, my brother is a man worth meeting. I counsel you to go."

"I shall certainly go," said John. "I shall linger here at Sant' Alessina like a soul in durance, counting the hours till my release. I shall be particularly glad to meet your brother, as I have matters of importance to arrange with him."

"Until then," said she, smiling, "I think we must do with those — matters of importance" — her voice quavered on the word — "what is it that the Pope sometimes does with Cardinals?"

"Yes," moodily consented John, "I suppose we must. But oh me, what a dreary, blank, stale, and unprofitable desolation this garden will become, — and at every turn the ghost of some past joy!"

Annunziata looked up with eyes that seemed omniscient.

"I was thinking about you," she greeted them.

"About which of us?" asked John.

"About both of you. I always now, since a long while, think of you both together. I think Maria Dolores is the dark woman whom Prospero is to marry."

John laughed. Maria Dolores looked out of the window.

"And I was thinking," Annunziata went on, "how strange it was that if you hadn't both at the same time just happened to come to Sant' Alessina, you might have lived and died and never have known each other."

"Perish that thought," laughed John. "But I have sometimes thought it myself."

"And then," Annunziata rounded out her tale, "I thought that perhaps you had not just happened — that probably you had been led."

"That is a thing I haven't a doubt of," John with energy affirmed.

"You look as if you were very glad about something — both of you," said Annunziata, those omniscient eyes of hers studying their faces. "What is it that you are both so glad of?"

"We are so glad to find you seeming so well," answered Maria Dolores.

But Annunziata shook her head, as one who knew better. "No — that is not the only thing. You are glad of something else besides."

"There's no taking you in," said John. "But we are under bonds to treat that Something Else as the Pope sometimes treats Princes of the Church."

"He gives them red hats," said Annunziata.

"I shall give this thing a crown of myrtle," said John.

"You sometimes say things that sound as if they hadn't any sense," Annunziata informed him, with patient indulgence, nodding at the ceiling.

Maria Dolores leaned over the bed, and kissed Annunziata's brow. "Good night, carina," she murmured.

Annunziata put up her little white arms, and encircled Maria Dolores' neck. Then she kissed her four times — on the brow, on the chin, on the left cheek, on the right. "That is a cross of kisses," she explained. "It is the way my mother used to kiss me. It means may the four Angels of Peace, Grace, Holiness, and Wisdom watch over your sleep."

But early next morning, John being still on duty, Maria Dolores came back, — booted and spurred for her journey, in tailor-made tweeds, with a little felt toque and a veil: a costume of which Annunziata's eyes were quick to catch the suggestion.

"Why are you dressed like that?" she asked, uneasily. "I never saw you dressed like that before. You look as if you were going away somewhere."

"I have got to go away — I have got to go to my home, in Austria. I have come to bid you good-bye," Maria Dolores answered.

Annunziata's eyes were dark with pain. "Oh," she said, in a voice of deep dismay.

"We sha'n't be separated long, though," Maria Dolores promised. "I have asked your uncle to lend you to me. As soon as you are strong enough to travel, you are coming to Austria to pay me a long visit. Then I will come back with you to Sant' Alessina. And then — well, wherever I go you will always go with me. For of course I can never live happily again without you."

"One moment, please," put in John. "Here is a small difficulty. I can never live happily without her, either. I also have asked her uncle to lend her to me. And wherever *I* go, she is always to go with me. How are we to adjust our rival claims?"

Annunziata's eyes lighted up.

"Oh, that will be easy enough," she pointed out. "You will have to go everywhere together."

THE END

A RUSH ORDER FOR LAMPS

BY

E. W. HURLBUT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

THE "John Todd" brand of electrical goods is used around the globe; "John Todd" stands for an acre or two of buildings; "John Todd" stands for most of the interior lighting plants of California; "John Todd" stands for a big red brick, somber office building down on Pine Street; "John Todd" on the books of the Cutter-Horne Incandescent Lamp Company meant our biggest customer. Who the moving spirit and the brains behind all these tremendous commercial

interests was, I had so far been unable to discover, more than that it was "John Todd." In my errands to the red brick office building I peeked about considerably, always with an eye for "John Todd." I pictured him as a portly, florid-faced, important being, with a massive gold watch chain and a heavy fob; with an iron-gray mustache and gold-rimmed glasses over which he looked at you grimly; a personification of the Dollar, of Business, and of the Commercial Activity of the Twentieth Century. But I never discovered "John Todd" in the flesh.

When I went to work for Brown, Pacific Coast Representative of the Cutter-Horne Lamp Company, I was a youth raw and callow in the ways of the business world. But the Fates had in store, and did shower upon me, experience in bountiful measure.

"The Cutter-Horne Lamp is a Westinghouse product. That is to say, it is the product of—" and for a page and a half the fertile brain of Brown enthusiastically bespoke the virtues of our lamp in the sincere if florid diction of circular letters in general. But it served its purpose, and when Brown received a 'phone from Roder of the John Todd Co., requesting a personal interview regarding the lamp, Brown, who had heretofore never been granted an interview with Roder and had been favored with only occasional orders from him, danced a merry can-can to my side of the desk, slapped me genially on the shoulder, crammed his pockets with his choicest cigars, looked to his silver flask, and set forth. There was nowhere a deficiency in the make-up of Brown, "Pacific Coast Representative of the Cutter-Horne." He was a high-class salesman whose monthly expense sheet was never blue-pencilled, and who could drop fifty at poker dice with as seasoned a composure as a hardened sharp.

Not until the next morning did I see Brown again. He seemed pretty well used up. But he had secured the contract to supply John Todd & Co. with 500,000 lamps, subject to their call within a year. That was one of the largest single contracts ever let for incandescent lamps, and some seven salesmen, representing the leading manufacturers of the United States, had been after it. It seems that five of the seven had "butted in" on Brown during his talk with Roder, and Brown's fighting blood was roused. Things warmed up. When the smoke cleared away Roder and Brown alone survived: the others had been most ignominiously drunk to complete fullness. So Roder had held that "Thosh fellas off pins too easy. If theysh no good lamps no good. You sober's me. Your lamp's O.K." And Brown, gazing upon him, had replied in an earnest tone: "You most wonnerful fella. First time my 'xperience I was ever fuller'n my cush-tmer. Firsht time. Most wonnerful." And so when Roder, after a cold souse, presented himself at his desk he was not much the worse for his bout, and signed up the contract. Not a very business-like proceeding as a whole on Roder's part, you say? Well, if you have ever had to do with the methods of really high-class salesmen, and have had one of them on your trail, let alone six, you will know how to make allowances for Roder. As a matter of fact it was only a toss up as to which lamp was the best, ours or the "A. B. C." lamp, our biggest competitor. Brown was a new man on the Coast, an Easterner who had been exported by the Home Office at New York to boom the Cutter-Horne lamp, and it was a mighty and signal conquest for him. The vice-president himself condescended to address him a personal letter of congratulation, addressing it "My Dear Brown," and raised him a hundred.

In the latter part of July Brown was on the road in New Mexico and I had charge of his department. From Roder one day came this order through the mail:

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It was the first of July. Brown was traveling in New Mexico. I had thrown at

me right off the reel the first important order that Todd had placed with us since the closing of the contract. Factory deliveries took from four to eight weeks; Todd wanted the lamps by the twenty-fifth. The chances were ripe for the contract to be annulled unless that order was filled. A half hour after I received the order, Roder called up, asking for definite information as to the day on which he could call for shipment. Roder had a most irritating directness of question. I became somewhat flustered in my desire not to show our weakness quite so early in the game, and told Roder that the matter was in the hands of the shipping clerk and that I would ring him up in half an hour or so. I wired Brown at Quarante:

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There were three big houses handling lamps in the city and they were all cut-throating us: The "A. B. C." lamp people, the "Boston" factory lamp people, and the "San Francisco" lamp people. The "A. B. C." and the "Boston" were Eastern lamps, and the chances were that they didn't have much more of a stock than we had. The San Francisco concern had its own plant here. I wanted to find out what each had and yet not let them know we were in a bad way with an order, for had they suspected that we were caught short, they would have refused absolutely to supply us. I bespoke a friend who sought the information for me. The results were discouraging. The A. B. C. had 4,000, the Boston 2,000, and the San Francisco but 1,000. But the San Francisco people claimed that they could put out 2,000 lamps a day under a rush order. I went back to the office. Brown's telegram was waiting me.

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"About those lamps. When can you deliver?"

"Did you receive Brown's telegram?" I asked, in a manner which implied that I considered the matter settled so far as I was concerned. "Yes. Brown wants a delay of a week in placing the order. We cannot give it. These lamps are for one of our customers who has taken the contract for lighting the streets for the Knights of Pythias week. The contract has been signed and we have got to know now exactly when those lamps will be ready to go from your warehouse, as the most of them have to be frosted and colored."

As I have said, I was inexperienced in business affairs. It seemed to me that the fate of the Cutter-Horne concern, capitalized at $5,000,000, depended on my

answer. For a moment I was speechless, and then I said:

"Those lamps are all right. We can ship any time after the twentieth." Then I shuddered. I do not remember being conscious of any act of the mind which inspired that remarkable statement. It seemed to come forth spontaneously as from another person and spoken by another voice. Roder hesitated a moment and then he said:

"Very well, then. On the twenty-fifth we will expect delivery."

I was rattled again and for a longer stretch. I kept turning over and over in my mind my brief talk with Roder, and, as I recalled his tone, the memory aggravated me, and by swift degrees I grew truculent toward him. If he had not been so blamed abrupt and decisive in his way of talking I would not have got rattled and would never have made that statement.

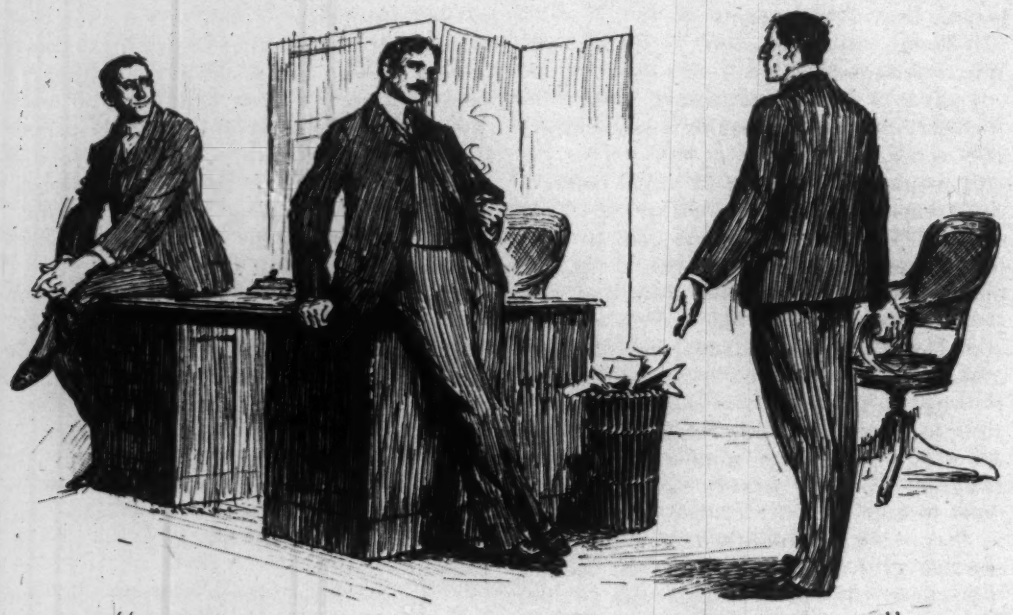
There was just this much about it: the lamps had to be shipped on the twenty-fifth and from the Cutter-Horne warehouse. Any steps taken toward that end would have to be taken and taken quick. To wait for Brown might be to wait too long, and to wait too long might and probably would be to lose the contract. It was now the second of July.

I 'phoned a business friend to meet me at Hoffman's for lunch, and there I briefly laid my scheme before him. It was that he should find out just how many lamps the San Francisco would contract to put out in a day, and then to contract in his own name to have them delivered at our warehouse. He was a brainy young fellow, but he simply couldn't spare the time from his business to look after mine. I felt pretty blue. We walked back to my office and there was a wire from Brown, sent not two hours after the first:

"Stalled at Caliente with malaria. You are under Bliss's orders."

Bliss was the Westinghouse manager. I was the forty-dollar stenographer.

I suppose Brown's proceeding was the proper one, but I balked; for I had gotten thus far into the thing without a manager, and I didn't propose to have my freedom of movement shackled now. So I did not show the telegram to Bliss nor did I let him know of the deal I was involved in.



"WINDING UP WITH RATHER A PALPABLE BID FOR SYMPATHY"

It was a severe set-back for me not to have my friend tend to the San Francisco end of it, for he was a man whose business sagacity I could trust. I walked to his office listening to his advice, and was there introduced to a college chum of his, John Todd, a young man of perhaps thirty-five, for whose business acumen my friend vouched. He willingly offered, for my friend's sake, to help me to the best of his

ability. But the name—John Todd! The sound of it fairly took me off my pins, and for a moment I was as speechless as if I had suddenly been precipitated into the presence of *the* John Todd. I apologized for my momentary rudeness, remarking to both that inasmuch as it was a John Todd whom I was endeavoring to circumvent, the coincidence of using one of a like name to be the instrument was slightly disconcerting. John Todd gave an easy, genial laugh, and I took to him right away. My friend began to speak, but Todd cut in:

"I suppose," he said, "it will be more disconcerting when I tell you that I am a relation of your John Todd, although I pledge you my honor for Jim's sake that I will see you through this deal. You may not know it, but John Todd, the great commercial factor, owes his rise to a start which was gained for him by about such an exhibition of Yankee nerve as you have shown."

Then I gave him the history of the whole proceeding, winding up with a rather palpable bid for sympathy by saying that if I carried the thing through successfully it would probably mean something for me in the way of advancement. Todd laughed at my audacity, and promised to look the matter up for me with the San Francisco people in his own name. Getting our labels on the lamps would be the rub, but he was assured of his ability to manage that part. Within three hours he had closed the whole thing up, and had informed me that 1,000 lamps per day would be delivered to our store-room each morning until the twenty-fifth.

I wired Brown: "Take things easy, old man. The goose hangs high." "Old man" from the forty-dollar stenographer. I was expanding.

On the twenty-second came the voice of Roder: "Cutter-Horne?"—"Yes, sir."—"John Todd & Co." Then he went on to give shipping instructions for the twenty-five thousand. They were to go from our warehouse to the customer's teams at nine on the morning of the twenty-fifth. We were still short one thousand, but they would arrive in ample time for delivery. I replied with a cheerful chirp, that he could have them at any time now. He said, "You mean to-day?" Feeling large, important, and self-satisfied, I said:

"Yes, sir. Shoot them at you this minute if you want them." He considered a moment and then said that shipment in the morning would be soon enough. I said: "Very well, sir," and hung up the 'phone *before* he did. Hitherto I had always waited and prayed for the welcome click that announced that *he* had hung up, and until I heard it I had hung fearfully on my end of the line. A small matter: perhaps Roder never noticed that I hung up first, but to me it was joy unalloyed.

"A SUDDEN NAUSEA CAME OVER ME"

And then, not having anything particular to do, I went down to the store-room to fraternize with the shipping clerk, and the hard-won eighty-eight barrels. They looked good, piled along the wall two by two. I walked along examining them and patting them in a fatherly way, for I had fathered the scheme that produced them, and I felt proud and happy, contemplating the first fruits of my business experience. The fact that they had been manufactured by the San Francisco people worried me not at all; the imposition would never be detected, as the lamps were only to be used for a week, and any lamp would stand that. I broke open a barrel in a spirit of curiosity to examine closely the article we were foisting on Todd. A sudden nausea came over me, beginning in my stomach and radiating insidiously and distressingly over my body. I examined the lamp I held with half-fearing scrutiny, and then another and another. I broke open a new barrel, while clammy

moisture oozed out upon me and made me feel warm and uncomfortable. The barrels were all the same. Every lamp in those eighty-eight barrels was labeled with the San Francisco label! The precious idiot to whom I had entrusted the matter had blundered! It was a devil of a situation. The San Francisco was a cheaper and an inferior lamp in all respects to ours, and John Todd, in looking about before entering into the contract, would not even hear their agent. But, as I have said, this was an occasion where a cheap lamp with our label could be used without the danger of a detection. Where so many lamps were strung along in a line, it would be a matter of impossibility for the average person to say whether they were fourteen candle-power or sixteen. The lamps were to go direct to the customer's teams, and would never, therefore, be tested, so I had taken a safe gamble. But now, after three weeks of strain and worry, to be thrown flat on my back! I walked away back to the rear of the store-room and sat down hard. I didn't have gumption enough left to swear. Finally I began to kick myself with my heel on the ankle until it hurt so much I got mad. *Then* my common sense came back.

"Before to-morrow morning by nine o'clock," said I to the shipping clerk, "those lamps have got to be labeled with the Cutter-Horne label." The shipping clerk had a good square jaw.

I hurried over to Crocker's with a sample label. It was then half-past five. As we were good customers they agreed to work overtime on the job and have the labels at our store-room by seven o'clock. The shipping clerk, as I have said, had a good square jaw. When I returned he had his five packers at work laying lamps out on the tables so as to be ready to our hands. At seven sharp came the labels.

Gleefully I jabbed the first label on the sponge, flourished it grandly about my head, and brought it down with a revengeful, dramatic swoop upon the San Francisco brand. Oh, blunder of blunders! Oh, idiot of idiots! Oh, fool of fools! Oh, ass of asses! Oh, blank, blank, blank fundamentally and sufficiently! *The Cutter-Horne label was smaller than the San Francisco label by the eighth of an inch*, and there that red margin stuck out for all the world to see! The shipping clerk clapped his hand over my mouth. He said:

"Now, lad, you're pretty green at business ways, and I don't wonder you're flustered a bit. But there's just one thing to do and that's to fill this order by nine and to fill it with lamps labeled Cutter-Horne; and there's only one way to do that and that's to put those labels on; and there's only one way to do *that* and that's to scrape these labels off.

But I am not one of the confoundedly strenuous kind that seem to thrive on problems that keep them all grim and black-looking. I had to let myself out, so I went off up-stairs alone and cussed John Todd and his lamp contract up, and then, with greater earnestness, down. I placed myself upon a pedestal and condoned with myself as an outraged compendium of all the virtues. When I felt thoroughly refreshed I went back down-stairs and knuckled down to work. The shipping clerk and I sat down to do some figuring, after setting one of the men to packing and scraping and putting on the label while we timed him. He could handle just four lamps a minute. We figured again: it would take seven men, working fifteen hours exactly, at the rate of four lamps per minute, to handle over that twenty-two thousand of lamps, not allowing time for a meal at twelve! But we went at it and nothing was heard for five hours but the scrape and rustle and hammering as tops were taken off and lamps handled and tops put back on.

It was a strange scene. Seven men, stripped to the waist, working in the vastness of that great store-room, where the long corridors of stock stretched from the light of our circle back into the grim darkness of midnight. Over the sidewalk elevator sounded the occasional step of a belated clerk going home from overtime work on a twisted account. Then came the toot toot of the Chief's whistle, the clang of the engine, the passing rattle and roar, and silence. It was as though we were far down in the bowels of the earth and had nought to do with earth and its cares, for after those sounds there followed from without a silence deep and impressive, broken from within only by the quick outbreathing of the packers, who worked like machines, and whose breath was as the breath of ditch diggers and wood choppers, quick and heavy and in gusts. How they worked! Perspiration dripped from them

steadily. At times I feared to speak and interrupt a silence almost ghoulish. It brought to my mind a picture I remembered to have seen when a little child, of bare-backed miners digging far down in the black depths of the earth — what a life theirs must be! — working with death ever over their heads. It was a terrible life — terrible — terrible. I dreamed on.

Suddenly I was picking frantically down in the black depths of a mine of lamps, and every time I shoveled up a big shovelful of lamps with a glorious golden "Cutter-Horne" label, that label would change before my agonized eyes into a grinning, demoniac, glaring red "San Francisco." My life was at stake, and I couldn't shovel one shovelful into the empty barrel standing by before they changed into "San Francisco." In wild despair I dived head foremost into the heap, striving to get my hands firmly on only one label and keep it from changing, and as I struggled I became suffocated, and the entire roof of the mine fell upon me, and, as things do in nightmares, it concentrated its fall upon one part of me. It would come down and strike me and fill me with abject horror of the next moment being a crushed, shapeless mass — then it would rise again, only to fall. Desperate, I struggled to rise — and awoke, stuck fast in a barrel of lamps and with every last packer having a whack at my hinge parts with a barrel stave. Pale as a ghost, but happy as a man freed from the tomb, I told my dream. It was a tonic to the tired bunch. Old George, the head packer, slipped away and soon returned with the remnants of a free-lunch counter and an armful of bottled beer. While cramming down the stuff and washing the grit from our mouths, we hastily tallied up. We *had* warmed up to our work, for we had finished off forty-five barrels instead of the thirty-four we had figured on by twelve. Considerably cheered, we went at it again. But the strain told. At two the shipping clerk rung up out of bed the office clerk and the office boy and ordered them down. In a half an hour they were hard at it, and for a while the rest of us eased up. Tiresome and monotonous grew the stooping and wrapping and labeling. The dawn came on chilly and murky. At precisely eight o'clock our task was finished. I went up-stairs. It was a cowardly sneak on my part, for the shipping clerk never let up, but started to send the lamps up the elevator. The sound of their voices and the creaking of the elevator were sweet music to me, and I went off to sleep. A messenger boy rattling on the door awoke me. It was a wire from Brown.

"Will arrive Frisco 8:45 twenty-fifth." He wasn't here yet, but he was due any minute. I started to doze off again, but some confounded idiot kept jangling a bell in my ears, and I kept snarling at him to go away and let a fellow sleep. Then, with a shudder, some portion of my ego, more alert than its fellow portions, gave my sub-

"CUSSED JOHN TODD AND HIS LAMP CONTRACT"

conscious self the understanding that this was the fateful morning, and that *that* was Todd's special double ring. I was wide-awake and exultant.

"Cutter-Horne?" came the usual formula. But I was not feeling like formality that morning, so I snapped: "Those lamps are on the sidewalk waiting your customer's teams." Said Roder:

"I would like to express to you our thanks, Mr. Edwards, for your careful attention to that lamp order. You have given us not the slightest trouble or delay. We appreciate that you are new at business

affairs, and your conduct in this instance in the absence of Brown has reflected great credit upon you."

Things swam around me. I nearly fainted . . . at this point I began to collect myself . . . by this time I am thinking swiftly, for it begins to look some way as though what had seemed to me but a perpetual series of blunders has been misinterpreted by John Todd & Co. Roder went on:

"Those lamps are all standard Cutter-Horne, of course? We cannot take time to test them now, you know." I got mad.

"Well, what in thunder do you suppose they are — San Francisco?"

Roder took it good-naturedly and went on: "Because Mr. Todd directed several days ago that, inasmuch as Brown was not here and it was a large order to be filled from San Francisco stock, I give you permission to fill in on San Francisco or some other lamp if you were short at the last minute. I would have told you that some days ago, but you hung up on me, and I presumed you had secured factory deliveries all right." Had I beheld those barrels on the sidewalk suddenly take wings and fly away, or metamorphose into grinning imps and mock me, I could not have come any closer to losing consciousness than I did when I heard those words. But I said with the last few gasps of breath I could muster:

"I would have appreciated having known that sooner, but it was not of much importance. We might have used a barrel or two." Roder hung up.

So that was what I got for my lordly independence in hanging up so proudly *before* Roder that day. . . .

There was a commotion on the outside. The teams were there to load up. A cab stopped in front of the door and Brown alighted weakly. I stepped out of the door loftily and took his hand without a word. The teams whipped up and drove away one by one as we watched, Brown all the while gazing at the barrels and repeating again and again in a sort of glad awe: "Twenty-five thousand sixteens a hundred and ten Edison! Where the devil did he get them? Where the devil *did* he get them?" Ah, but my soul drank deep of joy that moment! When the last of the teams whipped up, I led the line proudly through the swinging doors of the swellest bar in the wholesale district! Silently we lined up: Brown, thin and pale, but dressed as ever, like a fashion plate. The rest of us grimy and black and sweat-streaked. We drank a silent toast as each man's eyes unconsciously turned in the direction the lamps went. And again — and again. We were as one mind: no word was said. The Mind heaved a weary contemplative sigh; with lack lustre mournfulness the Mind apathetically surveyed its eight countenances, and seeing therein nothing save passive inertia to all affairs of earth, wearily tilted its hydra head, and quaffed deeply, slowly, and mechanically. And again — and again. Somewhere adown the line of unanimous Mind came forth a sigh of peaceful, satisfied content: the sentiment of the unanimous Mind echoed, in rich, happy response!

The shipping clerk, as the senior in years, leaned to the inclined ear of Brown. Soon I was motioned to join the conference, and while the now disintegrated and disordered Mind pursued its individual ways to blessed forgetfulness of the hideous night, we three talked it over, and we two heard the praise that fell from the lips of Brown. He could right it with Todd, he said. And we agreed that he could. We were most painfully agreeable in agreeing that he could. We assured each other most earnestly that Brown could square it with Todd all right.

The next morning I came to in Brown's swell bed in the Palace, and after a cold souse and a rub-down walked gaily to the office. Earth had no cares for me now, for Brown was back, and it was all passed up to him. But I could not help feeling uneasy, and I found myself wondering what Todd would do if he found it out. I very seriously doubted whether Brown could square matters. On Brown's desk was a note: "Roder called me over." A qualm of anticipation came over me. The 'phone rang the double ring. Suddenly I felt miserably sick with apprehension: the thing had been found out. Brown was getting grilled, and he was ringing me in. I wanted to run, but a horrible, fear-inspired fascination guided that infernal receiver to my ear before my feet could start.

"Mr. Edwards?" Roder's cool, tantalizing voice. I gasped. "Yes, sir." "Mr. Edwards, would you kindly come immediately over to our office? Mr. Brown is here." It struck me as the sound of a death sentence.

Not until the exchange girl had come in and asked me what the matter was that I didn't hang up did I come out of my stupor. Then I shook myself, and mechanically hung up the receiver. You remember, men, how you felt the first time a *man* teacher hauled you up before the class and brandished a rattan in front of your eyes before he brought it down? No matter whether he could make you cry or not; *that* isn't the thing. You know the feeling that came into the pit of your stomach before he began. Well, I had that now, but I was going to face the music, and I wasn't going to let out a yip, neither. Desperately sick, I walked over toward that red brick office building at a snail's pace, but as I neared it my courage wavered. I stopped to consider. It was plainly a case of lose my job any way I looked at it. The situation was about this: Brown was getting roasted alive, and he was going to sacrifice me to save himself and the contract. I would take all the blame, and he would be clear. To placate Todd he would fire me. I was only the forty-dollar stenographer, and he was the five-hundred-dollar salesman. I began to think hard, trying to decide to quit the whole works without even seeing Brown again. When I think hard I walk fast. Suddenly a big red brick, familiar-looking building loomed ahead of me, and almost without comprehension I gazed upon the gold-lettered sign: "John Todd & Co." I had thought I had turned and was walking toward Telegraph Hill! I turned hastily to go. But the baleful gold sign held me as the eye of a basilisk. It seemed to say "You stay," and it seemed to say it backed by all the mightiness of John Todd & Co. I stared at it so long that it lost its spell, and then I got mad at myself for being a fool in front of a gold-lettered sign. My courage returned with my aggravation. I threw up my shoulders recklessly, opened the door, and defiantly strode in. Just as soon as I had made up my mind that I was to be let go after the conference I was cool enough. There would be a little fracas, anyway, and I found myself looking forward to it with a spirit rather of grim enjoyment.

"IT WAS A CASE OF LOSE MY JOB ANYHOW"

Brown was there and Roder. They turned as I entered. Another man was there, who, upon seeing me, rose and stood before the other two. I had to look twice to be sure. No mistake! It was the young chap, the relative of Todd's who was coolly approaching me. The faces of all were sober. Then in a flash I saw through it all — saw why the lamps had been labeled "San Francisco." This chap had

been playing double, and had sold me out to Todd! Some low-down, sneaking, poor relative laying to get solid!

It was a case of lose my job anyhow, but, by Gad, I'd thrash some satisfaction out of him! I said softly:

"You —— stool pigeon!"

I drove for his jaw with my right—but Brown blocked me, and then, while he held me, that other chap was fairly doubled up with laughter! And Roder and Brown! I grew angrier and angrier, and struggled to get free. Finally Roder said gaspingly:

"Edwards, this is the *only* Mr. Todd."

It was too much for me to take in all at once. Youthful ideals are deeply rooted! I sank into a chair and tried to wave them away. But Todd came up and fairly shouted at me through gales of laughter:

"I had the San Francisco label left on just to plague you for your nerve . . . but I *told* Roder to tell you you could use San Francisco. . . . And—by the—Lord—Harry—if—you—didn't—change—the labels —— on —— twenty-two thousand —— lamps!"

In vain Brown pressed his silver flask to my lips. I was knocked out completely.

It was a little too great a shock with which to culminate that awful month. I must have made a miserable impression on Todd, for I couldn't seem to get my wits about me the entire talk. But, however that may be, the one thing I do remember most distinctly, was Brown's getting me by the hand and saying:

"Son (he always called me that), son, I don't want to lose you. You have the makings of an A No. 1 salesman. But I cannot stand in the way of your bettering yourself. Todd can do more for you than we can. You would be fifty getting as far with us as you can with Todd at thirty." He said no more, but warmly pressed my hand and abruptly turned and left the office. It seemed suddenly lonely as the door closed after him, and I watched him through the window as he walked away.

Todd had offered me a position as assistant to Roder at a salary that just doubled Brown's. Someway I was not as enthusiastic over the new position as when Brown was there to urge me on.

I stayed with Todd just two months. At the end of that time I saw nothing ahead for four or five years but desk drudgery, without a chance for the excitement which Brown's job offered. So I said to Todd one day, for we were pretty familiar:

"How soon are you going to let me get into a good big mix-up?" and he laughed and said that when I had been with him four or five years he could probably give me a department. But he said by that time I would probably be getting a two-fifty salary. But I said:

"I find I cannot stand this inertia. There is a craving in me for excitement which will not permit me to go through five years of desk drudgery. So I guess I'll have to go back to Brown if you can't give me that five-year raise right away." He thought I was joking. When I left him I said that I wanted his answer before five o'clock. At five he handed me my pay for a full month and a neat little present besides. Also a letter to Brown. Brown let me read it later. It was:

DEAR BROWN:—Take back your prodigal. I would tremble for my own position in a few months more. Tell him his position will always be here for him, at that figure, and his prospects the brightest, but that he cannot revolutionize the time-proved methods of business graybeards in his twenty-first year."

So here I am selling lamps and plugging a typewriter chiefly, happier than I ever was in the luxurious offices of John Todd & Co. But I've got a raise to fifty, and Brown says he's going to give me another raise of five dollars at the end of the year, because he says I'm going to make a speedier salesman than he ever was. But he only says that to flatter me, for there never was, and there never will be, another like Brown "of the Cutter-Horne."

"I FOUND MYSELF HUMMING, 'LAND AHEAD! IT'S FRUITS ARE WAVING'"

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL

BY

EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE SWIMMING HOLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

"We-e love the Sunday-school.
We-e love the Sunday-school.
(Girls)—So do I.
(Boys)—So do I.
(School)—We all love the Sunday-school."
—"Sparkling Dewdrops."

SOME people believe that when General Conference assigned them to the Committee on Hymn-Book Revision, power and authority were given unto them to put a half-sole and a new heel on any and all poetry that might look to them to be a little run over on one side. If they felt as I do about the lines that head this article they would have "Sunday" scratched out and "Sabbath" written in before you could bat an eye. The mere substitution of one word for another may seem a light matter to a man that has never composed anything more literary than an obituary for the *Western Advocate* of Sister Jane Malinda Sprague, who was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1816, removed with her parents at a tender age to New Sardis, Washington County, Ohio, where, etc., etc. If he wanted to extract a word he would do it, and never even offer to give the author gas. But I know just how it hurts. I know or can imagine how the gifted poet that penned the deathless lines I have quoted must have walked the floor in an agony until every word and syllable was just to suit him, and so, though I feel sure he meant to write "Sabbath-school," I don't dare change it.

To most persons one word seems about as good as another, Sunday or Sabbath, but when there are young people about the house you learn to be careful how you talk before them. Now, I would not go so far as to say that "Sunday" is what you

"MISS SUSIE GOLDRICK"

might call exactly *rowdy*, but — er, but — er —. Let me illustrate.

If a man says, "It's a beautiful Sunday morning," like enough he has on red-and-green stockings, baggy knickerbockers, a violet-and-purple sweater, a cap shaped like a milk-roll, and is smoking a pipe. He very likely carries a bagful of golf-sticks, or is pumping up his bicycle. But if a man says, "This beautiful Sabbath morn," you know for a certainty that he wears a long-tailed black coat, a boiled shirt, and a white tie. He is bald from his forehead upward, his upper lip is shaven, and his views and those of the late Robert Reed on the disgusting habit of using tobacco are absolutely at one.

Not alone a regard for respectability, but the hankering to be historically accurate, urges me to make the change I speak of. Originally the institution *was* a Sunday-school, and not very respectable either. I should hate to think any of my dear young friends were in the habit of attending such a low-class affair as Robert Raikes conducted. Sunday-schools were for "little ragamuffins," as he called them, who worked such long hours on week-days (from five in the morning until nine at night) that if they were to learn the common branches at all it had to be on a Sunday. A ragged school was bad enough in itself, putting foolish notions into the heads of gutter-brats and making them discontented and unhappy in their lot; but to teach a ragged school on Sunday was a little too much. So Robert Raikes encountered the most violent opposition, though from that beginning dates popular education in England.

To be able to read is no longer a sign that Pa can afford to do without the young ones' wages on a Saturday night, and can even pay for their schooling. It is no longer a mark of wealth or even of hard-won privilege, but the common fate of all, to know the three R's, and Sunday is not now set apart for secular instruction. So good and wholesome an institution as the Sunday-school was not permitted to perish, but was changed to suit the environment. It is now become the Sabbath-school for the study of the Bible, a Christian recrudescence of the synagogue. For some eighteen centuries it was supposed that a regularly ordained ministry should have exclusive charge of this work. At rare intervals nowadays a clergyman may be found to maintain that because a man has been to college and to the theological seminary, and has made the study of the Scriptures his life-work (moved to that decision after careful self-examination), that therefore he is better fitted to that ministry than Miss Susie Goldrick, who teaches a class in Sabbath-school very acceptably. Miss Goldrick is in the second year in the High School, and last Friday afternoon read a composition on English Literatoor, in which she spoke in terms of high praise of

"I ANOINTED MY OWN HEAD WITH COAL-OIL"

John Bunion, the well-known author of "Progress and Poverty." Miss Goldrick is very conscientious, and always keeps her thumb-nail against the questions printed on the lesson-leaf, so as not to ask twice, "What did the disciples then do?"

It were a grave error to suppose that no secular learning is acquired in the modern Sabbath-school. I remember once, when quite young, speaking to my teacher, in the interval between the regular class work and the closing exercises, about peacocks. I had read of them, but had never seen one. What did they look like? She said a peacock was something like a butterfly. I have always remembered that, and when I did finally see a peacock, I was interested to note the essential accuracy of the description.

Also, one day a new lady taught our class, Miss Evans having gone up to Marion to spend a Sunday with her brother, who kept a stove store there, and this new lady borrowed two flower vases from off the pulpit and a piece of string from Turkey-egg McLaughlin to explain to us boys how the earth went around the sun. We had too much manners to tell her that we knew that years and years ago when we were in Miss Humphrey's room. I don't remember what the earth going around the sun had to do with the lesson for the day, which was about Samuel anointing David's head with oil — did I ever tell you how I anointed my own head with coal-oil? — but I do remember that she broke both the vases and cut her finger, and had to keep sucking it the rest of the time, because she didn't wan't to get her handkerchief all bloodied up. It was a kind of fancy handkerchief, made of thin stuff trimmed with lace — no good.

The Sabbath-school may be said to be divided into three courses, namely, the preparatory or infant-class, the collegiate or Sabbath-school proper, and the post-graduate or Mr. Parker's Bible-class.

What can a mere babe of three or four years learn in Sabbath-school? sneers the critic. Not much, I grant you, of Justification by Faith, or Effectual Calling; but certain elementary precepts can be impressed upon the mind while it is still in a plastic condition that never can be wholly obliterated, come what may in after life. Prime among these elementary precepts is this: "Always bring a penny."

Some one has said, "Give me the first seven years of a child's life and I care not who has the remainder." I cannot endorse this without reserve; but I maintain as a demonstrated fact: "Bring up a child to contribute a copper cent, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It was recently my high privilege to attend a summer gathering of representative religious people in the largest auditorium in this country. Sometimes under that far-spreading roof ten thousand souls were assembled and met together. This fact could be guessed at with tolerable accuracy from the known seating capacity, but the interesting thing was that it could be predicated with mathematical certainty that exactly ten thousand people were present, because the offertory footed up exactly one hundred dollars. What an encouragement to these

"AND HAD TO KEEP SUCKING IT"

faithful infant-class teachers that have labored unremittingly, instant in season and out of season, saying over and over again with infinite patience, "Always bring a penny," to know that their labor has not been in vain, and that as a people we have made it the rule of our lives always to bring a penny — and no more.

I have often tried to think what a Sabbath-school must be like in California, where they have no pennies. It seems hardly possible that the institution can exist under such a patent disability, and yet it does. Do they work it on the same principle as the post-office in that far-off land where you cannot buy one postal card because the postmaster cannot make change, but must buy five postal cards or two two-cent stamps and a postal? In other words, does a nickel, the smallest extant coin, serve for five persons for one Sunday or one

person for five Sundays? I have often wondered about this.

Subsidiary instruction in the preparatory course consists of sitting right still and being nice, keeping your fingers out of Johnny Pym's eye, because it hurts him and makes him cry, not grabbing in the basket when it goes by, even though it does have pennies in it, coaching in a repertory of songs like: "Beautiful, Beautiful Little Hands," "You in Your Little Corner and I in Mine," "The Consecrated Cross-Eyed Bear," "Pass Around the Wash-Rag"—the grown folks call that "Pass Along the Watchword"—and stories about David and Goliath, Samson and the three hundred foxes with fire tied to their tails, Moses in the bullrushes, the infant Samuel, Hagar in the wilderness, and so forth. The

"SISTER BOGGS"

clergy have often objected that these stories, being told at the same period of life with those about Santa Claus, "One time there was a little boy and he had a dog named Rover," the little girl that had hair as black as ebony, skin as white as snow, and cheeks as red as blood, because her Ma, who was a queen by occupation, happened to cut her finger with a black-handled knife along about New Year's—the clergy, I say, have often objected that all these matters, being brought to a child's attention at the same period in its life, are likely to be regarded in after years as of equal evidential value. I am not much of a hand to argue, myself, but I should like to have one of these carping critics meet my friend, Mrs. Sarah M. Boggs, who has taught the infant-class since 1867, having missed only two Sundays in that time, once, in 1879, when it stormed so that nobody in town was out, and once, last winter a year ago, when she slipped off the back porch and hurt her knee. I can just see Sister Boggs laying down the law to anybody that finds fault with the infant-class, let him be preacher or who. Why the very idea! Do you mean to say, sir—I guess Sister Boggs can straighten him out all right.

No less faithful is Mr. Parker, the leading lawyer of the town, who conducts the Bible-class. I believe one morning he didn't get there until after the last bell was done ringing, but otherwise his record of attendance compares favorably with Sister Boggs'. Both teachers agree to ignore the stated lesson for the day, but whereas Sister Boggs leads her flock through the flowery meads of narration, Mr. Parker and his class have camped out by preference for the last forty years in the arid wilderness of Romans and Hebrews and Corinthians First and Second, flinging the plentiful dornicks of "Paul says this" and "Paul says that" at each other's heads in friendly strife. Mr. Parker's class is also very assiduous in its attendance upon the Young People's meetings, seemingly holding the dogma, "Once a young person always a young person." The prevailing style of hairdressing among the members is to grow the locks long on the left side of the head, and to bring the thin layer across to the right, pasted down very carefully with a sort of peeled onion effect.

There is a whole lot of them, and they jower away at each other all through the time between the opening and the closing exercises, having the liveliest kind of a time getting over about two verses of the Bible and the whole ground of speculative theology.

Immeasurably more impermanent in method and *personnel* is the regular collegiate department, the Sabbath-school proper. In the early days, away back when sugar was sixteen cents a pound, the thing to do was to learn Scripture verses by heart. If you were a rude, rough boy who didn't exactly love the Sunday-school as much as the hymn made you say you did, but still one who had rather sing it than stir up a muss, you hunted for the shortest verses you could find and said them off. From four to eight was considered a full day's work. But if you were a boy

"AND HELPED . . . WITH THE DISHES"

who put on an apron and helped your Ma with the dishes, a boy who always wiped your feet before you came in, a boy that never got kept in at school, a boy that cried pretty easy, a nice, pale boy, with bulging blue eyes, you came to Sabbath-school and disgorged verses like buckshot out of a bag. The four-to-eight-verse boys sat and listened, and improved their minds. There was generally one other boy like you in the class, and it was nip-and-tuck between you which should get the prize, until finally you came one Sunday, all bloated up with 238 verses in your craw, and he quit discouraged. The prize was yours. It was a beautiful little Bible with a brass clasp; it had two tiny silk strings of an old-gold color for bookmarks, and gilt edges all around that made the leaves stick together at first. It was printed in diamond type, so small it made your ears ring when you tried to read it.

Other faculties than that of memory were called into action in those days by problems like these: "Who was the meekest man? Who was the strongest man? Who was the father of Zebedee's children? Who had the iron bedstead, and whose thumbs and great-toes were cut off?" To set a child to find these things in the Bible without a concordance seems to us as futile as setting him to hunt a needle in a haystack. But our fathers were not so foolish as we like to think them; they didn't care two pins if we never discovered who had the iron bedstead, but they knew that leafing over the book we should light upon treasure where we sought it not, kernels of the sweetest meat in the hardest shells, stories of enthralling interest where we least expected them, but, most of all, and best of all, texts that long afterward in time of trouble should come to us, as it were the voice of one that also had eaten the bread of affliction, calling to us across the chasm of the centuries and saying: "O, tarry thou the Lord's leisure: be strong and He shall comfort thine heart."

In the higher classes, that still were not high enough to rank with Mr. Parker's, the exegetical powers were stimulated in this wise: "'And they sung a hymn and went out.' Now what do you understand by that?" We told what we "understood" and what we "held" and what we "believed," and laid traps for the teacher and tried to corner him with irrelevant texts wrenched from their context. He had to be an able man and a nimble-witted man. Mere piety might shine in the prayer-meeting, in the class-room, at the quarterly love-feast, but not in the Sabbath-school. I remember once when Brother Butler was away they set John Snyder to teach us. John didn't know any more than the law allowed, and we made him feel it, until finally, badgered beyond endurance, he blurted out that all he knew was that he was a sinner saved by grace. Maybe he couldn't tell just where to find this, that, and t'other thing in the Bible, but he could turn right to the place where it said that though a body's sins were as scarlet, yet they should be white as snow. It was

"HE WAS A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE"

regarded as a very poor sort of an excuse then, but thinking it over here lately, it has seemed to me that maybe John had the root of the matter in him after all.

The comparative scarcity of polemical athletes and the relative plenty of the Miss Susie Goldrick kind of teachers, apparently called into being the Berean Lesson Leaf system, with its Bible cut up into lady-bites of ten or twelve verses, its Golden Topics, Golden Texts, its apt alliterations, like:

SAMUEL
SEEKS
SAUL
SORROWING

and its questions prepared in tabloid form, suitable for the most enfeebled digestions, see directions printed on inside wrapper. Among the many evidences of the degeneracy of the age is the scandalous ignorance of our young people regarding the sacred Scriptures, which at the very lowest estimate are incontestably the finest English ever written. Those whose childhood antedates the lesson leaf are not so

"HE WANTS TO SING BASS"

unfamiliar with that wondrous treasure-house of thought. It is not for me to say what has wrought the change. I can only point out that lesson leaves, being about the right size for shaving papers, barely last from Sunday to Sunday, while that very identical Bible with the blinding type that I won years and years ago, by learning verses, is with me still. Yes, and as I often wonder to discover, some of those very verses that I gobbled down as heedlessly as any ostrich are with me still.

Remain to be considered the opening and closing exercises principally devoted, I remember, to learning new tunes and singing old ones out of books with pretty titles, like "Golden Censer," "Silver Spray," "Pearl and Gold," "Sparkling Dewdrops," and "Sabbath Chimes." I wasn't going to tell it, but I might as well, I suppose. I can remember as far back as "Musical Leaves." There must be quite a lot of people scattered about the country who sung out of that when they were little. I wish a few of us old codgers might get together some time and with many a hummed and prefatory, "Do, mi, sol, do, sol, mi: mi-i-i-i," finally manage to quaver out the sweet old tunes we learned when we were little tads, each with a penny in his fat, warm hand: "Shall we Gather at the River?" and "Work, for the Night is Coming"; and what was the name of that one about

"The waves shall come and the rolling thunder shock
Shall beat upon the house that is founded on a rock
And it never shall fall, never, never, never."

What the proper English tune is to "I think when I read that sweet story of old" I cannot tell, but I am sure it can never melt my heart as that one in the old "Musical Leaves," with its wistful repetitions of the last line:

"I should like to have been with Him then,
I should like to have been with Him then,
When He took little children like lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then."

I fear we could not sing that without breaking down. As we recall it, we draw an inward fluttering breath, something grips our throats and makes them ache, our eyes blur, and a tear slips down upon the cheek, not of sorrow — God knows not all of sorrow — but if we had it all to live over again, how differently we — oh, well, it's too late now, but still . . . .

Leafing over my little girl's "Arabian Nights" the other day, when I came to the

"MR. PARKER'S BIBLE CLASS"

story of "The Enchanted Horse," I found myself humming, "Land ahead! Its fruits are waving." My father used to lead the singing in Sabbath-school, and when he was sol-fa-ing that tune to learn it I was devouring that story, and was just about at the picture where Prince What's-his-name rises up into the air on the Enchanted Horse, with his true love hanging on behind, and all the multitude below holding their turbans on as they look up and exclaim: "Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!"

And another tune still excites in me the sullen resentment that it did when I first heard it. In those days, just as a fellow got to the exciting part in "Frank at Don Carlos' Ranch," or whatever the book was, there was kindling to be split, or an armful of wood to be brought in, or a pitcher of water from the well, or "run over to Mrs. Boggs' and ask her if she won't please lend me her fluting-iron," or "run down to Galbraith's and get me a spool of white thread, Number 60, and hurry right back, because then I want you to go over to Sarepta Downey's and take her that polonaise pattern she asked me to cut out for her," or — there was always something on hand. So what should one of these composers do — I don't know what ever possessed the man — but go write a Sabbath-school song with this chorus:

"There'll be something to do,
There'll be something to do,
There'll be something for children to do:
On that bright shining shore,
Where there's joy evermore,
There'll be something for children to do."

I suppose he thought that would be an inducement!

One of these days America is going to be the musical center of the world. When that day is fully come, and men sit down to write about it, I hope they won't forget to give due credit to the reed organ, Stephen Foster, and the Sabbath-school. The reed organ had a lot to do with musical culture. It is much decried now by people that prefer a piano that hasn't been tuned for four years; but the reed organ will come into its own some day, don't forget. Without it the Sabbath-school could not have been. Anybody that would have a piano in a Sabbath-school ought to be prosecuted.

When music, heavenly maid, was just coming to after that awful lick the Puritans

"MR. PARKER"

hit her, the first sign of returning life was that people began to tire of the ten or a dozen tunes to which our great-grandfathers droned and snuffled all their hymns. In those days there was raised up a man named Stephen Foster, who "heard in his soul the music of wonderful melodies," and we have been singing them ever since — "'Way Down upon the Swanee Ribber," and "Old Kentucky Home," and "Nellie Gray," and the rest. Then Bradbury and Philip Phillips and many more of them began to write exactly the same kind of tunes for sacred words. They were just the thing for the Sabbath-school, but they were more, much more.

You know that when a fellow gets so he can shave himself without cutting half his lip off, when it takes him half an hour to get the part in his hair to suit him, when he takes to shining his shoes and has a pretty taste in neckties, he doesn't want to bawl the air of a piece like the old stick-in-the-muds up in the Amen corner or in Mr. Parker's class. He wants to sing bass. Air is too high for him anyhow unless he sings it with a hog noise. Oh, you get out! You do, too, know what a "hog noise" is. You want to let on you've always lived in town. Likely story if you never heard anybody in the hog-pasture with a basket of nubbins calling, "Peeg! Peeg! Boo-ee! Boo-ee!" A man's voice breaks into falsetto on the "Boo-ee!" Well, anyhow, such a young man as I am telling you of would be ashamed to sing with a hog noise. He wants to sing bass. Now the regular hymn-tunes change the bass as often as they change the soprano, and if you go fumbling about for the note, by the time you get it right it is wrong, because the tune has gone on and left you. The Sabbath-school songs had the young man Absalom distinctly in view. They made the bass the same all through the measure, and all the changes were strictly on the *do*, *sol* and *fa* basis. As far as the other notes in the scale were concerned, the young man Absalom need not bother his head with them. With *do*, *sol* and *fa* he could sing through the whole book from cover to cover as good as anybody.

When people find out what fun it is to sing by note, it is only a step to the "Messiah," two blocks up and turn to the right, as you might say. After that, it is only going ahead till you get to "Vogner." Yes, and many's the day you called the hogs. Don't tell *me*.

Once a month on Sunday evenings there were Sabbath-school concerts. The young ones sat in the front seats, ten or twelve in a pew. "Now, children," said the superintendent, "I want you to all sing loud and show the folks how nice you can sing. Page 65. Sixty-fi'th page, 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness.' Now, all sing out now." We licked our thumbs and scuffled through the book till we found the place. We scowled at it, and stuck out our mouths at it, and shrieked at it, and bawled at it, and did the very best we knew to give an imitation of two hundred little pigs all grabbed by the hind leg at once. That was what made folks call it a concert.

There were addresses to the dear children by persons that teetered on their toes and dimpled their cheeks in dried-apple smiles at us. Some complain that they do not know how to talk to children and keep them interested. Oh, pshaw! Simple as A B C. Once you learn the trick you can talk to the little folks for an hour and a half on "Banking as Related to National Finance," and keep them on the quiver of excitement. Ask questions. And to be sure that they give the right answers (a very important thing) remember this: When you wish them to say "Yes, sir," end your question with "Don't they?" or "Isn't it?" When you wish them to say "No, sir," end your question with "Do they?" or "Is it?" When you wish them to choose between two answers, mention first the one they mustn't take, then pause, look archly at them, and mention the one they must take. Thus:

Q.—Now, dear children, I wonder if you can tell me where the sun rises. In the north, doesn't it?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Yes, you are right. In the north. And because it rises in the north every afternoon at three, how do we walk about? On our feet, do we?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—No. Of course not. Then how is it we do walk about? On our ears or—(now the look)—on our noses?

A.—On our noses.

This method, if carefully and systematically employed, was never known to fail. It is called the Socratic method.

The most interesting feature of the monthly Sabbath-school concert is universally conceded to be the treasurer's report. So much on hand at the last meeting, so much contributed by each class during the month last past, so much expended, so much left on hand at present. We used to sit and listen to it with slack jaws and staring eyes. Money, money, oceans of money! Thirty-eight cents and seventy-six cents and a dollar four cents! My!

"ONE DOLLA THUTTY-EIGHT CENTS"

"NOW, DEAR CHILDREN"

The librarian's report was nowhere. It was a bully library, too, and contained the "Through by Daylight" Series, and the "Ragged Dick" Series, and the "Tattered Tom" Series, and the "Frank on the Gunboat" Series, and the "Frank the Young Naturalist" Series, and the "Elm Island" Series—Did you ever read "The Ark of Elm Island"? and "Giant Ben of Elm Island"? You didn't? Ah, you missed it—and the "B. O. W. C." Series—and say! there was a book in that library—oo-oo! "Cast Up by the Sea," all about wreckers, and false lights on the shore, and adventures in Central Africa, and there's a nigger queen that wants to marry him, and he don't want to because he loves a girl in England—I think that's kind of soft—and he kills about a million of them trying to get away. You want to get that book. Don't let them give you "Patient Henry" or "Charlie Watson, the Drunkard's Little Son." They're about boys that take sick and die—no good.

It was a bully library, but the report wasn't interesting. Major Humphrey's always was. He was the treasurer because he worked in the bank. He came from the Western Reserve, and said "cut" when he

meant coat, and "hahnt" when he meant heart. I can shut my eyes and hear him read his report now: "Infant-class, Mrs. Sarah M. Boggs, one dolla thutty-eight cents; Miss Dan'ells's class, fawty-six cents; Miss Goldrick's class, twenty-faw cents; Mr. Pahnker's class, ninety-three cents; Miss Rut's class, naw repawt."

Poor old Miss Root! There was hardly ever any report from her class. Often she hadn't a penny to give, and perhaps the other old ladies, who found the keenest possible delight in doing what they called "running up the references," had no more, for they were relics of an age when women weren't supposed to have money to fling right and left in the foolish way that women will if they're not looked after — shoes for the baby, and a new calico dress every two or three years or so.

Yes, it is rather interesting for a change now and then to hear these folks go on about what a terrible thing the Sabbath-school is, and how it does more harm than good. They get really excited about it, and storm around as if they expected folks to take them seriously. They know, just as well as we do, that this wouldn't be any kind of a country at all if we couldn't look back and remember the Sabbath-school, or if we couldn't fix up the children Sunday afternoons, and find their lesson leaves for them, and hunt up a penny to give to the poor heathen, and hear them say the Golden Text before they go, and tell them to be nice. Papa and mamma watch them from the window till they turn the corner, and then go back to the Sunday paper with a secure sort of feeling. They won't learn anything they oughtn't to at the Sabbath-school.

"POOR OLD MISS ROOT!"

NEW YORK: GOOD GOVERNMENT IN DANGER

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAMELESSNESS OF ST. LOUIS"; "CHICAGO: HALF FREE AND FIGHTING ON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

JUST about the time this article will appear, Greater New York will be holding a local election on what has come to be a national question: good government. No doubt there will be other "issues." At this writing (September 15th) the candidates were not named nor the platforms written, but the regular politicians hate the main issue, and they have a pretty trick of confusing the honest mind and splitting the honest vote by raising "local issues" which would settle themselves under prolonged honest government. So, too, there will probably be some talk about the effect this election might have upon the next presidential election; another clever fraud which seldom fails to work to the advantage of rings and grafters, and to the humiliation and despair of good citizenship. We have nothing to do with these deceptions. They may count

in New York, they may determine the result, but let them. They are common moves in the corruptionist's game and, therefore, fair tests of citizenship, for honesty is not the sole qualification for an honest voter; intelligence has to play a part, too, and a little intelligence would defeat all such tricks. Anyhow, they cannot disturb us. I am writing too far ahead, and my readers, for the most part, will be reading too far away to know or care anything about them. We can grasp firmly the essential issues involved and then watch with equanimity the returns for the answer, plain yes or no, which New York will give to the only questions that concern us all:

Do we Americans really want good government? Do we know it when we see it? Are we capable of that sustained good citizenship which alone can make democracy a success? Or, to save our pride, one other: Is the New York way the right road to permanent reform?

For New York has a good government, or, to be more precise, it has a good administration. It is not a question there of turning the rascals out and putting the honest men into their places. The honest men are in, and this election is to decide whether they are to be kept in, which is a very different matter. Any people is capable of rising in wrath to overthrow bad rulers. Philadelphia has done that in its day. New York has done it several times. With fresh and present outrages to avenge, particular villains to punish, and the mob sense of common anger to excite, it is an emotional gratification to go out with the crowd and "smash something." This is nothing but revolt, and even monarchies have uprisings to the credit of their subjects. But revolt is not reform, and one revolutionary administration is not good government. That we free Americans are capable of such assertions of our sovereign power, we have proven; our lynchers are demonstrating it every day. That we can go forth singly also, and, without passion, with nothing but mild approval and dull duty to impel us, vote intelligently to sustain a fairly good municipal government, remains to be shown. And that is what New York has the chance to show; New York, the leading exponent of the great American anti-bad government movement for good government.

According to this, the standard course of municipal reform, the politicians are permitted to organize a party on national lines, take over the government, corrupt and deceive the people and run things for the private profit of the boss and his ring, till the corruption becomes rampant and a scandal. Then the reformers combine the opposition: the corrupt and unsatisfied minority, the disgruntled groups of the majority, the reform organizations; they nominate a mixed ticket, headed by a "good business man" for mayor, make a "hot campaign" against the government with "Stop thief" for the cry, and make a "clean sweep." Usually, this effects only the disciplining of the reckless grafters and the improvement of the graft system of corrupt government. The good mayor turns out to be weak or foolish or "not so good." The politicians "come it over him," as they did over the business mayors who followed the "Gas Ring" revolt in Philadelphia, or the people become disgusted as they did with Mayor Strong, who was carried into office by the anti-Tammany rebellion in New York after the Lexow exposures. Philadelphia gave up after its disappointment, and that is what most cities do. The repeated failures of revolutionary reform to accomplish more than the strengthening of the machine has so discredited this method that wide-awake reformers in several cities — Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Minneapolis, and others — are following the lead of Chicago.

The Chicago plan does not depend for success upon any one man or any one year's work, nor upon excitement or any sort of bad government. The reformers there have no ward organizations, no machine at all; their appeal is solely to the intelligence of the voter and their power rests upon that. This is democratic and political, not bourgeois and business reform, and it is interesting to note that whereas reformers elsewhere are forever seeking to concentrate all the powers in the mayor, those of Chicago talk of stripping the mayor to a figurehead and giving his powers to the aldermen who directly represent the people, and who change year by year.

The Chicago way is but one way, however, and a new one, and it must be remembered that this plan has not yet produced a good administration. New

SETH LOW

An American mayor who is honest and efficient, too. Disliked in New York because he lacks the graces of the typical corrupt politicians.

York has that. Chicago, after seven years' steady work, has a body of aldermen honest enough and competent to defend the city's interests against boodle capital, but that is about all; it has a wretched administration. New York has stuck to the old way. Provincial and self-centered, it hardly knows there is any other. Chicago laughs and other cities wonder, but never mind, New York, by persistence, has at last achieved a good administration. Will the New Yorkers continue it? That is the question. What Chicago has, it has secure. It's independent citizenship is trained to vote every time and to vote for uninteresting good aldermen. New York has an independent vote of 100,000, a decisive minority, but the voters have been taught to vote only once in a long while, only when excited by picturesque leadership and sensational exposures, only *against*. New York has been so far an anti-bad government, anti-Tammany, not a good government town. Can it vote, without Tammany in to incite it, for a good mayor? I think this election, which will answer this question, should decide other cities how to go about reform.

The administration of Mayor Seth Low may not have been perfect, not in the best European sense: not expert, not coördinated, certainly not wise. Nevertheless, for an American city, it has been not only honest but able, undeniably one of the best in the whole country. Some of the departments have been dishonest; others have been so inefficient that they made the whole administration ridiculous. But what of that? Corruption also is clumsy and makes absurd mistakes when it is new and untrained. The "oaths" and ceremonies and much of the boodling of the St. Louis ring seemed laughable to my corrupt friends in Philadelphia and Tammany Hall, and New York's own Tweed regime was "no joke," only because it was so general, and so expensive — to New York. It took time to perfect the "Philadelphia plan" of misgovernment, and it took time to educate Croker and develop his Tammany Hall. It will take time to evolve masters of the (in America) unstudied art of municipal government — time and demand. So far there has been no market for municipal experts in this country. All we are clamoring for to-day in our meek, weak-hearted way, is that mean, rudimentary virtue miscalled "common honesty." Do we really want it? Certainly Mayor Low is pecuniarily honest. He is more; he is conscientious and experienced and personally efficient. Bred to business, he rose above it, adding to the training he acquired in the conduct of an international commercial house, two terms as Mayor of Brooklyn, and to that again a very effective administration, as president, of the business of Columbia University. He began his mayoralty with a study of the affairs of New York; he has said himself that he devoted eight months to its finances: and he mastered this department and is admitted to be the master in detail

of every department which has engaged his attention. In other words, Mr. Low has learned the business of New York; he is just about competent now to become the mayor of a great city. Is there a demand for Mr. Low?

No. When I made my inquiries — before the lying had begun — the Fusion leaders of the anti-Tammany forces, who nominated Mr. Low, said they might renominate him; "who else was there?" they asked. And they thought he "might" be reëlected. The alternative was Richard Croker or Charles F. Murphy, his man, for no matter who Tammany's candidate for mayor was, if Tammany won, Tammany's boss would rule. The personal issue was plain enough. Yet was there no assurance for Mr. Low.

CHARLES F. MURPHY

Croker's successor as Tammany boss. The man who will rule New York if Tammany wins this year.

Why? There are many forms of the answer given, but they nearly all reduce themselves to one — the man's personality. It is not very engaging. Mr. Low has many respectable qualities, but these never are amiable. "Did you ever see his smile?" said a politician who was trying to account for his instinctive dislike for the Mayor. I had; there is no laughter back of it, no humor, and no sense thereof. The appealing human element is lacking all through. His good abilities are self-sufficient; his dignity is smug; his courtesy seems not kind, his self-reliance is called obstinacy because, though he listens, he seems not to care; though he understands, he shows no sympathy, and when he decides, his reasoning is private. His most useful virtues — probity, intelligence, and conscientiousness — in action are often an irritation; they are so contented. Mr. Low is the bourgeois reformer type. Even where he compromises, he gets no credit; his concessions make the impression of surrenders. A politician can say "no" and make a friend, where Mr. Low will lose one by saying "yes." Cold and impersonal, he cools even his heads of departments. Loyal public service they give, because his taste is for men who would do their duty for their own sake, not for his, and that excellent service the city has had. But members of Mr. Low's administration helped me to characterize him; they could not help it. Mr. Low's is not a lovable character.

But what of that? Why should his colleagues love him? Why should anybody like him? Why should he seek to charm, win affection, and make friends? He was elected to attend to the business of his office and to appoint subordinates who should attend to the business of their offices, not to make "political strength" and win elections. William Travers Jerome, the picturesque District Attorney, whose sincerity and intellectual honesty made sure the election of Mr. Low two years ago, detests him as a bourgeois, but the mayoralty is held in New York to be a bourgeois office. Mr. Low is the ideal product of the New York theory that municipal government is business, not politics, and that a business man who would manage the city as he would a business corporation, would solve for us all our troubles. Chicago reformers think we have

got to solve our own problems; that government is political business; that men brought up in politics and experienced in public office will make the best administrators. They have refused to turn from their politician mayor, Carter H. Harrison, for the most ideal business candidate, and I have heard them say that when Chicago was ripe for a better mayor, they would prefer a candidate chosen from among their well-tried aldermen. Again, I say, however, that this is only one way, and New York has another, and this other is the standard American way.

But again I say, also, that the New York way is on trial, for New York has what the whole country has been looking for in all municipal crises — the non-political ruler. Mr. Low's very faults, which I have emphasized for the purpose, emphasize the point. They make it impossible for him to be a politician even if he should wish to be. As for his selfishness, his lack of tact, his coldness — these are of no consequence. He has done his duty all the better for them. Admit that he is uninteresting; what does that matter? He has served the city. Will the city not vote for him because it does not like the way he smiles? Absurd as it sounds, that is what all I have heard against Low amounts to. But to reduce the situation to a further absurdity, let us eliminate altogether the personality of Mr. Low. Let us suppose he has no smile, no courtesy, no dignity, no efficiency, no personality at all; suppose he were an It and had not given New York a good administration, but had only honestly tried. What then?

Tammany Hall? That is the alternative. The Tammany politicians see it just as clear as that, and they are not in the habit of deceiving themselves. They say "it is a Tammany year," "Tammany's turn." They say it and they believe it. They study the people, and they know it is all a matter of citizenship; they admit that they cannot win unless a goodly part of the independent vote goes to them; and still they say they can beat Mr. Low or any other man the anti-Tammany forces may nominate. So we are safe in eliminating Mr. Low and reducing the issue to plain Tammany.

Tammany is bad government; not inefficient, but dishonest; not a party, not a delusion and a snare, hardly known by its party name — Democracy; having little standing in the national councils of the party and caring little for influence outside of the city. Tammany is Tammany, the embodiment of corruption. All the world knows and all the world may know what it is and what it is after. For hypocrisy is not a Tammany vice. Tammany is for Tammany, and the Tammany men say so. Other rings proclaim lies and make pretensions, other rogues talk about the tariff and imperialism. Tammany is honestly dishonest. Time and time again, in private and in public, the leaders, big and little, have said they are out for themselves and their own; not for the public, but for "me and my friends"; not for New York, but for Tammany. Richard Croker said under oath once that he worked for his own pockets all the time, and Tom Grady, the Tammany orator, has brought his crowds to their feet cheering sentiments as primitive, stated with candor as brutal.

The man from Mars would say that such an organization, so self-confessed, could not be very dangerous to an intelligent people. Foreigners marvel at it and at us, and even Americans — Pennsylvanians, for example — cannot understand why we New Yorkers regard Tammany as so formidable. I think I can explain it. Tammany is corruption with consent; it is bad government founded on the suffrages of the people. The Philadelphia machine is more powerful. It rules Philadelphia by fraud and force and does not require the votes of the people. The Philadelphians do not vote for their machines; their machines vote for them. Tammany used to stuff the ballot boxes and intimidate voters; today there is practically none of that. Tammany rules, when it rules, by right of the votes of the people of New York.

Tammany corruption is democratic corruption. That of the Philadelphia ring is rooted in special interests. Tammany, too, is allied with "vested interests" — but Tammany labors under disadvantages not known in Philadelphia. The Philadelphia ring is of the same party that rules the State and the nation, and the local ring forms a living chain with the state and national rings. Tammany is a purely local concern. With a majority only in old New York, it has not only to buy what it wants from the Republican majority in the State, but must trade to get the whole city. Big business everywhere is the chief source of political

corruption, and it is one source in New York; but most of the big businesses represented in New York have no plants there. Offices there are, and head offices, of many trusts and railways, for example, but that is all. There are but two railway terminals in the city, and but three railways use them. These have to do more with Albany than New York. So with Wall Street. Philadelphia's stock exchange deals largely in Pennsylvania securities, New York's in those of the whole United States. There is a small Wall Street group that specializes in local corporations, and they are active and give Tammany a Wall Street connection, but the biggest and the majority of our financial leaders, bribers though they may be in other cities and even in New York State, are independent of Tammany Hall and can be honest citizens at home. From this class, indeed, New York can and often does draw some of its reformers. Not so Philadelphia. That bourgeois opposition which has persisted for thirty years in the fight against Tammany corruption, was squelched in Philadelphia after its first great uprising. Matt Quay, through the banks, railways and other business interests, was able to reach it. A large part of his power is negative; there is no opposition. Tammany's power is positive. Tammany cannot reach all the largest interests and its hold is upon the people.

Tammany's democratic corruption rests upon the corruption of the people, the plain people, and there lies its great significance; its grafting system is one in which more individuals share than any I have studied. The people themselves get very little: they come cheap, but they are interested. Divided into districts, the organization subdivides them into precincts or neighborhoods, and their sovereign power, in the form of votes, is bought up by kindness and petty privileges. They are forced to a surrender, when necessary, by intimidation, but the leader and his captains have their hold because they take care of their own. They speak pleasant words, smile friendly smiles, notice the baby, give picnics up the River or the Sound, or a slap on the back; find jobs, most of them at the city's expense, but they have also news-stands, peddling privileges, railroad and other business places to dispense; they permit violations of the law, and, if a man has broken the law without permission, see him through the court. Though a blow in the face is as readily given as a shake of the hand, Tammany kindness is real kindness, and will go far, remember long, and take infinite trouble for a friend.

The power that is gathered up thus cheaply, like garbage, in the districts is concentrated in the district leader who in turn passes it on through a general committee to the boss. This is a form of living government, extra-legal, but very actual, and, though the beginnings of it are purely democratic, it develops at each stage into an autocracy. In Philadelphia the boss appoints a district leader and gives him power. Tammany has done that in two or three notable instances, but never without causing a bitter fight which lasts often for years. In Philadelphia the State boss designates the city boss. In New York, Croker has failed signally to maintain vice-bosses whom he appointed. The boss of Tammany Hall is a growth, and just as Croker grew, so has Charles F. Murphy grown up to Croker's place. Again, whereas in Philadelphia the boss and his ring handle and keep almost all of the graft, leaving little to the district leaders, in New York the district leaders share handsomely in the spoils.

There is more to share in New York. It is impossible to estimate the amount of it, not only for me, but for anybody. No Tammany man knows it all. Police friends of mine say that the Tammany leaders never knew how rich police corruption was till the Lexow committee exposed it, and that the politicians who had been content with small presents, contributions, and influence, "did not butt in" for their share till they saw by the testimony of frightened police grafters that the department was worth from four to five millions a year. The items are so incredible that I hesitate to print them. Devery told a friend once that in one year the police graft was "something over $3,000,000." Afterward the syndicate which divided the graft under Devery took in for thirty-six months $400,000 a month from gambling and poolrooms alone. Saloon bribers, disorderly house blackmail, policy, etc., etc., bring this total up to amazing proportions.

Yet this was but one department, and a department that was overlooked by Tammany for years. The annual budget of the city is about $100,000,000, and though the

power that comes of the expenditure of that amount is enormous and the opportunities for rake-offs infinite, this sum is not one-half of the resources of Tammany when it is in power. Her resources are the resources of the city as a business, as a political, as a social power. If Tammany could be incorporated and all its earnings, both legitimate and illegitimate, gathered up and paid over in dividends, the stockholders would get more than the New York Central bond and stock holders, more than the Standard Oil stockholders, and the controlling clique would wield a power equal to that of the United States Steel Company. Tammany, when in control of New York, takes out of the city unbelievable millions of dollars a year.

No wonder the leaders are all rich; no wonder so many more Tammany men are rich than are the leaders in any other town; no wonder Tammany is liberal in its division of the graft. Croker took the best and the safest of it, and he accepted shares in others. He was "in on the Wall Street end," and the Tammany clique of financiers have knocked down and bought up at low prices Manhattan Railway stock by threats of the city's power over the road; they have been let in on Metropolitan deals and on the Third Avenue Railroad grab; the Ice Trust is a Tammany trust; they have banks and trust companies, and through the New York Realty Company are forcing alliances with such financial groups as that of the Standard Oil Company. Croker shared in these deals and businesses. He sold judgeships, taking his pay in the form of contributions to the Tammany campaign fund, of which he was treasurer, and he had the judges take from the regular real estate exchange all the enormous real estate business that passed through the courts, and give it to an exchange connected with the real estate business of his firm, Peter F. Meyer & Co. This alone would maintain a ducal estate in England. But his real estate business was greater than that. It had extraordinary legal facilities, the free advertising of abuse, the prestige of political privilege, all of which brought in trade; and it had advance information and followed with profitable deals, great public improvements.

Though Croker said he worked for his own pockets all the time, and did take the best of the graft, he was not "hoggish." One of the richest graft in the city is in the Department of Buildings. $100,000,000 a year goes into building operations in New York. All of this, from out-houses to sky-scrapers, is subject to very precise laws and regulations, most of them wise, some impossible. The Building Department has the enforcement of these; it passes upon all construction, private and public, at all stages from plan-making to actual completion; and can cause not only "unavoidable delay" but can wink at most profitable violations. Architects and builders had to stand in with the department. They called on the right man and they settled on a scale which was not fixed, but which generally was on the basis of the department's estimate of a fair half of the value of the saving in time or bad material. This brought in at least a banker's percentage on one hundred millions a year. Croker, so far as I can make out, took none of this; it was let out to other leaders and was their own graft.

District Attorney William Travers Jerome has looked into the Dock Department, and he knows things which he yet may prove. This is an important investigation for two reasons. It is very large graft and the new Tammany leader, Charlie Murphy, had it. New York wants to know more about Murphy, and it should want to know about the management of its docks, since, just as other cities have their corrupt dealings with railways and their terminals, so New York's great terminal business is with steamships and docks. These docks should pay the city handsomely. Mr. Murphy says they shouldn't; he is wise, as Croker was before he became old and garrulous, and, as Tammany men put it, "keeps his mouth shut," but he did say that the docks should not be run for revenue to the city but for their own improvement. The Dock Board has exclusive and private and secret control of the expenditure of $10,000,000 a year. No wonder Murphy chose it.

It is impossible to follow all New York graft from its source to its final destination. It is impossible to follow here the course of that which is well known to New Yorkers. There are public works for Tammany contractors. There are private works for Tammany contractors, and corporations and individuals find it expedient to let it go to Tammany contractors. Tammany has a

very good system of grafting on public works; I mean that it is "good" from the criminal point of view — and so it has for the furnishing of supplies. Low bids and short deliveries, generally speaking (and that is the only way I can speak here), is the method. But the Tammany system, as a whole, is weak.

Tammany men as grafters have a confidence in their methods and system, which, in the light of such perfection as that of Philadelphia, is amusing, and the average New Yorker takes in "the organization" a queer sort of pride, which is ignorant and provincial. Tammany is 'way behind the times. It is growing; it has improved. In Tweed's day the politicians stole from the city treasury, divided the money on the steps of the City Hall, and, not only the leaders, big and little, but heelers and outsiders; not only Tweed, but ward carpenters robbed the city; not only politicians, but newspapers and citizens were "in on the divvy." New York, not Tammany alone, was corrupt. When the exposure came, and Tweed asked his famous question, "What are you going to do about it?" the ring mayor, A. Oakey Hall, asked another as significant. It was reported that suit was to be brought against the ring to recover stolen funds. "Who is going to sue?" said Mayor Hall, who could not think of anybody of importance sufficiently without sin to throw the first stone. Stealing was stopped and grafting was made more business-like, but still it was too general, and the boodling for the Broadway street railway franchise prompted a still closer grip on the business. The organization since then has been gradually concentrating the control of graft. Croker did not proceed so far along the line as the Philadelphia ring has, as the police scandals showed. After the Lexow exposures, Tammany took over that graft, but still let it go practically by districts, and the police captains still got a third. After the Mazet exposures, Devery became Chief and the police graft was so concentrated that the division was reduced to fourteen parts. Again, later, it was reduced to a syndicate of four or five men, with a dribble of miscellaneous graft for the police. In Philadelphia the police have nothing to do with the police graft; a policeman may collect it, but he acts for a politician, who in turn passes it up to a small ring. That is the drift in New York. Under Devery the police officers got comparatively little, and the rank and file themselves were blackmailed for transfers and promotions, for remittances of fines, and in a dozen other petty ways.

Philadelphia is the end toward which New York under Tammany is driving as fast as the lower intelligence and higher conceit of its leaders will let it. In Philadelphia one very small ring gets everything, dividing the whole as it pleases, and not all those in the inner ring are politicians. Trusting few individuals, they are safe from exposure, more powerful, more deliberate, and they are wise as politicians. When, as in New York, the number of grafters is large, this delicate business is in some hands that are rapacious. The police grafters, for example, in Devery's day, were not content with the amounts collected from the big vices. They cultivated minor vices, like policy, to such an extent that the Policy King was caught and sent to prison, and Devery's wardman, Glennon, was pushed into so tight a hole that there was danger that District Attorney Jerome would get past Glennon to Devery and the syndicate. The murder of a witness the night he was in the Tenderloin police station served to save the day. But, worst of all, Tammany, the "friend of the people," permitted the organization of a band of so-called Cadets, who made a business, under the protection of the police, of ruining the daughters of the tenements and even of catching and imprisoning in disorderly houses the wives of poor men. This horrid traffic never was exposed; it could not and cannot be. Vicious women were "planted" in tenement houses and (I know this personally) the children of decent parents counted the customers, witnessed their transactions with these creatures, and, as a father told with shame and tears, reported totals at the family table.

Tammany leaders are usually the natural leaders of the people in these districts, and they are originally good-natured, kindly men. No one has a more sincere liking than I for some of those common but generous fellows; their charity is real, at first. But they sell out their own people. They do give them coal and help them in their private troubles, but, as they grow rich and powerful, the kindness goes out of the charity and they not only collect at their saloons or in rents — cash for their

"goodness"; they not only ruin fathers and sons and cause the troubles they relieve; they sacrifice the children in the schools; let the Health Department neglect the tenements, and, worst of all, plant vice in neighborhood and in the homes of the poor.

This is not only bad; it is bad politics; it has defeated Tammany. Woe to New York when Tammany learns better. Honest fools talk of the reform of Tammany Hall. It is an old hope, this, and twice it has been disappointed, but it is not vain. That is the real danger ahead. The reform of a corrupt ring means, as I have said before, the reform of its system of grafting and a wise consideration of certain features of good government. Croker turned his "best chief of police," William S. Devery, out of Tammany Hall, and, slow and old as he was, Croker learned what clean streets were from Col. Waring, and gave them. Now there is a new boss, a young man, Charles F. Murphy, and unknown to New Yorkers. He looks dense, but he acts with force, decision, and skill. The new mayor will be his man. He may divide with Croker and leave to the "old man" all his accustomed graft, but Charlie Murphy will rule Tammany and, if Tammany is elected, New York also. Lewis Nixon is urging Murphy publicly, as I write, to declare against the police scandals and all the worst practices of Tammany. Lewis Nixon is an honest man, but he was one of the men Croker tried to appoint leader of Tammany Hall. And when he resigned Mr. Nixon said that he found that a man could could not keep that leadership and his self-respect. Yet Mr. Nixon is a type of the man who thinks Tammany would be fit to rule New York if the organization would "reform."

As a New Yorker, I fear Murphy will prove sagacious enough to do just that: stop the scandals, put all the graft in the hands of a few tried and true men, and give the city what it would call good government. Murphy says he will nominate for mayor a man so "good" that his goodness will astonish New York. I don't fear a bad Tammany mayor; I dread the election of a good one. For I have been to Philadelphia.

Philadelphia had a bad ring mayor, a man who promoted the graft and caused scandal after scandal. The leaders there, the wisest political grafters in this country, learned a great lesson from that. As one of them said to me:

"The American people don't mind grafting, but they hate scandals. They don't kick so much on a jiggered public contract for a boulevard, but they want the boulevard and no fuss and no dust. We want to give them that. We want to give them what they really want, a quiet Sabbath, safe streets, orderly nights, and homes secure. They let us have the police graft. But this mayor was a hog. You see, he had but one term and he could get a share only on what was made in his term. He not only took a hog's share off what was coming, but he wanted everything to come in his term. So I'm down on grafting mayors and grafting office-holders. I tell you it's good politics to have honest men in office. I mean men that are personally honest."

So they got John Weaver for Mayor, and honest John Weaver is checking corruption, restoring order, and doing a great many good things, which it is "good politics" to do. For he is satisfying the people, soothing their ruffled pride, and reconciling them to machine rule. I have letters from friends of mine there, honest men, who wish me to bear witness to the goodness of Mayor Weaver. I do. And I believe that if the Philadelphia machine leaders are as careful with Mayor Weaver as they have been and let him continue to give to the end as good government as he has given so far, the "Philadelphia plan" of graft will last and Philadelphia will never again be a free American city.

Philadelphia and New York began about the same time, some thirty years ago, to reform their city governments. Philadelphia got "good government"—what the Philadelphians call good—from a corrupt ring and quit, satisfied to be a scandal to the nation and a disgrace to democracy. New York has gone on fighting, advancing and retreating, for thirty years till now it has achieved the beginnings, under Mayor Low, of a government for the people. Do the New Yorkers know it? Do they care? They are Americans, mixed and typical; do we Americans really want good government? Or, as I said at starting, have they worked for thirty years along the wrong road—crowded with unhappy American cities—the road to Philadelphia and despair?

"AN AMICABLE SETTLEMENT"

THE MULE DRIVER AND THE GARRULOUS MUTE

BY

REX E. BEACH

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN Y. KIRBY

BILL had finished panning the concentrates from our last clean-up, and now the silver ball of amalgam sizzled and fried on the shovel over the little chip-fire, while we smoked in the sun before the cabin. Removed from the salivating fumes of the quicksilver, we watched the yellow tint grow and brighten in the heat.

"There's two diseases which the doctors ain't got any license to monkey with," began Bill, chewing out blue smoke from his lungs with each word, "and they're both fevers. After they butt into your system they stick crossways, like a swallered toothpick; there ain't any patent medicine that can bust their holt."

I settled against the door-jamb and nodded.

"I've had them both, acute and continuous, since I was old enough to know my own mind and the taste of tobacco; I hold them mainly responsible for my present condition." He mournfully viewed his fever-ridden frame which sprawled a pitiful six-feet-two from the heels of his

gum-boots to the grizzled hair beneath his white Stetson.

"The first and most rabid," he continued, "is horse-racing — and t'other is the mining fever, which last is a heap insidiouser in its action and more lingering in its effect.

"It wasn't long after that deal in the Territory that I felt the symptoms coming on agin, and this time they pinted most emphatic toward prospecting, so me and 'Kink' Martin loaded our kit onto the burros and hit West.

"'Kink' was a terrible good prospector, though all-fired unlucky and peculiar. Most people called him crazy, 'cause he had fits of goin' for days without a peep.

"Hosstyle and ornery to the whole world; sort of bulging out and exploding with silence, as it were.

"We'd been out in the hills for a week on our first trip before he got one of them deathwatch faces on him, and boycotted the English langwidge. I stood for it three days, trying to jolly a grin on to him or rattle a word loose, but he just wouldn't jolt.

"One night we packed into camp tired, hungry, and dying for a good feed.

"I hustled around and produced a supper fit for old Mr. Eppycure. Knowing that 'Kink' had a weakness for strong coffee that was simply a hinge in him, I pounded up about a quart of coffee beans in the corner of a blanket and boiled out a South American liquid that was nothing but the real Arbuckle mud.

"This wasn't no chafing-dish party either, because the wood was wet and the smoke chased me round the fire. Then it blazed up in spurts and fired the bacon-grease, so that when I grabbed the skillet the handle sizzled the life all out of my callouses. I kicked the fire down to a nice bed of coals and then the coffee-pot upset and put it out. Ashes got into the bacon, and — Oh! you know how joyful it is to cook on a green fire when you're dead tired and your hoodoo's on vicious.

"When the 'scoffings' were finally ready, I wasn't in what you might exactly call a mollyfying and tactful mood nor exuding genialness and enthusiasms anyways noticeable."

"I herded the best in camp towards him, watching for a benevolent symptom, but he just dogged it in silence and never changed a hair. That was the limit, so I inquired sort of ominous and gentle, 'Is that coffee strong enough for ye, Mr. Martin?'

"He give a little impecunious grunt, implying, 'Oh! it'll do,' and with that I

"'I'M DURNED IF MY GUN DIDN'T GO OFF ACCIDENTAL AN PLUMB RUIN ONE OF 'EM'"

seen little green specks begin to buck and wing in front of my eyes; reaching back of me, I grabbed the Winchester and throwed it down on him.

"'Now, you laugh, darn you,' I says, 'in a hurry. Just turn it out gleeful and infractious.'

"He stared into the nozzle of that Krupp for a minute, then swallered twice to tune up his reeds, and says, friendly and perlite, but serious and wheezy:

"'Why, what in hell ails you, William?'

"'Laugh, you old dong-beater,' I yells, rising gradually to the occasion, 'or I'll bust your cupola like a blue-rock.'

"'I've got to have merriment,' I says. 'I pine for warmth and genial smiles, and you're due to furnish the sunshine. You emit a few shreds of mirth with expedition or the upper end of your spinal-cord is going to catch cold.'

"Say! his jaws squeaked like a screen door when he loosened, but he belched up a beauty, sort of stagy and artificial it was, but a great help. After that we got to know each other a heap better. Yes, sir; soon after that we got real intimate. He knocked the gun out of my hands, and we began to arbitrate. We plumb ruined that spot for a camping place; rooted it up in furrows, and tramped each other's stummicks out of shape. We finally reached an amicable settlement by me getting him agin a log where I could brand him with the coffee-pot.

"Right there we drawed up a protoplasm, by the terms of which he was to laugh anyways twice at meal-times.

"He told me that he reckoned he was locoed, and always had been since a youngster, when the Injuns run in on them down at Frisbee, the time of the big 'killing.' 'Kink' saw his mother and father both murdered, and other things, too, which was impressive, but not agreeable for a growing child. He had formed a sort of antipathy for Injuns at that time, which he confessed he hadn't rightly been able to overcome.

"Now, he allus found himself planning how to hand Mr. Lo the double cross and avoid complications.

"We worked down into South Western Arizony to a spot about thirty-five miles back of Fort Walker and struck a prospect. Sort of a teaser it was, but worth working on. We'd just got nicely started when 'Kink' comes into camp one day after taking a passiar around the butte for game, and says:

"'The queerest thing happened to me just now, Kid.'

"'Well, scream it at me,' I says, sort of smelling trouble in the air.

"'Oh! It wasn't much,' says he. 'I was just working down the big canyon over there after a deer when I seen two feather-dusters coming up the trail. I hid behind a rock, watching 'em go past, and I'm durned if my gun didn't go off accidental and plumb ruin one of 'em. Then I looks carefuller and seen it wasn't no feather-duster at all — nothing but an Injun.'

"'What about the other one?'

"'That's the strangest part,' says 'Kink.' 'Pretty soon the other one turns and hits the back-trail like he'd forgot something; then I seen him drop off his horse, too, sudden and all togetherish. I'm awful careless with this here gun,' he says. 'I hate to see a man laugh from his tonsils forrard, the way he did. It ain't humorous.'

"'See here,' I says, 'I ain't the kind that finds fault with my pardner, nor saying this to be captious and critical of your play; but don't you know them Cochises ain't on the war-path? Them Injuns has been on their reservation for five years, peaceable, domesticated, and eating from the hand. This means trouble.'

"'My old man didn't have no war paint on him one day back at Frisbee,' whispers 'Kink,' and his voice sounded puckered up and dried, 'and my mother wasn't so darned quarrelsome, either.'

"Then I says, 'Well! them bodies has got to be hid, or we'll have the tribe and the blue-bellies from the fort a scouring these hills till a red-bug couldn't hide.'

"'To hell with 'em,' says 'Kink.' 'I've done all I'm going to for 'em. Let the coyotes finish the job.'

"'No, siree,' I replies. 'I don't blame you for having a prejudice agin savages, but my parents is still robust and husky, and I have an idea that they'd rather see me back on the ranch than glaring through the bars for life. I'm going over to bury the meat.'

"Off I went, but when I slid down the gulch, I only found one body. T'other had disappeared. You can guess how much time I lost getting back to camp.

"'"Kink,"' I says, 'we're a straddle of the raggedest proposition in this country. One of your dusters at this moment is jamming his cayuse through the horizon between here and the post. Pretty soon things is going to bust loose. 'Bout tomorrer evening we'll be eating hog-bosom on Uncle Sam.'

"'Well! Well!' says 'Kink,' 'ain't that a pity. Next time I'll conquer my natural shyness and hold a post-mortem with a rock.'

"'There won't be no next time, I reckon,' I says, ''cause we can't make it over into Mexico without being caught up. They'll nail us sure, seeing as we're the only white men for twenty-five miles around.'

"'I'd rather put up a good run than a bad stand, anyhow,' says he, 'and I allows, furthermore, there's going to be some hard trails to foller and a tolable disagreeable fight before I pleads "not guilty" to the Colonel. We'll both duck over into the Santa——'

"'Now, don't tell me what route you're going,' I interrupts, ''cause I believe I'll stay and bluff it through, rather than sneak for it, though neither proposition don't appeal to me. I may get raised out before the draw, but the percentage is just as strong agin your game as mine.'

"'Boy, if I was backing your system,' says 'Kink,' 'I'd shore copper this move and play her to lose. You come on with me, and we'll make it through — mebbe.'

"'No,' I says; 'here I sticks.'

"I made up a pack-strap out of my extry overhalls while he got grub together, to start south through one hundred miles of the ruggedest and barrenest country that was ever left unfinished.

"Next noon I was parching some coffee-

"I JUMPED CLEAN OVER THE FIRE"

beans in the frying-pan, when I heard hoofs down the gully back of me. I never looked up when they come into the open nor when I heard a feller say 'Halt!'

"'Hello there!' somebody yells. 'You there at the fire.' I kept on shaking the skillet over the camp-fire.

"'What's the matter with him?' somebody said. A man got off and walked up behind me.

"'See here, brother,' he says, tapping me on the shoulder; 'this don't go.'

"I jumped clean over the fire, dropped the pan, and let out a deaf and dumb holler, 'Ee! Ah!'

"'YES, SIR. . . . IT CAME BACK UNEXPECTED, REGULAR MIRACLE'"

"The men began to laugh; it seemed to rile the little leftenant.

"'Cut this out,' says he. 'You can talk as well as I can, and you're a going to tell us about this Injun killin'. Don't try any fake business, or I'll roast your little heels over that fire like yams.'

"I just acted the dummy, wiggled my fingers, and handed him the joyful gaze, heliographing with my teeth as though I was glad to see visitors. However, I wondered if that runt would really give my chilblains a treat. He looked like a West Pointer, and I didn't know but he'd try to haze me.

"Well! they 'klow-towed' around there for an hour looking for clues, but I'd hid all the signs of 'Kink,' so finally they strapped me onto a horse and we hit back for the fort.

"The little man tried all kinds of tricks to make me loosen on the way down, but I just acted wounded innocence and 'Ee'd' and 'Ah'd' at him till he let me alone.

"When we rode up to the post he says to the Colonel:

"'We've got the only man there is in the mountains back there, sir, but he's playing dumb. I don't know what his game is.'

"'Dumb, eh?' says the old man, looking me over pretty keen. 'Well! I guess we'll find his voice if he's got one.'

"He took me inside, and, speaking of examinations, probably I didn't get one. He kept looking at me like he wanted to place me, but I give him the 'Ee! Ah!' till everybody began to laugh. They tried me with a pencil and paper, but I balked, laid my ears back, and buck-jumped. That made the old man sore, and he says: 'Lock him up! Lock him up; I'll make him talk if I have to skin him.' So I was dragged to the 'skookum-house,' where I spent the night figuring out my finish.

"I could feel it coming just as plain, and I begun to see that when I did open up and prattle after 'Kink' was safe nobody wouldn't believe my little story. I had sized the Colonel up as a dead stringy old proposition, too. He was one of these big-chopped fellers with a mouth set more'n half way up from his chin and little thin lips like the edge of a knife blade, and just as full of blood — face, big and rustic-finished.

"I says to myself, 'Bud, it looks like you wouldn't be forced to prospect for a living any more this season. If that old sport turns himself loose you're going to get "life" three times and a holdover.'

"Next morning they tried every way to make me talk. Once in a while the old man looked at me puzzled and searching, but I didn't know him from a sweat-pad, and just paid strict attention to being dumb.

"It was mighty hard, too. I got so nervous my mouth simply ached to let out a cayoodle. The words kept trying to crawl through my æsophagus, and when I backed 'em up, they slid down and stood around in groups, hanging onto the straps, gradually filling me with witful gems of thought.

"The Colonel talked to me serious and quiet, like I had good ears, and says, 'My man, you can understand every word I say, I'm sure, and what your object is in maintaining this ridiculous silence, I don't know. You're accused of a crime, and it looks serious for you.'

"Then he gazes at me queer and intent, and says, 'If you only knew how bad you are making your case you'd make a clean breast of it. Come now, let's get at the truth.'

"Them thought jewels and wads of repartee was piling up in me fast, like tailings from a ground-sluice, till I could feel myself getting bloated and pussy with langwidge.

"But I thought, 'No! to-morrow "Kink" 'll be safe, and then I'll throw a jolt into this man's camp that'll go down in history. They'll think some Chinaman's been thawing out a box of giant powder when I let out my roar.'

"I goes to the guard-house again, with a soldier at my back. Everything would have been all right if we hadn't run into a mule team.

"They had been freighting from the railroad, and as we left the barracks we ran afoul of four outfits, three span to the wagon, with the loads piled on till the teams was all lather and the wheels complainin' to the gods, trying to pass the corner of the barracks where there was a narrow opening between the buildings.

"Now a good mule-driver is the littlest, orneriest speck in the human line that's known to the microscope, but when you get a poor one, he'd spoil one of them cholera germs you read about just by contact. The leader of this bunch was worse than the worst; strong on whip-arm, but surprising weak on judgment. He tried to make the turn, run plump into the corner of the building, stopped, backed, swung, and proceeded to get into grief.

"The mules being hot and nervous, he sent them all to the loco patch instanter. They began to plunge and turn and back and snarl. Before you could say 'Craps! you lose,' them shave-tails was giving the grandest exhibition of animal idiocy in the Territory, barring the teamster. He follered their trail to the madhouse, yanking the mouths out of them, cruel and vicious.

"Now, one mule can cause a heap of tribulation, and six mules can break a man's heart, but there wasn't no excuse for that driver to stand upon his hind legs, close his eyes, and throw thirty foot of lash into that plungin', buckin', white-eyed mess. When he did it, all the little words inside of me began to foam and fizzle like sedlitz; out they came, biling, in mouthfuls, and streams, and squirts, backwards, sideways, and through my nose.

"'Here! you infernal half-spiled, dog-robbing walloper,' I says; 'you don't know enough to drive puddle ducks to a pond. You quit heaving that quirt or I'll harm you past healing.'

"He turned his head and grit out something through his teeth that stimulated my circulation. I skipped over the wheels and put my left onto his neck, fingering the keys on his blow-pipe like a flute. Then I give him a toss and gathered up the lines. Say! it was like the smell of grease-paint to an actor man for me to feel the ribbons again, and them mules knew they had a chair-man who savvied 'em too, and had mule talk pat, from soda to hock.

"I just intimated things over them with that whip, and talked to them like they was my own flesh and blood. I starts at the worst words the English langwidge and the range had produced, to date, and got steadily and rapidly worse as long as I talked.

"Arizony may be slow in the matter of standing collars and rag-time, but she leads the world in profanity. Without being swelled on myself, I'll say, too, that I once had more'n a local reputation in that line, having originated some quaint and feeling conceits which has won modest attention, and this day I was certainly trained to the minute.

"I addressed them brutes fast and earnest for five minutes steady, and never crossed my trail or repeated a thought.

"It must have been sacred and beautiful. Anyhow, it was strong enough to soak into their pores so that they strung out straight as a chalk-line. Then I lifted them into the collars, and we rumbled past the building, swung in front of the commissary door, cramped and stopped. With the wheelers on their haunches, I backed up to the door square as a die.

"I wiped the sweat out of my eyes and looked up into the grinning face of about fifty swatties, realizing I was a mute — and a prisoner.

"I heard a voice say, 'Bring me that man.' There stood the Colonel oozing out wrath at every pore.

"I parted from that wagon hesitating and reluctant, but two soldiers to each leg will bust any man's grip. I lost some clothes, too, after we hit the ground, but I needed the exercise.

"The old man was alone in his office when they dragged me in, and he sent my guards out.

"'So you found your voice, did you?' he says.

"'Yes, sir,' I answers. 'It came back unexpected, regular miracle.'

"He drummed on the table for a long time, and then says, sort of immaterial and irreverent, 'You're a pretty good mule puncher, eh?'

"'It ain't for me to say I'm the best in the Territory,' I says; 'but I'm curious to meet the feller that claims the title.'

"He continues, 'It reminds me of an exhibition I saw once, back in New Mexico, long time ago, at the little Flatwater Canyon.'

"'Maybe you've heard tell of the fight there when the Apaches were up? Yes? Well, I happened to be in that scrimmage.'

"'I was detailed with ten men to convoy a wagon train through to Fort Lewis. We had no trouble till we came to the end of that canyon, just where she breaks out onto the flats. There we got it. They were hidden up on the ridges; we lost two men and one wagon before we could get out onto the prairie.

"'I got touched up in the neck, first clatter, and was bleeding pretty badly; still I hung to my horse, and we stood 'em off till the teams made it out of the gulch; but just as we came out my horse fell and threw me — broke his leg. I yelled to the boys:

"'"Go on! For God's sake, go on!" Any delay there meant loss of the whole outfit. Besides, the boys had more than they could manage, Injuns on three sides.

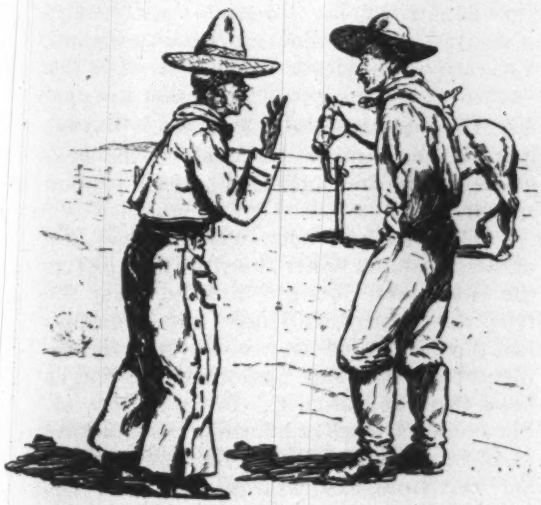
"'We had a young Texan driving the last wagon. When I went down he swung those six mules of his and came back up that trail into the gut, where the bullets snapped like grasshoppers.

"'It was the prettiest bit of driving I ever saw, not to mention nerve. He whirled the outfit between me and the bluff on two wheels, yelling, "Climb on! Climb on! We ain't going to stay long!" I was just able to make it onto the seat. In the turn they dropped one of his wheelers. He ran out on the tongue and cut the brute loose. We went rattling down the gulch behind five mules. All the time there came out of that man's lungs the fiercest stream of profanity my ears ever burned under. I was pretty sick for a few weeks, so I never got a chance to thank that teamster. He certainly knew the mind of an army mule, though. His name was — let me see — Wiggins — yes, Wiggins.'

"'Oh, no, it wasn't,' I breaks in, foolish; 'it was Joyce.'

"Then I stopped and felt like a kid, for the Colonel comes up and shuts the circulation out of both my hands.

"'I wasn't sure of you, Bill,' he says, 'till I saw you preside over those mules out there and heard your speech — then I recognized the gift.' He laughed like a boy, still making free with my hands. 'I'm darn glad to see you, Bill Joyce. Now



"I HATED TO SELL HIM"

then,' he says, 'tell me all about this killing up in the hills,' and I done so.

"After I finished he never said anything for a long time, just drummed the desk again and looked thoughtful.

"'It's too bad you didn't speak out, Bill, when you first came in. Now, you've showed everybody that you can talk — just a little, anyhow,' and he smiles, 'and they all think you're the man caused the trouble. I don't see but that you've got to stand trial. I wish I could help you, Bill.'

"'But see here, Colonel,' I says; 'I couldn't squeal on "Kink." We're pardners. I just had to give him a chance to cut. I played dumb 'cause I knew if I talked at all, being simple and guileless, you all would twist me up and have the whole thing in a jiffy. That man give me the last drop of water in his canteen on the Mojave, and him with his own tongue swelled clean out of his mouth, too. When we was snowed in, up in the Bitter Roots, with me snow-blind and starving, he crawled from Sheeps-Horn clean to Miller's — snow twelve foot deep, too, and nary a snowshoe in miles, but he brought the outfit in to where I was lyin' 'bout gone in. He lost some fingers and more toes wallering through them mountain drifts that day, but he never laid down till he brought the boys back.

"'Colonel! we've slept on the same blanket, we've et the same grub, we've made and lost together, and I *had* to give him a show, that's all. I'm into this here trouble now. Tell me how I'm going to get out. What would you do?'

"He turns to the open window and says: 'Partners are partners! That's my horse out there at that post. If I were you I'd run like hell.'

"That was the willingest horse I ever rode, and I hated to sell him, but he was tolable used up when I got across the line."

THE SUPREME TEST.

BY

GRACE S. RICHMOND.

DRAWINGS BY

'WILL' GREFE'.

IT'S a most extraordinary opportunity," declared Mrs. Jack with great enthusiasm.

"I should say it ought to be," remarked Julius, cutting the last string, and opening up a big pasteboard box of the sort in which fine garments are sent home. Six other boxes of similar description lay about the floor. "I paid one-seventy-five express on it at the door for you — and don't you forget it. I'm about strapped."

"Remind me when Jack comes home," said Mrs. Jack absently. "Oh, these are perfectly bewildering. I must send for Dot to come out this very day and choose."

"They certainly do look foxy," commented her brother, his eyes on the gorgeous gown Mrs. Jack was spreading upon the bed.

"They haven't been worn once — any of them. Aunt Minerva writes that just as the boxes were brought into the house the telegram came that Uncle John's mother had died. So, of course — And she remembered Dot and said that she might have them at half-cost. Dot will be wild. She couldn't think of affording such clothes as these outright. What she has to spend for her trousseau will go twice as far. Look at this — it's a Paris frock — and this

was made in Vienna — and that little tweed in Glasgow."

"That's what it is to have rich relations," admitted Julius. "Pity they aren't a little nearer, so they wouldn't have the nerve to ask any price at all for their duds."

"Oh, we couldn't expect that, not for perfectly new things. Aunt Minerva and the girls have all got to go into mourning, and mourning costs just as much as dinner gowns — more. It's the greatest chance in the world for Dot. Julius, run down and telephone her to come out over night. We'll spend the evening trying on."

Julius performed this commission, skillfully giving his information so ambiguously that his younger sister's coming was assured. He met her at the five-thirty and escorted her up to the house, evading her questions. He led her to Mrs. Jack's room, where the contents of the six boxes were artfully arranged to look their most alluring. Then he stood with his hands in his pockets and watched her with a grin of appreciation.

Dot clasped her hands. She was tall and slender and very graceful, and when she clasped her hands and bent her charming head like that it was an event worth observing.

"*Mm — m — mm!*" Julius imitated her attitude. He rolled up his eyes, and sighed, and breathed hard.

Mrs. Jack rapidly explained, and began to hold up one bewildering costume after another before her sister's astonished eyes. "And Olivia is exactly your size, you know," she insisted, "so her things will probably hardly need altering. Hortense's would have been too small — they haven't sent but one of hers. Aunt Minerva suggests that I might take it myself to wear at the wedding."

"Just look at that white one," murmured Dot, hanging over the bed in a rapture of admiration. "And that pale gray — did you ever see anything so fascinating? What would Kirke say? Oh, do let me try one on. Julius ——"

"Yes, yes, I'll go," assented Julius. "I'll be down in the library — or say — wait till evening for your dress-parade; then Jack and I can give you our judgment."

"I'll put them on again in the evening," promised Miss Dot, "but I must try every last one of them on now."

Julius went thoughtfully down-stairs. He strolled to the telephone-closet, closed the door carefully, and called up the city and Kirke Waldron. Having succeeded in getting him, he said:

"Say, Kirke, happen out here at my brother-in-law's to-night, will you? She's here — and she's got a little matter to decide she needs your judgment on. No — she doesn't know I'm asking you, but I'm confident you're needed. I say, old man — I might as well tell you — your Montana proposition is up against a fine-clothes deal that's going to make you sit up and pay attention. You'd better tell her what you've got up your sleeve about as soon as you can formulate a tactful speech. If she buys this toggery that's just come from our rich relations — half-price, you know — new stuff, fresh from abroad, family gone into mourning — understand? — Well, if she grabs at it the way I think she will she'll carry New York against Montana as a future home, and don't you think she won't. . . . What? — No — I'll never give you away — I'll be just as overwhelmed at the idea as the rest of the crowd. I say — my hopes and fears and tears are all with you, Kirke, old fellow. Er — what? — oh, don't mention it. Good-by."

At eight o'clock, with dinner over, and Jack and Julius smoking comfortably before the library fire, Dot descended the stairs arrayed in the first of the series of gowns. Mrs. Jack followed in her wake, her eyes dancing. Dot trailed in at the library door and stood smiling down at her brother and her sister's husband.

"Well — by Jove!" breathed Julius, pulling his pipe out of his mouth and sitting up to stare.

Jack also pulled his pipe out of his mouth, also sat erect, and also murmured something.

"Isn't she a duchess in it?" cried Mrs. Jack triumphantly. "Turn around, dearest, and let them see you."

Dot revolved slowly, twisting her draperies about her in long lovely lines. Miss Olivia Belmont's French gown suited her as it had never suited its original owner. Dot was not only excessively pretty — she was fairly regal in the gown. It was of some rich silken material, of the color of the heart of a Marechal Niel rose, and it was heavily embroidered in sumptuous bands.

"'YOUR MONTANA PROPOSITION IS UP AGAINST A FINE-CLOTHES DEAL'"

"It's simply exquisite," said Mrs. Jack. "And that color sets off Dot's brunetteness perfectly."

"What's the price?" asked Jack, who was always practical.

"Forty — and it cost — why Dot and I calculated that the forty wouldn't pay for the simple material — linings and outside — to say nothing of all that exquisite hand-embroidery, and the lace on the skirt. It's a tremendous bargain — tremendous."

The door bell rang. Dot, about to leave the room to array herself in frock number two, retreated to the library hearth.

"Don't let Mary show any of your friends in here," she whispered warningly, and Mrs. Jack hurried to intercept the maid. The next instant the three in the library heard Mrs. Jack exclaim:

"Oh — Kirke — how lovely! Did you know Dot — Of course you knew Dot was here."

"Won't you do me the honor of believing I came to see you and Jack?" said a man's voice. Dot gasped. Then she looked reproachfully at Julius. The latter was gazing into the fire with a lamb-like and innocent expression on his face. Dot hesitated, then she walked to the library door and stood looking out into the hall. Kirke Waldron, getting out of his overcoat, caught sight of her and stopped, staring. He was accustomed to seeing Miss Dorothy Broughton in full evening dress, but her appearance tonight certainly had a quality with which he was not familiar. There can be no question that a pretty girl in an ordinary pretty frock, though perhaps as attractive, is not quite the same girl that she is in attire which represents a lavish expenditure of money, within the bounds of good taste. Miss Dorothy Broughton in such a gown as this was a sight to take Kirke Waldron off his feet. He continued to stare at her for full sixty seconds before his astonished lips relaxed into a smile of greeting. Then he came forward with eager outstretched hands.

"I don't know exactly what this means," he said, "but" — he dropped his voice — "I know I would have come a good way to see it."

"Come in, old man," called Julius. "Come in. Take a chair and sit tight. Draw a full breath and make it last. Put on the blue next, Dot," he added in a loud whisper. His eyes were sparkling.

"Let him look at you," said Mrs. Jack, "now he is here. I didn't suppose you would have him see these things, but since you've asked him out ——"

"She didn't ask me out," said Kirke Waldron, still surveying his bride-elect. "I came. Tell me what it means. His Grace, the Duke of Westminster or Somewhere Else, hasn't cut me out, has he?"

Mrs. Jack turned to Dot. "Shall I explain?"

"Certainly," said Dot, sweeping out of the room. "I should have told him anyway. Do you think I would have kept it?"

When she came down again in the pale blue gown — it was of a thin, shimmering stuff, and it made one forget the glories of the Marechal Niel robe in its daintier beauty — she found an audience which it bothered her to face. Mrs. Jack hovered about her as show-woman; but three men in a row, two of them smoking and regarding her from under half-closed lashes as they lay back in easy chairs, the third sitting upright and

watching her with the keenest of wide-awake eyes, disconcerted her to the point of delicately flushing cheeks.

"Yah — that's a ripper!" cried her brother. "I say, but that's great. Turn around, Dotsie — I call that stunning. Keep that one, anyhow, for my sake." He was looking particularly wicked, but only Kirke observed him.

Jack nodded gravely. "It's all right," he agreed. Julius looked at Kirke.

"See there," he chuckled. "You have him rattled, Dot. He doesn't know whether he ever had the audacity to ask you to marry him or not. He's feeling all hollow inside — huh? Go and kiss him, just to let him know it's you."

Dot glanced at her lover. He smiled in reply, but said nothing.

"Don't you like it?" demanded Mrs. Jack.

"It's a beautiful thing," he answered.

Dot ran away up-stairs. When she returned she was wearing a tailored gown of light gray, of a quality and fashion so superior that she looked very duchess-like and imposing. A wide black hat set off the dark beauty of her face.

"That's the best yet," observed Jack. "That's the sort you can get a lot of good out of."

"You bet," said Julius. "That'll make all the fellows turn on the street and look after her. Better veto that one, Kirke."

"It's a very handsome one," said Kirke Waldron, with his head up.

The next time she came down it was in a dancing frock of pale rose-color, all filmy ruffles, with bunches of roses pinned here and there. Again, she appeared in a velvet gown of dull blue, with wonderful appliqué of silk and embroidery. Mrs. Jack criticized this adversely, asserting that it was too elaborate for Dot, and suitable only for a matron of many years. As she said this Kirke Waldron drew a deep breath.

They got into great excitement at length. Dot grew lovelier and lovelier with each succeeding change of raiment. She glanced at Kirke only now and then, meeting his smile with a flash of the eyes and a mock courtesy, or a gay nod. She seemed a transformed Dot.

The last gown was one of white. It was the prettiest of them all, and when she melted into the room in it everybody looked dazed.

"Say, that's great," gasped Julius. "Get down on your knees, Kirke. That'll do to be married in, Dot. How much do you suppose that cost?"

"A queen's ransom," said Dot, standing still and looking down at it. "It's the only one that they're not making any sacrifice on. I can't afford it, of course, but I put it on for you to see."

She was hurrying away again without giving them much of a chance to look at her when Julius brought her back.

"Just stop and tell us which of these duds you're going to take," he demanded, "and where you're going to wear 'em."

So Dot dropped into a carved chair of ebony with a high back, and sat there, looking like a picture.

"It seems quite a chance for me," she said. "Of course, we shall not be furiously gay, but we shall undoubtedly go out quite a good deal. In this way I can have lovely things which I couldn't have had. They will last a long time, too," she said, with a touch of practicality calculated to impress her hearers.

"It's such a chance," Mrs. Jack continued, addressing the audience of men, who gave her their respectful attention. "Every girl of her set who is married this season will envy her to distraction. The things have such an air. It's that, still more than the quality of the stuffs, which makes them so desirable."

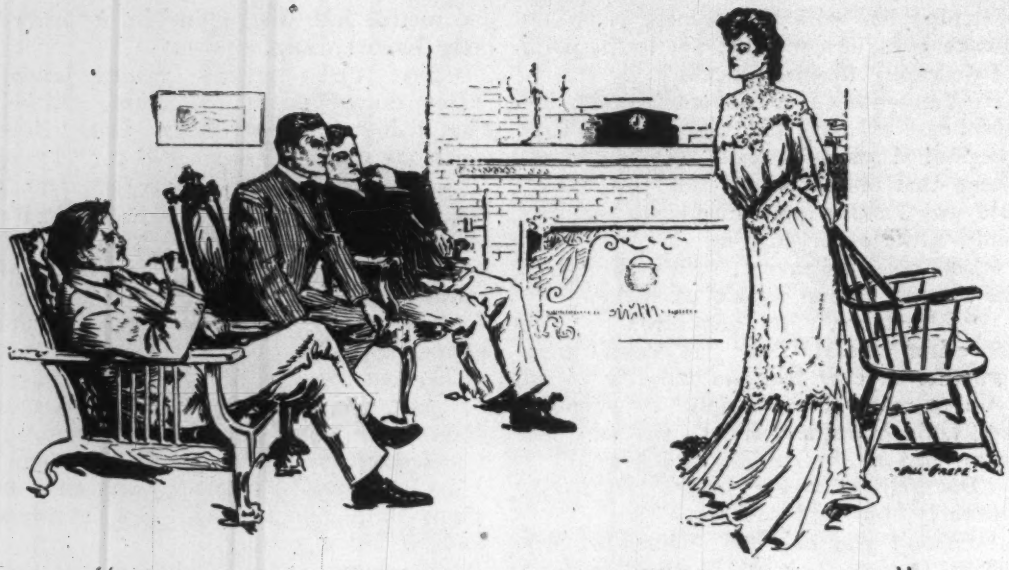
She looked at Jack. "I should say there could be no question about the air," said he.

"Nor the quality of the stuffs," agreed Julius. "They're away up in Q. Those clothes are what I should call roaring ripsnorters."

Mrs. Jack turned to Kirke Waldron. "Of course, it's perfectly absurd, admitting you to this family consultation," she said with a laugh. "If you hadn't been one of us so long before we even thought of your marrying Dot, it would seem still more ridiculous than it is."

"I don't see why it is ridiculous," said Waldron, smiling back at her with his chin up. "I don't know who could be more concerned than I."

"Well, then, don't you think it is a chance for Dot?" she asked him frankly. "There is no need for us to make any



"SHE FOUND AN AUDIENCE WHICH IT BOTHERED HER TO FACE"

pretense about our affairs. A man who has known us as long as you have knows just what an undowered girl he is getting."

Waldron's eyes went over to Dot at this, but she was sitting with carefully lowered lashes. He came back to Mrs. Jack.

"And you know precisely just how little that counts with me," he answered soberly. His chin remained up as he said it.

"Dot loves to go out," Mrs. Jack continued. "She will have use for every one of these frocks she can afford to have. You and she will be dined straight through the first two years. You will be as gay as you care to be. And in those clothes Dot will make a sensation."

Jack shifted slightly in his chair and lifted a quietly curious glance at Kirke Waldron's face.

"The only excuse I can make for my wife," he said, "is that in the three years that I have had her I have not been able to make her into a staid and sober matron."

Mrs. Jack came around behind his chair and gave his ear an affectionate tweak. That is the sort of thing a woman will readily forgive a man for saying. She looked at Kirke again over her husband's head.

"You are going to live in a very good quarter," she said. "It is much more to be desired than this suburb we are in. Of course, in a way, you will have to live up to it."

Kirke Waldron got up and walked over to the high-backed chair where Dot sat, and took up his position behind it, leaning slightly upon it.

"I want to tell you all," he said somewhat abruptly, "of a question I have to decide. You can help me to settle it—if you will. It is a difficult question for me to settle. You remember Pembroke?"

He asked the question of Jack, and the latter answered interestedly: "Yes, of course. Do you know what's become of him?"

"I didn't till last week. Then I had a letter from him. He's bought a sheep and cattle ranch in Montana, and, judging by his letter, he's the happiest fellow alive. I'd like to read you part of it."

He read it. It was a breezy letter, full of plans, hopes, and enthusiasm. As they listened Jack and Julius forgot to smoke.

"Say, but that's immense!" cried the latter. "Makes a fellow feel like breathing way down to his boots. Think of that compared with a stuffy little office and a row of chumps making your life miserable with their blunders. Gee! When I'm through college I'm going to write your friend Pembroke and offer myself as a farm-hand."

"It does sound inviting," was Jack's comment. There was a hint of envy in his tone. His back was bent over an office desk ten hours out of every twenty-four.

"Pembroke asks me to come to Montana as his partner. He's living in rather a

rough way yet, but the prospects are very bright."

There was an instant's stunned silence; then Julius murmured: "Is he married?"

"No."

Kirke Waldron's face had become very grave and a little pale. He stood looking down at the top of Dot's head, as it leaned against the high-backed chair. She did not move. Mrs. Jack was staring at her in a startled way. Jack was studying the floor. Julius's bright black eyes roved from one to another. He was enjoying himself immensely. Here was the situation — the crisis — he had anticipated.

"What made you tell us — before you told Dot?" asked Mrs. Jack in a faint tone. She lifted reproachful eyes to Waldron's.

"To give her the support of all her friends," he answered slowly. "I wanted her to see just how it struck you all — before you had been argued with or persuaded. If it seemed to you a preposterous thing to ask of her, I wanted her to know it at once, and understand she was not called upon to make too great a sacrifice. It is much to ask — too much, perhaps. That is what I want you to tell me. I couldn't put the case to Dorothy alone and make her decide. In that dress she is wearing now," he added gently, "I feel it myself a monstrous thing to ask of her."

Mrs. Jack opened her mouth impulsively, glanced at Jack, shut it again, and went and sat upon the arm of her husband's chair. She pinched his shoulder and he spoke for her.

"How rough a life would it necessarily be at first?" he asked.

"Pretty civilized — from a Westerner's standpoint. Pembroke has built himself a very picturesque little cabin. You know he was an artistic fellow. Of course we could afford to build as attractive a home as we should want."

He talked on for some minutes, explaining the various advantages of his friend's location, its accessibility, the charm of it's surroundings, the exhilaration of the Montana climate.

"It looks to me like a mighty alluring proposition," was Jack's comment at length.

"You bet it does," agreed Julius. "Dot, if you go there I'll spend all my vacations with you, and I'll come out for good when I'm free. I'd go with you now if the governor would allow it."

Dorothy still sat motionless, her eyes on her folded hands. Her face was half hidden by her softly drooping hair and her attitude. Kirke's eyes studied the top of her head as if he could somehow read her mind in that way. It was Julius who relieved the tenseness of the situation.

"Look here," he shouted suddenly. "Give her a show. Think she's going to commit herself before witnesses? Let's get out and let them settle their own affairs. We've given our judgment — it's a rattling good thing."

"He's right," said Jack, getting up. "You've had all we can do for you."

"Just tell me how you feel, Mrs. Elliot," begged Kirke Waldron, as she was hurrying past him without a word. Mrs. Jack's silence through the last half-hour had been a most extraordinary thing — for her. The truth of the matter was that between indignation and dismay she had been handicapped by an hysterical choke in her throat which she knew would be a breakdown if she attempted to speak. At Waldron's appeal she shook her head and her eyes filled with tears.

"You make me feel like a brute," said he in her ear. "I understand what I am asking of you as well as of her. And if it's too great I won't ask it."

"She's m-my only s-s-sister," sobbed Mrs. Jack into her handkerchief. And then Jack put his arm around her and led her away, looking back over her head at Waldron with a friendly twinkle in his eye and a reassuring nod of his head.

Julius made a great show of drawing the heavy dull red draperies which shut the library away from the hall, and of pounding off up-stairs and slamming various doors to indicate that the family had withdrawn to a discreet distance. Then he tiptoed around to Mrs. Jack's room and effected an entrance there. Mrs. Jack sat upon the bed, crying furiously among the various elegant gowns which represented Dot's possible wardrobe. Jack stood uncomfortably by, his hands in his pockets, his hair a trifle rumpled, and his forehead knit.

"Oh, come, Bud — brace up," was the powerful tonic her brother instantly administered. "What's the sense in letting a lot of clothes come between the deadly dullness of the East and the magnificent possibilities of the West?" This struck him as a resounding way of putting it,

"DOT DROPPED INTO A CARVED CHAIR : OF EBONY"

and he repeated it: "The magnificent possibilities of the West!"

Mrs. Jack looked at him out of two very red eyes. "I shouldn't think a Yale undergraduate would talk that way about the East," she retorted. "As for the clothes —it's — it's — not a matter of clothes, of course — it's only that it's — so — so — f–f–far away."

She buried her face in her handkerchief again.

"Far away nothing," disputed Julius hotly. "Montana's within two days of Chicago. And it's a glorious State. Think what jinks to visit them. I'll bet it'll result in the whole family going. Just fancy it, Jack. Here are you and Kirke boning and plugging away in your offices, getting pale and thin — and bald ——"

"Bald!" cried Mrs. Jack from her handkerchief.

"Well, he will be bald, wearing felt hats and catching trains. In Montana, I presume, he wouldn't wear a hat at all. As for Dot ——"

"I should think you'd better consider Dot. The poor child was perfectly crushed —she just sat there unable to speak. She ——"

"Not on your life — she wasn't crushed. She was just enjoying having him on the gridiron. I know her. She understood that she had the chance of her life to keep him guessing and feeling unsettled in his mind. She was perfectly aware that she looked like a star actress in those togs, sitting in that chair — she always sits in that chair — she knows it sets her off. Oh, she wasn't born yesterday, Dot wasn't. It suits her down to the ground to keep a man groveling ——"

"Kirke Waldron is not much of a groveler," put in Jack from the window seat, to which he had retreated when Julius took the field.

"You're right he isn't. He'll take her to Montana all right, but she'll give him a few cold chills before she agrees to go. It's rather an unlucky tackle — just as she gets her mind made up that she's going to have all those ripping clothes."

"Wouldn't she have *any* use for them in Montana?" demanded Mrs. Jack, sitting up very straight and staring at him.

"Well — er — on Pembroke's ranch she might have more use for a riding habit and a judicious selection of blouses and short skirts," admitted Julius tentatively. "I don't imagine the women trail around in low-necked gowns at dinner every night — huh — Jack? Not as a rule?"

Down-stairs in the library Kirke Waldron had flung a pillow from the couch at Dot's feet, dropped himself upon it, and crossed his arms upon her lap. His eyes were studying her face.

"What is it, dear?" he said.

Dot stirred slightly, but her eyes did not meet his. "Have you any idea how fond I am of good clothes?" she asked.

"I never seem to know what you wear. You always look just one way to me. I don't believe it would do much good to dress for me."

"You noticed what I had on to-night the instant you saw me."

"Oh, of course. When you put on something out of character I recognize that."

"You said I looked like a duchess."

"I never imagined I should like a duchess for a wife," said he contentedly.

"If there is no need of my dressing to please you, don't you think I should dress to please other people?"

"If you mean other men — I am not sure that I do."

He was smiling slightly, but his lips grew grave again.

"How about Montana, Dot?" he asked very gently. He was not holding his chin high now, but the look in his eyes did not lack spirit.

"It has never occurred to me that I should like to live in Montana," she said with equal gentleness.

"Pembroke's picture does not strike you as at all alluring?"

"I think I should like to visit Montana as a matter of education——"

"But as a home——"

"I suppose you quite mean to go there," she said.

"Not without you."

"You intend to take me?"

"Certainly not without your full willingness," he said quickly. "Understand me, Dot—this is no farce. The decision is in your hands. There is only one consideration I feel like urging upon you. If we live here life is going to mean to me just what it means to hundreds and thousands of other men—a home only between twilight and dawn—my wife's companionship only when I'm too worn to appreciate it—grind—grind—to-day—and to-morrow—and next year. And I'm willing to do it for you, if you will be happier here than there—if life of the sort which will fall to you here—a life lived out almost apart from me—will satisfy you. But think of it, Dot—what life would be out there. Why—we could live it through—together. That's what sets me wild for Montana, Dorothy—I want to live outdoors—with you."

She sat very still for an instant longer, then she rose and drew away from him. "Please let me go for a minute," she said. "I will come back."

The white gown that cost a queen's ransom slipped softly away between the red curtains. She turned and held them back a minute, her figure standing out against the dull red with the effectiveness of a portrait. He leaped to his feet and stood looking after her.

Up-stairs Dot banished Jack and Julius from her sister's room.

"Help me out of this frock, Bud," she commanded, "and get me that little pink gingham I left here last summer. No—no—stop crying, dear. There's nothing to cry about, Bud—do you hear? Nothing!"

Kirke Waldron sat down in Dot's high-backed chair and waited. There was a slight flush on his finely cut face and his eyes were glowing. He was listening with keen ears, but he heard no sound of Dot's return until the curtains parted and she stood before him. As he sprang up, his lips breaking into a smile, his arms extended, Dot came slowly forward.

"There's no train to it," said she, with a glance over her shoulder. "It cost only fifteen cents a yard. I'm sorry I couldn't find the sun-bonnet."

"Are you really willing to go?" asked

"SHE TURNED AND HELD BACK A MINUTE"

Kirke Waldron, with his lips against her hair. "And leave all those splendid clothes?"

"Did you honestly think," asked Dot, with drooped lashes, "that when I came to realize what it meant I should really care more to live with a lot of French frocks than—with you—*anywhere?*"

"I didn't honestly think so," admitted Kirke Waldron, "but——"

"Did you like the clothes yourself?" she demanded.

"I like the pink gingham better," said he, smiling.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF MISS TARBELL'S HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY—PART SECOND

I

A YEAR ago this magazine began the publication of a history of the Standard Oil Company, its object being to give its readers a concrete example of how a modern trust, aiming at monopoly, is made and sustained. From the first half of this history, ending in our July number, the reader carried away one preëminent and overwhelming conviction, and that was that whatever the money-making genius of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller — and Miss Tarbell gave that gentleman full credit for far-sightedness, energy, and singleness of purpose — the Standard Oil Trust could never have been created had it not been for the special and illegal rebates on transportation which Mr. Rockefeller was able to wrest from the oil-carrying railroads.

For consider Mr. Rockefeller's situation in 1870, when the Standard Oil Company, a partnership with a capital of $1,000,000, was formed. His company was one of not fewer than 125 oil refineries in the United States. It was not the largest or best known by any means, though one of the ten largest in the country. Mr. Rockefeller at that time could buy his crude oil no cheaper than his neighbors, save, perhaps, in rare instances. His firm owned no peculiar processes of manufacture and had never invented anything. They were skillful and economical refiners, to be sure, but there were at least a score of others in the country as strong in these respects. Nor had Mr. Rockefeller developed any peculiarly remunerative markets for himself. He used those which had been created by the demands of trade and by the enterprise of other men. Only one other department remains in which he might have secured an advantage over rivals — that of transportation — and it was here, as a matter of fact, that he worked.

When John D. Rockefeller came into the oil business, the trunk railroads of the United States were in a hot contest for freight. To outwit one another they were beginning to give special rates to large shippers, and frequently to favor one locality at the expense of another. The practice was forbidden by the charters of the roads. They were given their franchises on condition that they serve all patrons, large and small, fairly. Nobody pretended to deny this was their duty as common carriers. But in spite of this fact Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Gould, Mr. Scott, and others of their kind were taking every opportunity to evade their evident obligation to treat the public without unjust discrimination. Their theory was that one shipper handling large amounts of freight regularly was more convenient than many shippers and less liable to transfer his shipments to rival roads, that is, one shipper could be held more easily than many. Therefore, they were beginning to connive with any man who proved himself unscrupulous enough to make use of their contempt for law, to build him up at the expense of his competitors. The rebates they gave were of course supposed to be secret, there being at no time any claim on part of the gentlemen who gave the rebates that they had the legal right to do it. It paid and they had the power; therefore as long as they could keep their acts out of sight they kept them up.

Mr. Rockefeller was one of the first men in the oil business to make use of the criminal practices of the railroads. He saw immediately the advantage he would have if he could ship his oil at rates his rivals could not get, and he began as early as 1868 to push for special rates, giving freight on consideration that nobody else should be allowed what he got. By 1870 he could ship crude oil from the Oil Regions to Cleveland, Ohio, cheaper than any other

of the twenty-six refiners in the town and he had a contract with the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern which bound that road to give him rates to New York lower than it did to anybody else. Not content, he entered in 1872 into a nefarious combination with the railroads known as the South Improvement Company, which not only gave him rates far lower than others could get, but gave him *drawbacks on the shipments of other people!* that is, while Mr. Rockefeller paid $1.50 to ship a barrel of refined oil to New York from Cleveland his competitors paid $2.00, and 50 cents of this money was turned over to Mr. Rockefeller! By means of the contracts obtained with the railroads at this time Mr. Rockefeller actually scared out of business twenty independent plants in Cleveland, Ohio, and in a few weeks increased his plant from a daily crude capacity of 1,500 barrels to one of about 10,000 barrels. Instead of being one of the ten leading refiners in the United States he immediately became by this *coup* sevenfold as great as any rival, and he did it by as outrageous a piece of brigandage as was ever organized by Cartouche himself.

The South Improvement Company was intended to be a secret arrangement, but it became known, and an uprising in the Oil Regions quashed it. Alarmed, the region formed a league and forced the railroad presidents, who had been conniving with Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Scott, Mr. Gould, and General McClellan, into signing an agreement that henceforth no preferential rates should be granted in oil transportation. This league was a public combination against unfair play in the great oil industry. The bulk of the oil country was for it. The press supported it. The law approved it. What position did Mr. Rockefeller take in this public movement for a just and decent policy of transportation? On the ground that he controlled the oil shipments of Cleveland, Ohio, he demanded that his rebates be continued. He would ship by water if they were not. He got what he asked—a secret grant, of course—and thus at a critical time in the history of transportation in this country when the determined stand of a few strong men in favor of fair play would have hastened the interstate commerce legislation forbidding discriminations—the only thing lacking to complete the chain of enactments against the practice, the railroad charters and the theory of the law forbidding rebates—John D. Rockefeller turned the whole force of a great business, located at a pivotal point, turned the whole strength of his undeniably great brain to keeping alive for his own advantage a wicked and unjust policy.

"It was the way the railroads did business;" "Everybody did it," are common enough defenses of these ugly facts of the foundation and upbuilding of the Standard Oil Company. Apologists forget or are ignorant that the contracts giving the Standard Oil Company these early advantages were wrested from the railroads only by threats of taking from them great bulks of freight. They forgot that they were contracts made under the cover of secrecy and repudiated as soon as they came to light. They forget that instead of "everybody" in the oil business taking rebates in 1872, "everybody" was combined to fight them. It is only necessary to read Miss Tarbell's narrative to see that the terrible struggle of the independent oil men against Mr. Rockefeller, in the ten years she has covered in the first part of her history, was based entirely on this point. Rebates are wrong, they declared, and they must be stopped. These men formed associations and extracted pledges of fair play from the railroads. They petitioned Congress for relief, secured investigations, instituted suits. exhausted their resources and their patience in a combined fight against this system. Mr. Rockefeller, on the contrary, throughout this whole period secretly and persistently struggled to keep alive a vicious practice which was ruining men on every side, which was publicly condemned, which in its very nature; was impossible "everybody" should enjoy, since its whole essence was to give secretly to one man or set of men a privilege which others could not get.

Mr. Rockefeller's success in circumventing the efforts of the Oil Regions to obtain fair play on the railroads was phenomenal. In six years after the South Improvement Company, which gave him his first start, was broken up, he had succeeded in obtaining contracts similar in every point to these of that company, even to the clause which *gave him drawbacks on other people's shipments.* It was as quick and effective a method of putting competitors out of

business as it would have been for the banks in which they had their deposits to have handed over to Mr. Rockefeller a part of their deposits, and ethically it was quite as unrighteous.

The result of these advantages was naturally and inevitably a practically complete monopoly of the oil business — crystallizing into the Standard Oil Trust. The same practice would have given Mr. Rockefeller the control of wheat or corn, beef or iron. A variety of the same practice created Mr. Carnegie.

It is now twenty-one years since Mr. Rockefeller completed his trust. Alarmed by the injustice which he and others were able to do in business by the illegal acts of the railroads, Congress took fright, and in 1887 passed an interstate commerce law forbidding railroad discrimination and appointing a commission to see that fair play prevailed. It is a well-known fact that in spite of the most faithful efforts of the commission railroads still systematically favor one shipper to the harm of others — build up one locality to the ruin of others. Because no such wholesale and unrighteous acts of stealing are possible as that on which the Standard Oil Trust was founded, it cannot be argued that the public is to-day receiving fair play from the railroads. One has only to study the reports of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, of the recent Industrial Commission, to study the phenomenal growth of certain businesses, as the so-called beef trust, to know that evasions of the laws against railroad discrimination are incessant. Indeed, it is less than five years since the business of the country was thrown into confusion by Mr. Cassatt's announcement that henceforth the law would be obeyed on the Pennsylvania system and no rebates would be granted to any one. Such a revolutionary policy was this announcement of obedience to law that Mr. Andrew Carnegie actually refused to do business henceforth with the Pennsylvania and began to build his own road. He created a commotion which has resulted in the monstrous steel trust, an organization which may said to be a monument to Mr. Carnegie's unwillingness to do business if he could not enjoy illegal privileges. Indeed, there rests with the public to-day no less than in 1882, when Mr. Rockefeller completed his dazzling conquest, the imperative duty of continuing its struggle for justice on the railroads. The railroads exist by the consent of the people. The gentlemen who control them are allowed their franchises, allowed the great fortunes they make from them, on the theory that they can give a better administration than can be obtained by State administration. And unquestionably these gentlemen can do so if they will. It seems to have been pretty clearly demonstrated, however, that they will not — unless forced to it. The necessity of forcing fair play on the railroads is the great lesson of this first series of articles on the Standard Oil Trust, for it is evident it would not be in existence to-day if it had not been for the abuses of justice on which it fattened.

II

The Second Part of Miss Tarbell's story will begin in the December number of this magazine. It takes up the first resistance to Mr. Rockefeller's authority, following the great defeat of the Oil Regions in 1880 and the formation of the trust in 1882. It was a resistance coming from individuals, for the oil country as a whole was too prostrate to combine. Indeed, the second part of Miss Tarbell's story is a striking illustration of what the determined individual may do in the face of a power which the vulgar call omnipotent. The situation when the second series of articles open is clearly defined. On one hand is Mr. Rockefeller, master of a $70,000,000 company, controlling the amount of refined oil manufactured, controlling its transportation, influencing and often dictating the price to be paid for the raw material, and fixing the price of the refined article. His contention is that the "coal oil business belongs to him," that he can run it better than anybody else, and that those who dispute his claim must — sorry as he is for it — suffer for their temerity. That he will be able, persistent and ruthless in support of his contention, the first part of this history is evidence enough. Opposed to him are the scattered oil producers who believe that because of Mr. Rockefeller's manipulation they are getting less for their product than it is worth and the few rash individuals who persist in refining oil on the theory that "this is a free country where one has a right to do an independent business if he wants!" These men are bitter and often

unwise because of their bitterness. It is not strange that they feel as they do. Miss Tarbell in her narrative has made no attempt to work on the emotions of her readers. She has asked no sympathy for the independent oil man. Her story has been what it pretended to be, a straight historical narrative backed by documents. But one who reflects must realize something of the suffering and bitterness which Mr. Rockefeller's ten years' campaign left behind. It meant that men who had put the freshness of their youth into building up a business in which they had every reason to expect to win wealth — that many who had begun to amass wealth — saw it swept away from them through no fault of their own; a vital element in their business problem — transportation — was under the absolute mastery of Mr. Rockefeller, and he was deliberately using it to sacrifice them. These men saw their fortunes swept away, homes sold, wives put into the kitchen, children who should have been educated sent into shops to work. The bitterness of such operations is the bitterness of hate — it never ends. Some of these men regained positions in other employments, some compromised and went into the Standard, but there were a few irreconcilables, as there always are after any contest, who could never give up their opposition to a power which they believed outrageous and illegal. It is these men who have disputed the right to do business with Mr. Rockefeller persistently for twenty years.

This twenty years' war has been as full of dramatic episodes as the ten years already rehearsed. In this second period, as in the first, the fight centers about transportation, but not transportation by rail. The continuance of an active oil war through the long second period — 1882–1903 — has been largely due to the fact that just before the independent oil men got the federal legislation forbidding discrimination on interstate roads, the methods of transporting oil to the seaboard changed utterly. Pipe lines took the place of the railroad, and Mr. Rockefeller was independent of the power which had made his trust possible. The relief the independent oil men had worked for so desperately came too late to be of much service to their business. A new transportation war was at hand — a war to secure pipe lines to the sea. The seaboard pipe line was their own idea. It was their energy, brains, and money which had proved it practicable. For years the Pennsylvania Railroad, backed by the Standard Oil Company, had done everything it could do, legal and illegal, to prevent a seaboard pipe, but the independents fought it through only to see the Standard — sagacious, keen, indomitable as always — rush before them with pipes of its own the instant the undertaking was an assured success. Mr. Rockefeller's chief concern in the oil business for the next twenty years was to keep his would-be competitors from reaching the sea with their own pipes. The fight against the efforts of these plucky but impractical individuals who insisted on trying to lay pipes in spite of him reads like a chapter from the annals of a guerilla war; rights of way intercepted by purchases of strips of land, pipes torn up, railway and stream crossings fought over with rocks and rifles and even cannon! Business at the mouth of the revolver is what the independent pipe line men have had to do. But they have done it. In 1893 a line was completed from Pennsylvania to Baltimore and made to pay. It became Standard property two years later. In 1891 a group of unconquerable malcontents attempted another — the United States Pipe Line. It has taken this company just ten years to get a line to Philadelphia and in a shape to be unmolested. They have had to change their route three times, but they have triumphed and are doing business independently of the Standard. It is evident from Miss Tarbell's story that to Mr. Rockefeller his opposition is all legitimate enough. "They are our competitors," the Standard urges; "of course we must not let them through if we can help. That is business."

But while the second part of this history demonstrates again the vital necessity of free transportation if we are to have fair commerce, it demonstrates other things, and among them nothing of greater importance than that the right to undersell for the purpose of driving a competitor out of a market, is a deadly weapon in the hands of an individual who feels himself "called" to monopolize an industry as Mr. Rockefeller declares himself to be. There is no question but Mr. Rockefeller's task of sustaining the practical monopoly

of the oil industry which the lawlessness of the railroads had enabled him to build up by 1882, has been greatly lightened by the liberty given him to go into a community where some small rival had worked up a market and put him out of business. The method seems to have been open. It began by a courteous warning to the handler of independent oil that the Standard Oil Company regretted the fact but it could not allow this oil to be sold any longer in his shop. If the dealer made foolish remarks about a free country the Standard still regretted the necessity and dropped prices, to zero if necessary, until the obstreperous dealer was convinced. Miss Tarbell's story shows by a multitude of sworn statements that this practice has gone on all over the country. Certainly Attorney-General Knox is right when he says that something must be done about "predatory competition" as well as about rebates on the railroads.

There are other curious practices which Mr. Rockefeller has introduced into his business to supplement his splendid organization, the energy and intelligence of his body of workers, the varied power of his own astonishing ability. But few of them are adapted to enhance his reputation as a useful public citizen. That reputation rests on the popular and widespread notion that Mr. Rockefeller has "made oil cheap." It is a notion most useful to Mr. Rockefeller, considering the nature of certain of his business practices, and he has naturally cherished and cultivated it. It is a notion, however, which cannot bear investigation, as Miss Tarbell will show in a careful paper on the Price of Oil. The Standard Oil Company was organized to keep up the price of oil. The great lessening of the margin between the price of crude and refined oils came before 1882, when the trust was formed, in the days when competition was bitter and hundreds of able, ingenious, ambitious men were developing the new industry. Since 1882 the margin between crude and refined has remained almost stationary, and this in spite of the fact of the great fall in cost of transportation caused by the general introduction of pipe lines, the improvements in machinery, and the wonderful development of by-products. The fact is, cheap oil now is due to the oil producer — that hardy reckless pioneer who pushes his way into the wilderness and stacks often his last dollar on the hope of striking oil. Fluctuations in price depend on what he finds. The public reaps little or nothing from the boasted economies of combination, the wonderful development of by-products. And why should it? It has allowed the practices which has made the trust possible. It has justified its apathy to their morality by telling itself that it was getting its oil cheaper. Mr. Rockefeller would be false to his own career if he disturbed the ease of the public by giving the credit of cheap oil to those to whom it belongs, and thus forcing us to demand our share of the profits of combination.

As may be seen from this brief outline of the forthcoming chapters of Miss Tarbell's history, its chief value is, as in the case of the First Part, to demonstrate the necessity of fair play in business, if we are to develop our commerce on lines of decency and dignity. There is no right thinking person who is not willing and glad to have the best man win if he plays fair. There is no right thinking person who does not feel that the most important thing in the world is that men play fair whatever the game. If they will not do it from innate decency and self-respect and a sense of the rights of their fellows, then they must be compelled by laws, by social ostracism, by all of the outside influences which society has devised to constrain them. It is evident from Miss Tarbell's story that Mr. Rockefeller has used methods from the beginning of his trust-building which, if applied on the foot-ball field, would cause him to be kicked off in disgust. Why young men should be allowed to admire in business what they are taught to despise in athletics is not clear. It is of vast importance to the future manhood of this country that scorn of unfairness should be universal. Above all, let it be applied strenuously to unfairness in business. We are a commercial people. Our boys must go into commerce. Our professions are so mingled with commerce that it is often hard to distinguish if they be professions. If we are to wink at unscrupulousness in commerce, then we are doomed to become a race of tricksters and manhood is dead within us.

(The new series of articles begins in the December number.)